GARENGANZE;

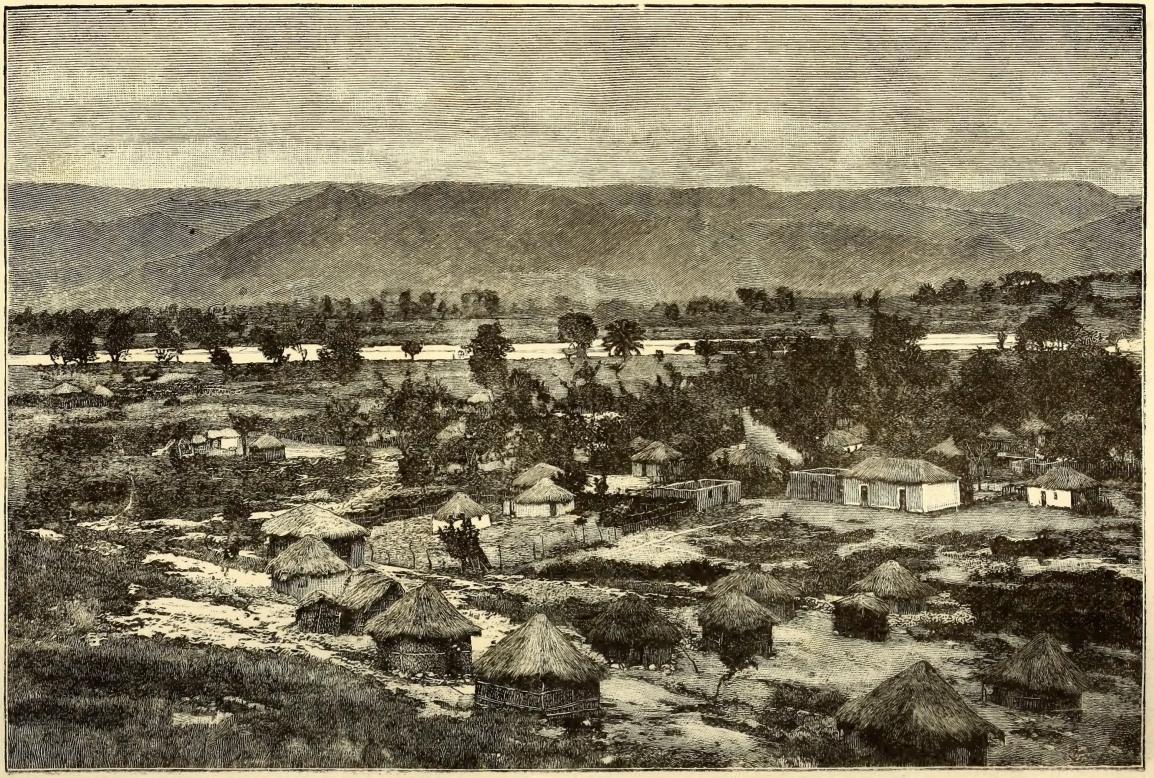
OR,

MISSION WORK IN CENTRAL AFRICA

BY

FREDERICK STANLEY ARNOT.

F. C. Cooper,
March 1889



THE LOWER AFRICAN PLATEAU AS SEEN NEAR CATUMBELLA.

GARENGANZE;

OR,

Seven Years' Pioneer Mission Work

IN

CENTRAL AFRICA.

BY

FRED. S. ARNOT.

WITH TWENTY ILLUSTRATIONS,

And an Original Map prepared by the Royal Geographical Society.

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PREFACE.

AFTER a stay of seven years in Africa Mr. F. S. Arnot came to England for six months. This brief period has been occupied with much correspondence, travelling, giving addresses, seeing to the enlargement of his work, etc., so that he could not find time to write an account of his African experiences. To meet, however, the wishes of many enquiring friends he has prepared this volume by making use of diaries and letters originally sent to the members of his family (chiefly written to his mother), supplementary information being added. The simple and homely style of these pages is thus accounted for. The faith in which he was, as a child, carefully nurtured by his parents is shown by the undesigned references to scripture interwoven with the narrative. As his years increased he learned to tread for himself the path of faith, the fruits of which are seen in his life.

His work in Africa has been largely a *preparatory* one, but by widely gaining the esteem and confidence of the natives, as Livingstone did before him, he has done much to pave the way for other servants of Christ.

In connection with this pioneering effort, a few remarks on aggressive Christianity in the light of Scripture may not be out of place. It is often admitted that much of the extensive missionary work now going on is very feeble in character. The cause surely is, that in this, as in other respects, we have departed from the divine pattern.

In the tenth chapter of the Gospel by Matthew certain preceptive principles were given by the Lord to His disciples, when He first sent them forth to proclaim the glad tidings of the kingdom of heaven. We would not forget that these disciples were commissioned to go among a people who were looking for the fulfilment of promises regarding a coming Messiah; nor that

they were endued with miraculous power wherewith to attest their ministry. But making due allowance for this difference, we must acknowledge that our practice bears very little resemblance to that which our Lord enjoins. The wise man's heart "discerneth both time and judgment," and what we need is to carry out the *spirit* of our Master's instructions, even though the sphere of service and the qualifications for the work be altered.

Christianity must be consistent with Christ, or it ceases to be divine; and a Christian must be a *follower* of Christ. In Isaiah liii. He was prophetically described as "a root out of a dry ground." His resources came from above, and not from beneath; from God, and not from man; from the Spirit of God, and not from means and money. In true keeping with this, the apostle Paul shows in 1 Corinthians i. that the gospel he preached set aside the *wisdom* of the flesh; the *power* of the flesh, by means of its wealth and influence; and the *religious zeal* of the flesh. Now, it is painfully evident that all these have crept into the Church, perhaps in some measure unawares, but not unwelcome. As a consequence the flesh, and not the Spirit, has been at work; man, and not God, has been prominent. Results have been small, while labour has been great. It is not so when God is reckoned upon, and when His power takes the place of that of the creature. Of obedient, trusting Israel it is written, "One man of you shall chase a thousand." It was so in apostolic days; means were few and men were mighty.

Nothing could be more simple than the instructions and equipment of the pioneer gospel labourers. Their Master was poor, and they were poor, while yet enriching others—"having nothing, and yet possessing all things." What was enough for the Lord was enough for the servants, and they went forth, taking nothing of the Gentiles, but "poor saints" out of their joy and deep poverty, abounded towards them in the riches of their liberality. The whole garment was of one texture. The Master had begun the piece, and His servants wrought at His loom and imitated His work. There was no complicated machinery, but there was power. There were no elaborate plans, but they took their directions from their Lord. They went forward or stood still, guided according to the wisdom of Him who said to His disciples, "Cast the net on the right side of the ship, and ye shall find."

Money, which seems the most important thing in this day, is scarcely alluded to in the evangelistic work of early days; and even when Paul refers to it in such words as, "Ye sent once and again unto my necessity," he adds, "Not that I speak in respect of want, for I have learned in whatsoever state I am therein to be content." The God of the first century of Christianity is the God of its nineteenth century; and we trust that these journals will stir up many to seek in their missionary work more hallowed conformity to the Lord and to those who truly followed Him at the first.

For any who may be contemplating missionary work we add a few remarks on some pre-requisites which call for careful consideration.

(1) *Fixedness of purpose.* In appealing to Timothy the apostle could remind him, "Thou hast fully known . . . my purpose." His work was not the result of a sudden impulse, but of a settled purpose, probably formed in those solitary years which he passed with God in Arabia. The writer of these pages was led to dedicate himself in his youth to Central Africa, his interest in that continent having been awakened, when he was quite a child, by hearing Dr. Livingstone speak in Hamilton in 1864, after his return from one of his great journeys. Obstacles and discouragements were met with by Mr. Arnot; but these do not hinder a true purpose; they only prove helps to the faith of one who is really called of God.

(2) *Preparation for the work.* The stones of the temple had to be carefully prepared, and the stones that were to slay Goliath must be smooth ones. The servant of God needs a human as well as a divine preparation. By many the former is forgotten, and by others it is made the all-in-all. The preparation must vary according to the sphere which is to be entered upon. For pioneer work in Central Africa and among savage tribes the blacksmith's forge, the carpenter's shop, and the medical class will all prove helpful, as Mr. Arnot has found.

(3) *Patience and forbearance.* We join these together, for patience in our own hearts will lead to forbearance with others. Dr. Moffat's advice to our young friend before he left was, "Have patience, patience, patience, and then you will succeed." The list of evidences of apostleship, given in 2 Corinthians xii. 12, is headed with, "*In all patience.*" And, again, Paul puts

patience first when he gives, in chapter vi. 4, the long record of his ministry, "Commending ourselves as the ministers of God *in much patience.*" For the attainment of this grace God would keep many waiting in His school before sending them out into His vineyard. Happy are they who resist not this needed discipline, and who hasten not forth unfitted for the work.

Lastly, we would add *perseverance and godliness*—the blessed fruit of patient waiting upon God for each step as it is taken. Godliness is the higher stage of the Christian life when God has become its motive power and the centre of all thoughts and purposes. Godliness subdues the impatience of the natural will and enables the soul to await the call of God, who alone sees the end from the beginning.

We close these prefatory words with a letter from Dr. Moffat, written a few days before his death, on receiving a copy of the first part of Mr. Arnot's diary:

"*Park Cottage, near Tunbridge, Kent, July 18th*, 1883.

"My dear Mr. Groves,—Only a few lines to acknowledge your kindness in remembering me in connection with Mr. Arnot and his noble undertaking. Truly his spirit is that of a martyr, ready for anything for Jesus' sake and perishing souls. I need only say that I have read it with the most intense interest. Of course many of the peoples through which he passed were well known to me; and had not head powers failed I should have been in those regions till this day. My heart is as warm as ever towards the Bechuanas, whom I never cease to remember in prayer.

"My hand still trembles, for I am only partially emerging from more than six weeks' illness—not such as to confine me to bed, but to keep me at home, and very often not far from the fire. The result has been very great weakness of mind and body, shrinking from everything like mental or physical exercise. My correspondents must be puzzled with my silence; but I am in the care of a kind covenant-keeping God, who will order all things well concerning me.

"Again, many thanks; and when you hear more let me know, for I cannot forget Mr. Arnot. Gratefully yours,

"Robert Moffat."

We gladly issued fragmentary parts of Mr. Arnot's diaries and letters while he was in Africa, and hope to continue this service on his return, God willing.

Henry Groves, *Bankfield, Kendal.*
J. L. Maclean, M.D., *Bath.*

March, 1889.

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MAP OF WEST CENTRAL AFRICA.

AT the request of the Royal Geographical Society Mr. Arnot read a paper, briefly describing his travels in Africa; and the Society specially prepared a map to accompany this paper, which was printed in their Proceedings for February, 1889. They have kindly allowed the use of their plate for the reproduction of the map, which appears at the end of this volume, and forms a very valuable addition to it. Not only does it show clearly Mr. Arnot's routes, but also the recent discoveries of well-known African travellers, such as Commander Cameron, the Portuguese officers, Serpa Pinto, Capello, and Ivens, and Herr Reichard. Livingstone's journey from the Zambesi to Loanda, which attracted Mr. Arnot's attention to this part of Africa, is also marked.

Though this is only a sketch-map, Mr. Arnot not having instruments for ascertaining latitude and longitude, he carefully noted his course by compass, and also the daily distances accomplished. The small map of South Africa (in the corner) shows both his journeys—the one across the Continent from Natal to Benguella by the Barotse Valley; and the other from Benguella to Garenganze, which was retraced on his return, with some variations. The larger map gives the routes from Lealui to the West Coast, and thence to Garenganze, on a much enlarged scale. From Peho to the Garenganze capital was over fresh ground, and the names of many new places and rivers can now be identified. The true course of the first part of the Zambesi River has also been ascertained as running from *east to west*. As in the case of the two great rivers of China, it is found that the sources of the Zambesi and Congo lie close together, although their courses widely diverge, the former emptying itself on the East Coast, and the latter on the West. The remarkable hill that Mr. Arnot calls Border Craig indicates, he believes, one of the earliest sources of both rivers, though he has not traced them out.

The southern limit of the Congo Free State is determined by the sources of that great river, and though it has been hitherto laid down on maps by conjecture only, we are now able to say how far the Free State extends southward according to its natural boundary. It includes the large kingdom of Garenganze —probably larger than England and Wales—but as yet king Msidi scarcely knows that he is a vassal of the Free State.

Connected with the mention of this king we may refer to the difficulty of spelling African names. As towns are called after the ruling chiefs, there is a constant change in their names, and owing to the variety of tribes there is great diversity in pronunciation. For instance, Msidi's name has been spelt Msiri, Muxide, Moshide, Muside. Through M. Giraud he has become widely known as "Msiri," which Mr. Arnot says is not correct, but to prevent confusion he seeks to approach as nearly as possible to this, and calls him Msidi, a name which very frequently occurs in this volume.—ED.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE object sought in inserting these is to give true representations of scenes or persons in Africa. The View near Catumbella, Carriers and Camp, and four African likenesses are reproduced from photographs taken by a Portuguese artist.

SMALL MAPS.

CARRIERS AND CAMP.

GARENGANZE;

OR,

SEVEN YEARS' PIONEER WORK IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

I.

On the Way to the Zambesi.

(JULY, 1881, TO AUGUST, 1882.)

The Voyage to the Cape—Natal—Extracts from Diary—Orange Free State—The Transvaal—Potchefstroom—Fate of a Native Tribe—The Boers—The Limpopo River—Bushmen—Shoshong—Chief Kama and his People—Leaving the last Mission Station—The Kalahari Desert—Village Preaching among the Bechuana—The Botletle River—Desert Experiences—The Mababi River—The Basubia—The Tsetsé Fly—The Zambesi reached.

THE VOYAGE TO THE CAPE.

HAVING bidden farewell to my parents, brothers and sisters, and many friends in Glasgow, the last family link was severed on the 19th July, 1881, on board the *Dublin Castle*, in the East India Docks, by parting from my brother William, who had come thus far to see me off. At nine that evening we anchored off Gravesend for the night. After the bustle of seeing baggage stowed away, I tried to settle down in the little berth provided for second-class passengers—not too comfortable at the best, but to my weary mind and heavy heart it seemed most comfortless.

Next morning, however, things looked brighter, as the steamer slowly wended her way down the Thames, leaving the great smoke-cloud of the city behind. Soon we were off the Goodwin Sands, and as night came on Dover lights were in full view. At Dartmouth we took on board H. M. mails, and by this

time things had become more ship-shape for the long voyage to the Cape.

As my companion* and I purposed to help the natives of Africa according to our ability, we thought it well to try and profit our fellow-passengers, as hearts are the same, whatever be the colour of the skin. There is not much to occupy the time on board ship, and we found that the emigrants and others willingly gathered round the main hatch to the number of two hundred or more, and listened at the mid-day hour as we sought to interest them in things eternal.

On the tenth day we came in sight of Cape Verde, on the African coast, and were for a short time so near the land to which I had devoted myself, that we heard the waves beating on the rocks, and could almost count the trees on the shore. As I sat and looked, I tried to picture to myself all that lay beyond that cape. I thought of Mungo Park's travels in these very latitudes, at the end of the last century and early in this one, and of the millions of precious souls so near our home—only a few days' sail from it—and still so ignorant of the fact that there is One above who loves them.

CAPE TOWN.

Early on the 13th August the flat mountains above Cape Town appeared in the distance, and soon after the ship anchored in the bay we set foot on African soil, and were refreshed by meeting a few earnest Christian workers.

Having considered the question of making our way into the interior from the Cape, we were led to conclude that Natal would be a more advantageous starting-point, so we proceeded on our voyage in a small coasting steamer.

There were on board four black men, deck passengers from the Cape, who were bound for Delagoa Bay, and could speak a little English. In conversing with them they learned that I thought of preaching the gospel in Africa, and of proceeding for this purpose to the north of the Zambesi. A light flashed in their eyes as they looked at one another, and jabbered away in a most excited manner. Then one of them burst out, in broken English, "Come to Delagoa Bay;" and the other three

* His health failed, and acting on medical advice he remained in Natal.

joined in, "Come, come to Delagoa Bay." "No teacher," continued the first speaker, "at Delagoa Bay. We build you house and chapel, and give you food and drink. *Come to Delagoa Bay.*" No answer of mine would satisfy them. "Ah!" said their leader, "white man bring brandy to Delagoa Bay, and guns and powder; but white man no bring chapel to Delagoa Bay." I was for the moment quite overcome with this deeply-pathetic cry of "Come over and help us" from these poor Africans. They were raw Kaffirs who had been to Cape Town for work, and were now returning to their forest homes; and their simple words came to my heart as a call from God to yield myself more entirely to the service of taking the gospel to the most distant parts.

NATAL.

On Saturday, the 20th August, we were off Port Durban, and after breakfast all on board were greatly delighted at the prospect of soon getting on shore. A heavy ground-swell was rolling at the time, so that the passengers had to be lowered over the sides of the steamer in coal-baskets. After a few minutes more of tossing in the barge-like boats (in which we were battened down under the low deck), and three or four tremendous lurches in crossing the rough bar, where the boat was literally buried in the broken water, our voyage was over, and we were in the smooth water of Durban Bay, alongside the pier.

Next evening we found our way to a little chapel where a Mr. Russell was to preach. We were late in reaching it, and as we entered the preacher was on the point of giving out his text: "Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for My sake, and the gospel's, but he shall receive an hundredfold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions; and in the world to come eternal life."* Nothing happens by chance. The Lord considers our faltering hearts, and restores us by that Word which refreshed His own soul when on His toilsome path

* In the sympathy with which his course in Africa has been followed, and in the welcome which awaited him in very many homes on his return, Mr. Arnot has found a fulfilment of these words.—ED.

to the cross: "He shall drink of the brook in the way: therefore shall He lift up the head." (Ps. cx. 7.)

From Durban I proceeded to Maritzburg, where I met with Mr. A. Beaumont, who sought some years ago to carry the gospel to the natives of Africa; but finding that he could not acquire the Kaffir language with sufficient accuracy, had to relinquish his intention. Though at this time daily occupied in a public office, he did his utmost in every way to further me in prosecuting the work he could not himself carry out.

During a stay in Natal of about three months I was diligently enquiring as to my best route, and making my small preparations for the journey to the Zambesi. War with the Boers of the Transvaal was then threatening to become very serious, and this of course greatly hindered my arrangements. I sought, however, to help my countrymen by bringing before them—out of doors, in buildings, or in the hospital—the truths of God's word; for there are always to be found in the colonies many of them who are very ignorant of its power. Mission stations are planted in various parts around Maritzburg, and I was glad to visit several of these—some at considerable distances—with a view of gaining useful information.

It is unnecessary to give particulars of my stay in Natal, but I make a few extracts from letters sent while there to members of my family. The remainder of this volume will also chiefly consist of such letters or diaries, which I endeavour to link together in the form of a connected narrative, as far as possible.

EXTRACTS FROM DIARY.

Maritzburg, September 3rd to 10th, 1881.—This is just the place for the exercise of the gift of tongues. There are Zulus, Basutos, S'wazii, and Xosa Kaffirs, Amatongas, and a sprinkling of natives from almost every tribe south of the Zambesi, and up to Zanzibar on the east coast, besides coolies from Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay; Malays, Arabs, a few Chinamen, Portuguese, Germans, Dutch, and Swedes.

All the Kaffir conversions of which I have yet heard bear very distinct marks of the Holy Ghost's work in the heart. What other power is able to lift them out of their heathendom and superstition?

I am just beginning to realize that God's promises are not mere words written for the instruction of our minds, or for repetition with our lips, but certainties to go by; and the assurance of one of them is better than the presence of an army.

For some time I have been seeking to let go all of God's word that I have only learned in my head, and to begin at the very A B C, and so learn and fix the first truths of Scripture in my *heart*, that they may become part of my very being. This is surely nothing more than God is able to work in me. Head-knowledge will not stand the moment of trial, and there will be many such moments before me.

September 18th.—I know that your prayers and sympathies are with me in this work, in which I trust the Lord will strengthen me to proceed with faith and diligence. I do not feel as if I were in a strange country, or among a strange people, and I can say with my whole heart that I love these Africans and long for their conversion. This desire is, I am persuaded, not of myself, for there is everything about the natives that is repulsive and unloveable, but "God *so* loved" them is surely enough for me. Some of them are very sharp and intelligent. A missionary was telling me of one, who in talking to him a few days ago said that surely the missionaries had made a great mistake somewhere. Looking at the time they had worked in Natal and the small results, he seemed to think they might give up the work as a bad job. The missionary replied by quoting the English proverb, "One man may lead a horse to water, but twenty can't make him drink." "Ah!" said the native, with scarce a moment's thought, "but I never yet saw twenty horses led to the water without some of them drinking."

October 1st, 1881.—We must add to our faith patience. If we believe that the living God is watching between us when we are separated, then we *must* have patience; and if our confidence is truly in God we shall have patience, and what would otherwise be a time of suspense and anxiety will be turned into a time of joyful exercise of that most God-honouring fruit of the Spirit, *patient faith.* After such an expression as we find in Colossians i. 2, "Strengthened with all might according to His glorious power," we might expect to read, "unto the working of some miracle," or, "to the accomplishing of some great work;" but it is "unto all patience and longsuffering with joyfulness."

Colonial life is unfavourable to thoughtfulness, either as to the things of this life or of the life to come. I have found, however, several with open ears at the hospital.

A WAR CLOUD.

October 19th.—The colony is getting into a disturbed state. War with the Boers seems inevitable. General Wood leaves Maritzburg to-day for the front with a regiment of cavalry.

The hot weather of last week ended in a tremendous thunderstorm. Going down to the meeting I had a narrow escape of my life. Just as we approached the door the lightning was becoming wonderfully vivid, lighting up the black darkness so clearly that one could see everything around, and even the hills in the distance. An electric ball fell just at my feet, the small stones and dust caused by its coming in contact with the ground flying up all round me. The shock passed through my whole body. Several who saw the ball of fire fall said it seemed to come right down where I was standing, and they described the noise when it struck the ground as like the crash of a cannon ball. I was, however, none the worse, and was quite able to take the meeting, which was smaller than usual.

I cannot think of starting until this Transvaal difficulty is settled; but it certainly will be decided before you get this, either for war or peace.* If war does break out, it may last for some little time, and then you must not be surprised if you hear that I have gone to some of the camp hospitals as dresser. It would be too valuable an opportunity for "speaking words in season" to be thought lightly of. The Lord has shown me, by the experience of last night, how near He can bring me to death, and yet preserve me without a hair of my head being touched; for I can only say, with those who were looking on, that the hand of the Lord was round about me. That verse which you sent me has been made doubly precious: "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered."

* Only when the fullest preparations for war had been made by England a peaceable solution was happily arrived at.

WAGGON JOURNEYS.

November 1st.—I have been very busy preparing to move on, as I heard of waggons starting for Potchefstroom next week, and should have left before this, but the gospel meetings detained me. The summer season has now set in, and almost as sure as the clock a thunderstorm with heavy rains comes on every evening about six, so that it is quite impossible for people to come out even if they are willing.

The friends here are all very hearty as to my going into the interior, and greatly help by finding out the most suitable things to take.

Inland journeys from Maritzburg are made by means of ox-waggons, each carrying between three and four tons weight of goods, and drawn by from sixteen to twenty oxen. Four or five waggons, however, generally travel together, as the roads in many places are very hilly, and in others so marshy that more than one team of oxen is required to get the waggons along.

It does look stupid to see so many oxen drawing one waggon over the level roads about town; but when one sees them out in the country dragging it through a quagmire, with great boulders of stone hidden in the mud every few yards, and then up a tremendously steep hill, one wonders how they manage to get along at all. Sometimes as many as seventy oxen have to be yoked to one transport-waggon.

The country about Natal is very hilly. Last week I walked to Greytown, fifty miles, and came back in a postcart. I enjoyed the trip very much. Greytown is a nice little place, about twenty miles from the Zulu border. The distance by postcart takes little over seven hours, including stoppages. They change horses every ten miles—half the way there are four horses, and six the other half.

If you can imagine being dragged across the country from Glasgow to Edinburgh in an afternoon—plunging into rivers, and the water splashing over the horses' backs; shaving deep water-cuttings, rushing over an avalanche of stones, and rounding sharp corners of the road, with a deep gorge echoing below, all at the same mad pace—you may imagine how I felt when I reached Maritzburg.

Do not be anxious about me; you know well in whose hands I am.

START FOR POTCHEFSTROOM.

November 19th, 1881.—It is just four months since I left London, and again I am making a start. Last week, hearing of waggons going on Thursday, I saw the transport-rider, and at once arranged with him to take me to Potchefstroom. The distance is not great, but we shall be from one to two months on the way. I thought of sleeping in my little tent, but have decided to sleep under one of the waggons, as it will be drier. My bed will consist, first, of a layer of goats' skin, prepared with fat and grease to make it waterproof; next, a large waterproof sheet lined with wool cloth; then over me my rug and blankets.

November 22nd.—The waggons started from Maritzburg on the 19th, and reached the top of the town hill that evening. Next morning I joined them. Some of the Christians of Maritzburg, with whom I enjoyed much fellowship, and from whom I received much kindness during my three months' stay there, came up the hill to say good-bye.

The sixteen Kaffir drivers soon put the oxen and the heavy waggons into motion, and we were off. We hope to make eight to ten miles a day, without many stoppages, if the rivers are fordable.

Near Escoute, November 28th.—Many thanks for your kind letter of help and comfort. You no doubt will have heard ere you receive this one that I had left for Potchefstroom, *en route* for Shoshong, Bamangwato, where I shall be among some of my own countrymen, and shall have the best opportunity of learning the dialect of the Sechuana language nearest to that spoken by the Makalolo, and other interior tribes. I expect to reach Potchefstroom about Christmas-time, and may have to remain there a few months for waggon communication to Shoshong.

We have now been seven days on the journey, and are only about sixty miles from Maritzburg, heavy rains and bad roads having kept us back. My sleeping accommodation is on the ground under a waggon, and with a drenching rain and then 4° of frost, which we had for two nights when crossing the Karkluff hills, I found it a little trying; nevertheless I am increasing in bodily strength daily. I do feel cast upon God, and long for a more childlike spirit, so that I may be willing

to go on blindfold if He only lead. It is sweet to have the promise of His presence; to know that He has said, "I will never leave you, nor forsake you;" but to *realise* His presence, and to hear His "Fear not" at a time of separation from all visible intercourse with His people, is indeed an unspeakable joy, and, if we judged aright, a position to be desired rather than shunned.

In a letter I received from Glasgow a hope was expressed that someone would soon come out to join me in the work; but I would rather wait for years for a fellow-worker than that one should come out hastily.

WITH THE KAFFIRS.

Colenso, November 29th.—Of the nine days we have been on the road most of my time has been spent with Kaffirs only, whose language I little understand; consequently I have been shut up to converse only with Him whose ear is ever open to us. This has turned my solitude into a very precious time, and I can say to His praise that I never felt more free from all care and anxious thought than now. I wonder how it is that Satan has so managed to blindfold me in the past, that my whole life has not been one note of praise. Oh, stir up every child of God you meet to praise our good God more! We little know how much we rob Him by our sad hearts and dull, thankless lives.

We have just been travelling through some fine country, lying very low, and hot. It is something grand at night to lie out in the cold dry veldt, listening to the many African bush sounds.

Water has been very scarce. I took a long journey this morning into the bush in search of enough to wash myself, as I had not had a wash for two days. Following along the dry bed of a river for some distance, I came upon the fresh track of some animal's feet, and knew then that I was not far from water. At last the sandy bed of the river began to get rather moist, and a little further on I found a beautiful ground-spring. So eager was I in my search that I went further from the waggons than I intended, but found my way back, though not without some difficulty.

There is quite an attachment between me and the sixteen

Kaffirs. At first they would scarcely do anything for me, but now they are very kind and obliging. I hope I may be able in some small measure to preach Jesus to them before reaching Potchefstroom.

Drachensburg Range, December 5th, 1881.—We are now on the top of these cold, bleak mountains, some 7000 feet high, which we reached on Saturday at noon, after two days' hard work for the oxen.

Yesterday we had a grand thunder-storm. All seemed to be awed into perfect silence; while the mountains trembled, the waggon shook like a leaf, and the Kaffirs huddled noiselessly by their fires. I read Psalm ii.: "Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?" How hard it is for poor man to believe that in seeking to do without the Lord's Anointed he seeks a vain thing! When we see that by one movement of the finger of God every whisper is silenced, we are reminded of that coming day when every mouth shall be stopped, and the whole world brought in guilty before God. "Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not go unpunished." How beautifully the psalm ends: "Be wise therefore, O ye kings: be instructed, ye judges of the earth. . . . Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him!" How often is the word "blessed" used by the Lord in speaking of those who are His! "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered;" "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but My Father which is in heaven;" "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed;" and so in many other scriptures.

The Lord has been teaching me a little of the awful sin of unthankfulness. Two great reasons why God gave up those of old to uncleanness and darkness were, that "they glorified Him not as God, neither were thankful."

ORANGE FREE STATE.

December 7th.—We are now within twelve miles of Harrismith, the first town we come to on entering the Orange Free State. The country before us, for two hundred miles, is a vast prairie, dotted with the homesteads of Dutch farmers, better known as the South African Boers, whose herds of cattle and horses

and flocks of sheep suffer greatly at times from the severity of the weather. At one season of the year they experience biting east winds with much hail, rain, and snow; and at another they have strong hot winds from the west, heavily charged with sand from the southern Kalahari Desert.

December 18th.—About thirty miles from the Vaal River. We now meet with many Boers' waggons, coming from the north, laden with firewood, for which they find an excellent market in the few townships scattered over the Orange Free State. The great scarcity of fuel in these South African Boer districts no doubt accounts for their custom of eating dried meat uncooked.

THE TRANSVAAL.

Potchefstroom, December 28th.—The journey from Maritzburg to this place has occupied thirty-four days. Though long, it has been pleasant, and I have got on well thus far. I did not leave Natal with a light heart; it cost me much thought to do so. Though willing to go on working amongst my own countrymen there for a year or two, in hope of being joined by a fellow-labourer before proceeding northward, it was incumbent upon me, as it is at all times, to seek to ascertain the mind of the Lord, and to act accordingly. When the friends in Maritzburg were of one mind as to my proceeding forward alone, and were willing to encourage me, not only with words but with means, I took it as a token from God to move quietly onwards.

My desire was to get among the Sechuana-speaking people, as both in customs and language they much resemble the tribes of the interior; in fact their language is almost identical. It was on this account I thought of Shoshong in Bamangwato, and accordingly shaped my course in that direction, but at the same time I was willing to take up the work wherever the door seemed to be opened.

POTCHEFSTROOM.

Arriving in Potchefstroom on the 23rd, I pitched my little tent in the Market Square, with the intention of remaining there until the Lord made the next step plain. I got some information about Bamangwato from several persons who had been there, and who knew the country well.

While sitting one evening at the tent door, just after sundown, a stranger called on me, introducing himself as the English schoolmaster, and after a little conversation he asked me to dine with him next day.

I went, and during conversation he told me of a Mr. Webb at present living in Potchefstroom, who had been a Wesleyan missionary among the Baralongs. Their country lies west of the Transvaal border, and they speak pure Sechuana. I study Sechuana with Mr. Webb, and am able, in return, to help him in his business. He is very desirous that I should go to the Baralongs.

This is a beautiful country, although at this time it is very hot indeed, and a good deal of fever has been raging. The English Church minister who lately came to Potchefstroom, died the other day of fever. I had one slight touch of it, which lasted only two days; but on the whole I have enjoyed much better health, and am stronger and stouter than I was at home.

Potchefstroom is a lovely place, with an abundance of fruit. The other day I walked to the British Fort just outside the town. I was shown the spot where a young soldier fell, who had been found sleeping whilst on duty in the trenches, and was condemned to be shot. Rather than be killed by his own countrymen, he jumped upon the parapet, and was immediately shot down by the Boers. If our Captain so treated His sleeping soldiers, who would stand? How gentle are His words when He found them sleeping for sorrow, "Why sleep ye?"

FATE OF A NATIVE TRIBE.

Klerksdorp, February 6th, 1882.—You see I am on the move. The war of the Boers with the Baralongs has gone, so far, against the natives. I was told by Captain F——, of the Transvaal Horse, who had just returned from that part, that the tribe was virtually broken up, and that their country would be given to the Boers who assisted. This put an end to any thought of my going there. I afterwards heard that the Wesleyans, at a recent conference, had decided to send a missionary to the Baralongs again; but, of course, as the tribe has been broken up, their decision comes to nothing. I waited on God for guidance, and was as willing to remain in Potchefstroom as to go on to

Shoshong; in fact, I can say honestly I had no will or wish as to my future.

AN ENGLISH FELLOW-TRAVELLER TO SHOSHONG.

I had intended visiting Mr. Leask at Klerksdorp, having a letter of introduction to him; and just as I was going to do so last week I heard that Mr. Selous was staying with him, and was about to start for the interior. It was he who wrote a paper in the *Geographical Proceedings* that I valued much; he was the only person who had visited the Batoka besides Livingstone. I rode out to Klerksdorp on Thursday, and was welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Leask. I also met Mr. Selous, and had a long talk about the Batoka. He kindly asked me to accompany him to Shoshong, and I accepted his invitation, and returned at once to Potchefstroom. Early the next morning a waggon came up for some goods for Mr. Selous. Fortunately I was ready. I had just time to buy a few things, take a hasty farewell, and join the waggon outside the town at 9.30. We arrived here this morning, and hope to start again on Tuesday. Mr. Leask kindly sent to gather all the English-speaking people for a meeting to-night.

I know you will not think anxiously of me. "*All His paths* drop fatness." I feel that the snare which needs much grace to watch against is *my own will* cropping up and leading me into *my own paths*, which only end in sorrow and bitterness.

February 13th.—I find I shall be very busy to-day getting my own things right and helping Mr. Selous; besides, I have a sick man to attend to who has just returned from the interior, and was thought to be dying last night. I at once rolled him in blankets wrung out of boiling water, which gave him relief from his great pain. His whole body was fearfully swollen, but this treatment had a wonderful effect. We had quite a large meeting last night. The waggon is now packed, ready for a start. Mr. Selous is going to collect specimens for the British and Continental museums.

In speaking of the Batoka, he says they are the best-disposed tribe of Africans he has met with. The Jesuits have, however, gone among them lately. They first formed a station on this side of the Zambesi, and then two of them went over to the Batoka and were well received. One of them died, however, in a mysterious way; the other said he was poisoned by the natives, and at once

left. The Jesuits wrote Mr. Selous lately, asking him about the Barotse; and he thinks they have given up the idea of going among the Batoka, and are going up the Barotse valley.

Zeerust, February 17th.—Yesterday Mr. Selous left me to come on here with the waggons. It has been so hot during the day that we have had to travel by night. I had to walk for five hours last night before the waggons with a lantern to trace the road through thick bush; and when I could find no road I had to guide by my compass the boy who led the oxen.

THE BOERS.

Before leaving the country of the Boers I would mention that many of them are direct descendants of Dutch Protestants and French Huguenots, who fled from their homes in the seventeenth century and took refuge in South Africa. Since then they have gradually pushed their way northwards. The Doper or Baptist Boers, who inhabit the northern parts of the Transvaal, are generally known as the "Foretrekers." They are devoutly attached to their Dutch Bibles, and have no other thought for their children than that they should learn to read that Book. Their apparent piety and devotion, however, contrast strangely with their cruel and unjust treatment of the Africans. This probably arises from the belief they have that they are the elect of God, and that the African heathen are given to them to be spoiled and enslaved, as the Canaanites were treated by the Israelites.

The Boer has no thought of making use of the ordinary advantages of civilization, and is much attached to a simple prairie life. Once a year, perhaps, he will make a visit to the neighbouring market town, many miles from his farm, and dispose of his produce, which generally consists of wool, tobacco, and hides, in exchange for which he returns with a supply of clothes, coffee, and sugar, the two latter being perhaps the only luxuries that he ventures to indulge in. In seasons of drought or uncommon severity the Boers living in the more desert or higher districts of the Transvaal have to leave their homes and wander, like the patriarchs of old, with their flocks and herds, encamping along the rivers and in the bush-covered land. I visited one large camp of Boers, and distributed a number of Dutch Testaments amongst them, spending also a good deal of time in

calling at their farms with Testaments; and they received me with the utmost kindness, although I could talk but little in their own language. They gave me their best accommodation; but my being a Scotchman was doubtless a recommendation, as they somehow believe the Scotch people share their theological views, and are among the number of the "elect."

THE LIMPOPO RIVER.

Limpopo River, February 26th.—We are now within a week's journey of Shoshong. Since leaving Zeerust we have been travelling through most lovely country. Three days ago we reached the Morico River, which runs along the bottom of a deep gorge, thickly wooded to the water's edge.

We are now out-spanned on the banks of the Limpopo—a beautiful river indeed. The wild animals become more numerous here—lions, leopards, etc.; but with a "skerm" of thorns all round at night, and a large fire blazing, there is no danger. When the nights are dark they keep one awake with their roaring. I shall be glad when we reach Bamangwato, and I can get settled down to the language. I feel so useless, and sometimes impatient, when so many all round sadly need the gospel, and I cannot converse with them.

I have desired much lately that the Lord would give me a right estimate of the value of spiritual things as compared with things earthly, and I long to be able to say from my heart with Job, "I have esteemed the words of His mouth more than my necessary food;" and with David, in Psalm cxix. 14, "I have rejoiced in the way of Thy testimonies as much as in all riches" (German translation "above all riches"); and in verse 72, "The law of Thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver." How many beautiful and telling comparisons God makes between wisdom and gold, understanding and silver, all through Scripture.

March 6th.—We are now out-spanned on the banks of the river where the road turns off to Bamangwato.

BUSHMEN.

The waggon is daily visited by Bushmen. These men are supposed to be the lowest type of humanity. They live in a

most primitive fashion; the whole company will sleep in a little hollow in the ground under a bush; they come round the waggon for any scraps of meat and offal thrown away. Growing no grain, they live on wild fruit, and on animals which they kill with their poisoned arrows. Their little children at once proved the connection of these people with the whole human race. Their ways at play and their sweet ringing laugh are the same as those of our own children at home.

SHOSHONG.

Shoshong, March 18th, 1882.—Arrived here a week ago, after thirty-six days' travelling from Potchefstroom. Our journey was much protracted because of the long-continued drought, which compelled us to remain for a fortnight on the unhealthy banks of the Limpopo river, for the sake of water for the oxen; heavy rains fell, however, enabling us to cross the dry desert country lying between the Limpopo and Shoshong.

Shoshong is the capital of the Bamangwato, whose country lies north-west of the Transvaal Republic. It was here that a German Missionary Society began work some sixty years ago. They left the field, however, to the London Missionary Society, who are also working at Kuruman, and establishing stations all over Bechuanaland. During the time of Mr. Mackenzie's stay at Shoshong, Sekhomé, the father of the present chief, was in power. The Christian church of that place was greatly enlarged, and Kama, the chief's son, was converted. He suffered much persecution at the hands of his father, and after an attempt had been made upon his life he fled to the Botletle river, with many young men from Shoshong, and other converts from the Bamangwato tribe joined him. Owing, however, to the unhealthy nature of the country many of the men died, and Kama was compelled to return again to the neighbourhood of Shoshong, where he sought to be reconciled to his father, and asked permission for himself and those with him to return to their wives, and to take possession of their cattle. Sekhomé unwisely resented these friendly overtures and sent Kamané, his second son, to attack Kama, the rightful heir to the country. They met and had a sharp conflict; but when Sekhomé saw Kamané flee, he fled also, leaving the town and chieftainship to Kama. Kamané has made friends

with his brother, but the old chief Sekhomé preferred to take up his abode in a village on the borders of his former territory.

Much spiritual blessing has accompanied the work of Mr. Hepburn, the resident missionary at Shoshong, and the native converts have carried the gospel to villages and tribes far and near.

THE NATIVES' PRAYER FOR RAIN.

A bright testimony to the power of prayer was witnessed here. Some time after Kama became chief there was a terrible year of drought, threatening the loss of all the crops. The enemies of Christ sneered at the helplessness of the Christians, and wondered what they would do without rain-doctors—important persons in Africa. As the knowledge of the true God had increased, they had been discarded. Kama now appointed a day of prayer to God, and all his people were invited to be present. The Christians at Shoshong sent messengers to the village of the Makalaka close by, calling them to come to this all-day prayer-meeting. The Makalaka heathen, however, sneeringly retorted that they were not going to turn away their own rain-doctors, and refused to come. The Christians spent the day in humiliation and prayer, and towards evening heavy clouds arose, and a prolonged drenching shower of rain passed over the town. The gardens of the Shoshong Christians lay alongside those of the Makalaka in a plain in front of the town, and in the morning it was found that all the fields belonging to the people of Shoshong were well soaked with water, but those of the Makalaka were as dry and parched as on the day before. The news of this wonderful answer to the prayers of Kama and his people spread widely, and traders and others came to see for themselves.

March 23rd.—Since my arrival Kama has been very friendly with me. His country extends close up to the Zambesi, and he has promised to help me on my journey thither with guides and servants whenever I am ready to go.

Mr. Hepburn gives me a daily lesson in Sechuana, and I teach his two boys English.

On Sunday morning I had a meeting with the white residents (traders and their wives); twelve in all were present.

You speak of the journey from Natal to this place as a perilous

one. It really is not so; and were it not for the wars that are disturbing the western border of the Transvaal, it would be a safer journey than from Glasgow to London by road. Outrages upon individuals travelling are almost unknown.

There is much here to discourage and dishearten, but there is rich blessing in the midst of it all. The arm beneath us is strong, and the presence of a living God along with His living word is surely better than the company of many friends.

April 2nd.—This week, what with doctoring, teaching, and learning Sechuana, also receiving and entertaining native visitors, I have been very busy indeed. I read the Sechuana Testament to them, and by their remarks upon it I pick up words that do not come out in ordinary conversation. I now read the language fairly, and can add a word here and there.

There is a great amount of sickness and death in the town; and no wonder, when one thinks of 20,000 people being crowded together as close as they could well be packed. Two persons can scarcely walk abreast between the houses, which form such a perfect maze to me, that when visiting the sick I have to be guided in and out. Their idea is that this plan affords greater protection from their enemies.

Just now there are a good many English traders here from all parts—Lake Ngami, Matabele country, Zambesi, etc. Last Sunday there were fourteen in all at the meeting. I had another meeting this evening in one of their houses; but there were not so many present. I am enjoying splendid health—better than I ever did at home.

TWO WAYS TO THE ZAMBESI.

May 1st.—Two ways are partly open to me of getting to the Zambesi during the winter, which is the healthy season. I could go either in company with a trader to Panda-ma-tenka, my own stuff being carried by pack-donkeys or oxen, or in company with a hunting party to the Mababi. In both cases I should have a journey of a few days to the river.

My object would be to see Wankie, the chief, whose town lies at the best place for crossing the Zambesi, eighty miles below the Victoria Falls. His sway is acknowledged over a large tract of country on the north of the river, and I wish to get permission

from him to cross, and to stay among the Batoka and the Bashukulumbe on the hills on the other side. Were I able to do so it would be of great advantage to me. But "lay hands suddenly on no man" is acknowledged to be a most important principle by the natives here; and the chiefs must have time to think about any proposal. To be kept waiting on the Zambesi for some months, for permission to cross and live on the high, healthy country on the other side of the river, might be accompanied with the most serious results, humanly speaking. They tell me that five white men out of six cannot live in the Zambesi valley; but during the winter months it can be visited and passed through with comparative safety.

The other way that I speak of might yet be opened up, though it is not at present; viz., to go down to the town of Silika, a small chief, 80 or 100 miles from here, who pays tribute to Kama. Three of M. Coillard's native evangelists are there at present. Silika, however, has recently forbidden his people to listen to them; moreover, Kama has only partly given his consent to my going there. Mr. Hepburn thinks Kama could not possibly let me go until he had first consulted with M. Coillard, when opportunity offered. There are no other towns around here to which I could go.

From Shoshong to the Zambesi the country is peopled by only a few scattered Bushmen. South of this the Bechuana towns are few and far between. The Matabele country lies to the north-east, where there certainly are masses of heathen; but they do not speak or understand the Sechuana tongue. The four London Society missionaries who are there can scarcely get man or child to listen to them. One man, of whom I heard the other day, made a profession, and was instantly put to death by the chief.

To return to your letter. I certainly value your advice not to proceed further without a companion; and as I believe this to be the wish, not only of my friends, but also of older Christians, it has cast me much on the Lord as to whether it is His will that I should return the way I came. God has helped me much with the Sechuana language, which is understood among the Zambesi tribes; and He has given me excellent health, so that I have passed through the most unhealthy season with scarcely a touch of fever where others have suffered much.

Up here the price of labour and goods is fabulous; scarcely any thing can be bought from the natives for less than a shilling, and one could purchase as much with a penny at home.

Some of these native Christians put me to shame by their heartiness and zeal. The Lord has chosen in me a feeble and worthless servant; but if my feebleness and worthlessness do but serve to exalt His might and worth I shall not have come here in vain. I am living alone some little distance out of the town in a house lent me by the chief, and have many opportunities of speaking and reading with the people, who come to me for medicine.

May 3rd.—Mr. Hepburn left last week for England. He and Mrs. Hepburn could not have treated me with greater kindness. My days are fully occupied in acquiring the Sechuana language, teaching some white children, and doctoring a few sick people.

I do not know when my next step may be taken. I can assure you honestly that since coming to this country I have set myself in many ways to find out and prove whether the Lord would not have me to work elsewhere rather than to go into the far interior alone. Now I feel more persuaded than ever to go on, and many of the mountains of difficulty have turned out to be only ground fogs.

May 16th.—I have now a servant called Setobi who is willing to go anywhere with me; and if he proves to be a Christian, as I hope he is, there will thus be a second witness. "In the mouth of two or three witnesses shall every word be established."

Have just been reading Psalm lxxxix. 8, "O Lord God of hosts, who is a strong Lord like unto Thee? or to Thy faithfulness round about Thee?" His faithfulness is as strong as Himself, so that He cannot fail in the complete fulfilment of His promises. Oh for that precious faith (precious because God-honouring) that can lie down and rest, as the Lord Jesus did, in the midst of the blackest storm, knowing this only, that He is near and that He knows! How often we reverse God's plan, and instead of resting our souls on the Mighty One, when the devil is roaring round, we are filled with dismay. If in time of temptation we fail to "watch and pray," and are found sleeping, we easily fall into his snare.

The love of Christ was not only a love unto death, but it is still a living, active love. A moment of heroic love for a fellow-creature might constrain a man to risk his life to drag

some helpless child out of some pit, or out of deep water; but the same love might not constrain him to tenderly wash and clothe and warm the little one. No, the mother could do that best. The love of Christ does both. (See Ephesians v. 25–29.) He loved the Church, He gave Himself for it, that He might sanctify and cleanse it; He nourishes and cherishes it, that He may present it to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing. What a perfect love! And this is the love that He has set upon us; and nothing in heaven, or hell, or on earth, can stay its working.

THE DESERT ROUTE CHOSEN.

June 5th.—Kama has just told me that he is sending Tinka, his chief hunter, to the Mababi, so I have decided to go with him. Kama did not say that I was to go, but left the decision with myself. He has promised me every help and comfort in travelling with his chief hunter. It is not certain that I shall reach the Mababi, for if the rains have not fallen over the desert, there will be no water, and we shall be forced to turn back. Tinka is a man of experience, knows every inch of the ground up there, and has got strict orders from the chief not to run any risks in trying to cross the desert; so, humanly speaking, I shall be perfectly safe with him.

After reaching the Mababi Flat, I shall get one or two guides to take me on to Panda-ma-tenka, where I hope to see Mr. Westbeech, who has traded for about twelve years on the Zambesi, and I may obtain from him reliable information as to the country and the sway of the different chiefs.

My thought is to visit Moemba, Wankie, and other chiefs along the river, and make my proposals to them, with a view of getting invitations to visit their countries. But I may have to return southward to meet any forthcoming fellow-labourer. This would occupy at least nine months.

No one can guard against delays in this country, where time is thought little of. The natives require months to think over a matter that a white man would decide in a few moments. The value of dear Dr. Moffat's advice to me when I was leaving London, "Have patience! Have patience! Have patience!" is more and more apparent.

I have abundant supplies of food, and there is plenty of game to be had, so a lot of boys will be ready to go with me from the Mababi for the sake of the flesh they hope to get. The natives will not readily go with a white man if he does not shoot game.

CHIEF KAMA AND HIS PEOPLE.

I may here make some more remarks about Shoshong.

The moral condition of Shoshong is in many respects most exemplary. Since coming here I have not seen an intoxicated person, either black or white, which could not be said by anyone, for the same period, in any other town in Africa where the white man trades. The chief, Kama, has put down the drink traffic most effectually. Not only has he forbidden it among his own people, but he will not allow the liquor to pass through his country; consequently none has passed into Central Africa from this side for some years, unless it be a very small quantity occasionally smuggled in.

If a trader is found out once bringing drink into the place, even for the use of the white people, he is turned off Kama's territory, and never allowed to enter it again.

In many respects Kama is a noble chief, and it would be well if other rulers imitated his unselfish Christian policy. None of his people are allowed to want, if he can help it. If they are too poor to buy, he provides them with a stock of cattle, the increase of which belongs to the poor man; and thus Kama has distributed during the last few years thousands of cattle to such of his people as have suffered through loss of crops, cattle disease, etc.

Athough he has stopped all beer-drinking amongst his people, and put down many of the revolting heathen customs in which formerly they delighted, yet they all like their chief, and would almost to a man die for him.

Now and then Kama gets up hunts on a large scale to kill the larger kinds of game. These hunting parties go far into the desert, and often suffer greatly from want of food and water; but the chief is always the first to go without his share, and will not help himself until all are supplied, so that there is not the slightest grumbling on the part of his followers.

In spite, however, of all the chief can do, very revolting

practices are carried on secretly among his people; such as the murdering of children. A deformed child is at once put to death; twins are seldom allowed to live. If any peculiar circumstance happen at the birth of a child, or any suspicious omen occur, such as the call of certain animals or birds, the child is murdered. The ordinary way is to pour boiling water down the child's throat, and carry the body out to the wolves; they also cast out the old people. Some of them still cut their bodies, use enchantments, etc., but their heathen customs are not openly observed.

I can, nevertheless, say confidently that one would see more vice and open immorality on a Saturday night in the High Street, Glasgow, than would be seen here in twelve months.

The clothing of the people is scanty, but sufficient. They are naturally civil and polite to each other, and when addressing an older or superior person, finish every sentence with "my father," or "my mother." Both young and old address me as "my father," and often as "my lord;" but it is merely civility.

Shoshong is built and ordered after the manner of a military camp, and everything is done by word of command. The gardens are tilled at the word of the chief; the crops cannot be gathered until the order is given. Each man is supposed to be able to muster a gun or so many spears. The people in the town live together in what might be called regiments, the huts of each regiment being clustered round the hut of its captain; and around the town there is a double row of outposts, extending a long way into the veldt.

I have seen two turn-outs of the army since I came. On one occasion an attack was expected from the Matabele. When the report first came every man at once armed himself, and all began jointly to get themselves into training for fighting. For several mornings in succession they had a grand race of six miles. It was a strange sight to see ten or twelve thousand men, in all sorts of fantastic dresses, running along as hard as they could, all the time shouting and boasting of what they could do. At another time Kama had some difficulty with the Boer Government, and was afraid the Boers would attack him; but it soon passed off.

There is much in the history and folk-lore of these people that is very interesting. An intelligent young trader told me that

in his wanderings among the northern Bechuana people he had heard many speak of their tribe being descended from a certain man, a kind of demi-god, named Loa (very like Noah), who made all the animals, and sent them out of his house, two by two. Many of the names they have for the animals are very ancient. They call the African gazelle the Tsephe, and I am told that the Hebrew (*Tsĕbē*) for gazelle is the same word.

I am thankful that my lot is cast among these African people, and am very willing for the "little while" to lay aside the customs, company, and language of my own people, and spend my short life in seeking to spread the gospel in their midst.

LEAVING THE LAST L. M. S. STATION.

Shoshong, June 8th, 1882.—Contrary to my intentions and expectations, I find myself now on the eve of starting for the Zambesi. For two months my next step was hidden from me; but now it is, I think, made very plain that I should go on.

A week ago, Kama, having heard that my desire was to visit the Batoka, he expressed his willingness to help me, and has since proved it by placing at my service one of his waggons and oxen to take me as far as the Mababi. At the same time he sent orders by his chief hunter that I am to have as many Basubia* men as I need to assist me on to Panda-ma-tenka, where I can easily get guides to take me down to the town of Moemba, chief of the Batoka or Batonga. I have three donkeys to carry my stuff, and sufficient supplies for bartering purposes to take me comfortably there and back. If all goes well, I hope I may be back before the very unhealthy season sets in; that is, in October or November. I cannot, however, speak with certainty. I earnestly desire the prayers of God's people, that my going may be in the power of the gospel of Christ. My heart fills as I think of this country, of the long, long time it has waited for that gospel which was "*for all people*," and withal of the willingness of the people to listen to it. I have now

* These Basubia were refugees from the Zambesi district, who had fled to the Mababi country in order to be under the protection and just rule of Kama. In 1883, however, the Matabele made raids into all parts of that country, attacking their villages, and most of the people were obliged to return again to the Zambesi.

learned enough of the Sechuana language to enable me to get on comfortably. So long as I can tell my own story in Sechuana, I can always get an interpreter to translate my words into the different Zambesi dialects.

If the Lord does not give me a fellow-labourer from my own country, He may be pleased to give me a Christian native willing to remain and travel with me. I rejoice to think that it is not mine to choose my lot, but it is mine to follow with a willing heart; and for this, God giveth "more grace," which is in *all cases* sufficient.

June 6th.—The danger of taking fever on the Zambesi at this time of the year is small. I have now been in the fever district for five months—the worst months of the year—and have never enjoyed better health; while many who have been born in the country have suffered severely, and not a few have died.

There are certainly many wild animals all over the country through which I shall have to pass; it is only in hunting these animals, however, that there is any real danger.

Every night, when travelling, the natives cut down a lot of thorn bushes, and make with them a thick fence, called a "skerm," and two large fires are placed at the opening, thus forming a complete protection. Very seldom will a lion break into a skerm, although at times they walk round it all night. The principal danger is in travelling by night, and where water is scarce one is compelled to do so; but if the party is kept well together, and not allowed to scatter, there is very little danger, as a lion will not attack a company.

Once when travelling up the Crocodile River, during the night, I was walking behind Mr. Selous' waggon, and a young man was driving some loose cattle not far from me. On reaching the halting-place, towards morning, the cattle came up all right, but the young driver was not with them. Search was made in all directions, but without result, and we came to the conclusion that a lion had carried him off, even though he was but a little distance from the party.

THE KALAHARI DESERT.

Near Shoshong, June 10th, 1882.—We have made two days' journey into the desert. On leaving Shoshong the white people

were very kind, supplying me with much that I needed in the way of food. Kama and his wife were also very kind. He wished God to go with me, to save me by the way, and to bring me back in peace. His wife said with tears, "May God go with you, and remain with us, and fill you with blessing."

We shall have to work our way across to the Botletle River in a zigzag fashion, from water to water.

HUNGER AND THIRST.

June 13th.—Yesterday we sent the oxen ten miles off to get a drink. Poor animals, they suffer much from thirst! The hunters too have suffered from hunger. They have as yet not been fortunate in finding game, and have had to go for days with only a little corn, although it is the king's special hunting party. Because of the famine that threatens Shoshong they started with but a small supply of food, counting on getting game on the road.

18th.—I am writing in the centre of the north-east part of the great Kalahari Desert, hoping to meet some native at the Botletle River going down to Shoshong. We are losing no time by the way, as we shall not have any water for nearly two days and two nights. I have a fair supply of food with me; for after I had laid in, as I thought, a reasonable store, I found on starting that a bag of rusks, a large loaf of bread, a small crock of butter, some oranges from the Transvaal, a water-melon, etc., had been sent to the waggon for me. I am beginning to know my fellow-travellers a little now. Tinka is undoubtedly a decent fellow, and I think a true Christian. At first, however, I felt a peculiar sense of loneliness in finding myself surrounded by black faces, with no one near to whom I could speak in my own tongue, but I have got over that. Two other companies of hunters going on to the Botletle River have joined us. They are a wild lot, and, away from their town and chief, seem to enjoy their liberty immensely. The camp at night would make a fine picture on canvas—ten or twelve fires; round each a crowd of black faces, some of the men singing, talking, laughing, scolding, others tearing antelope's bones to pieces. All around is pitchy dark, made doubly so by the shade of the dense forest and bush, through which we pass from time to time.

We have just got to another well, which is, however, almost dry, and have travelled forty hours from the last water, during which we only stopped for five hours; the oxen have been without water for three days. As there is not water enough for the oxen and donkeys they have to go half a day further on. I was glad, I assure you, to lie down and get a little sleep. The endurance of these people astonishes me. Some of them walked the whole time; and walking two days and a night through loose sand is no easy thing. The first day we stopped two hours for meals, during the night two hours for sleep, and two hours the next day for food. Tinka as yet has no certain news as to water beyond the Botletle River, so it is not clear whether we shall go on or not. I am getting into training by walking a long distance every day, and I can endure a good deal of thirst. The natives drink a lot of water, and seem to suffer if they are without it for one day.

Letlakani Water, June 21st.—We have got thus far, but are all very tired. The waters were so very low and so few and far between that we have had to push on, the oxen not being able to get more than one drink at the different wells. Poor animals, they do look knocked up, their necks all raw with the galling of the yoke! The wells are very deep, so that to water a span of oxen is no light task, the men having to climb up and down with pails of water. I am busy at making boots, and have successfully finished one, which fits admirably (not to speak of appearance); the soles are giraffe-hide, the uppers, I think, are buffalo, and are stitched with narrow strips of zebra-skin.

June 22nd.—We have met a trader going to Shoshong, so I finish this letter at once. I am writing in the waggon while travelling. We are a few hours from the Botletle river. It is very hot, but I am keeping very well—indeed, could not be better.

VILLAGE PREACHING AMONG THE BECHUANA.

Botletle River, Sunday, June 25th.—We reached this a few hours after I sent off my last letter. We stay here eight days altogether, and are outspanned in a most desolate spot. Behind us is the great Kalahari Desert, and before us a great stretch of reeds. A strong wind is constantly blowing from the desert, bringing with it clouds of white sand; but better to have a wind,

however charged with sand, than one charged with malaria from the reeds. I thought a short account of my first effort at "village work" in the interior would interest you, so will tell you somewhat about it. At home in eight days one could accomplish a good deal, but not so here, the distances being very great. A meeting is called for this afternoon, at which I am expected to speak; it will be my first attempt. I am very doubtful as to how I shall make myself understood. Tinka asked me last night to have meetings all along the river, as the people understand Sechuana, which he thinks I speak well enough; it will depend upon how I get on this afternoon. Nothing would be a greater pleasure to me, as many of the people in these towns have never heard the gospel.

Sunday Evening.—This evening, round three fires, we met for prayer and reading. I got on pretty well, and most seemed to understand me. Tinka and the Bamangwato understood every word. All listened with eyes and mouth wide open; so I am much encouraged, and shall have meetings at all the little towns we come to. To pray in another tongue seems very strange to me, more so than speaking in it to the people. I can scarcely describe the sense of relief felt, after straining to understand the language for four months, to find that I am able in a measure to tell the story I had come to make known. God has helped me much more than my heart will acknowledge.

On *Monday* I got a young Christian from Shoshong, named Ramosi, to accompany me. Like most native Christians, he can read and preach the gospel pretty well. We intended visiting three villages.

The first we went to was Makoako, and to reach it we had a long, tiresome walk, first through deep sand, and then for some miles through reeds by a narrow winding path, in which there was scarcely room for one to walk. Arriving at Makoaka about mid-day, we found nearly all the inhabitants asleep. Taking our seats in the *kotla* (the place of public meeting), we awaited our audience. Those near awoke the others, and soon they all came trooping out of their little huts. They listened closely. The faces of most, however, showed that they were more occupied with criticising than assenting; still, it is ours to sow, and God's to give the increase.

The next village we reached was a small one. The men were all away hunting, and the women out working, so we passed on. We were not, however, able to reach the third village, for my feet were sorely blistered, and so were Ramosi's. He said the road was killing him. Turning our course for the waggon, we reached it after again crossing the stretch of reeds.

Tuesday was a very stormy day, the sand blowing all round in great clouds, and we did not venture out; my feet were also too sore. On *Wednesday* we started again on the donkeys for a village called Sosineù, which we reached about mid-day, and found it quite a town. As we entered the donkeys caused a great sensation. I suppose it was the first time such an animal had been seen there. The people are Makalako, from the Matabele country. They all understand Sechuana well, but are wild and savage-looking. Taking our seats in the *kotla*, one of the head men sent a messenger to call the people, and he went round shouting in a most frantic manner. Every time he reached the climax of his sentence he threw his arms into the air and jumped up, as if he were calling the people to a war dance. His cry was for all the people—men, women, and children—to come for "Sunday." In a short time a large crowd gathered, the men sitting in one large ring, the women in another, and we continued the meeting for fully two hours. I had, of course, to keep very close to passages of Scripture, such as the Lord's words in John x. The Shepherd giving His life for the sheep was an illustration that seemed to get their attention. It was one they could understand even better than people at home. They have, however, little idea of what sin is; but the Spirit of God is able to convince of sin, and may please to use a very feeble word for that end. Ramosi spoke very earnestly on the same subject. It was evening ere we reached the waggon.

THE BOTLETLE RIVER.

We are not going to stay here eight days after all, but move off to-day, so I shall not get to another village that I intended visiting before leaving this part. Tinka has just told me that he will have no difficulty in reaching the Mababi now. There is water on ahead. I hope to be at the Zambesi, "if the Lord will," in four weeks' time, which will be within a few days of

a year since I left home. Our course for three or four days lies along the north bank of the river Botletle; then we turn in a N.N.W. direction for the Mababi, which we may reach in two weeks. This letter will be taken to the chief Kama, one of his messengers carrying it in a slit at the end of a long stick.

I may add that the Botletle River is remarkable as having a double flow, according to the season of the year. When Lake Ngami is full, its waters pour into the Botletle; but in the dry season, when the lake is low, the Botletle flows into it. In following the course of the Botletle I was quite near to Lake Ngami, which was one of Livingstone's early discoveries. The Batauana, a section of the Bamangwato, live there. In connection with these natives, I may mention an instructive circumstance.

EFFECTS OF ADVERSITY AND PROSPERITY.

Some years ago Mr. Hepburn went as far as Lake Ngami to assist Bechuana evangelists in beginning mission work. Apparently they were so successful that the chief Moreme, son of the famous Lisilatebe, professed conversion, and was baptized with many of his people. They then liberated their Masaroa slaves, and deposed their rain-doctors and fetish men.

A few months later the Matabele made a terrible raid upon the Batauana, surprising and murdering in the most brutal manner hundreds of women and children, and carrying off thousands of cattle. The remnant of the tribe rebuilt their town, and though defeated and plundered they were spiritually blessed by this fiery trial. Some two years later the Matabele renewed the attack, but found the Batauana on their guard. After some days of severe fighting the Matabele were compelled to retire, dispersed and defeated. Strange to say, this victory had a bad effect upon the Christians. At first they were willing to acknowledge the hand of God in their deliverance, but giving way to self-praise and congratulation they landed in the opposite ditch. Moreme returned to his former heathen ways and ceremonies, and restored his numerous wives. This trial to the Christian church there, more searching than the other, left but a few faithful ones.

FOOD AND WATER ABUNDANT.

Tontgaru Water, July 12th, 1882.—About lat. 19° 40′ S.; long. 24° 45′ E. I have again an opportunity to despatch a letter, for Tinka is sending a message to the chief that we go on to the Mababi, as there is plenty of water. It was thought by every one that this part of the road was impassable. I was told by some of the traders that it was madness to attempt it, that my donkeys would die, and there were all sorts of stories about perishing of thirst. Exceptionally late rains, however, have fallen, and water has not only been found, but large sheets of it are in the hollows.

We are now within a few days' journey of the Mababi, so I may start for the Zambesi by the next moon (about July 20th), when six days' fair walking will take me to the river. I expect to meet Westbeech, the trader, at Leshuma, a small town at the junction of the Zambesi and the Chobe rivers. If he is not there, he may be at Panda-ma-tenka, which I would reach by going down the river bank to the Victoria Falls, and then turning south three days. Westbeech understands the country, and could supply me with guides to take me on. It is possible that he may return southward in December, so I may come with him, or at least send letters.

With all my heart I would desire to give a good report of the way the Lord has dealt with me, and filled me with comfort and joy.

Since leaving the Botletle we have been travelling through a wild but beautiful country, teeming with game of all sorts. I have installed Setobi as my huntsman. The game is large, and not difficult to shoot, so that he is well able to keep "the pot" supplied. It is surprising, however, to see how much these people can eat. Tinka shot two giraffes on Saturday, and by Sunday evening a few bones and some strings of meat hung up to dry were all that was left, though there were only twenty eaters. My own appetite surprises me; but, of course, I am living entirely in the open air, and walking a good deal every day.

We are now getting well north, and I feel somehow nearer home by being again in sight of the "Great Bear" constellation. It is, however, much warmer here. This is the coldest month of

the year; yet during the day it is very hot—about 85° in the shade, but the nights are decidedly cold. I get on pretty well with the people; we have prayer and reading every night and morning, and on Sunday in the afternoon. I do not understand the language sufficiently to appeal personally to their hearts. I could not be in a better school, however, for learning the words and idioms of the people; yet it would be a treat to meet some with whom I could speak in my own tongue. Had I known earlier that Tinka would be sending a messenger I would have written more.

I did not tell you in my last that when I was at the Botletle River there was much fever, and many of the natives died of it. Three of our own company were ill; but I had not even a headache. My sleeping accommodation is not the best—rough but comfortable. When travelling I always sleep with my clothes on. In Setobi I have a very faithful and trusty servant; he takes charge of all my property, and looks after my clothes and goods as though they were his own. Nearly all my spare time is occupied in getting up the Sechuana grammar, and in learning portions of scripture in Sechuana. It is difficult to read by the fires, and candle light is too expensive for much reading, so that I spend the dark evenings mostly in thinking. Taking it all round, my days pass very pleasantly indeed, and also very quickly. There is nothing that I want that I have not got. I was much blessed in reading Psalm cvi. My prayer this morning was according to verses 4 and 5; they are very full of blessed meaning.

Recently we have got on well on the whole, having found an abundant supply of water.

DESERT EXPERIENCES.

July 13th.—We started from Tontgaru Water this morning. Tinka having sent on some men to look for water, we went on for three days and nights with scarcely a stoppage; it was hard work, the bush being so very dense. I calculated that we travelled forty miles in twenty-four hours, or about thirty miles as the crow flies, in a N.W. by W. direction.

On Sunday morning we arrived at a camp of Masaroa Bushmen, and sent forward the oxen and donkeys to find water, expecting

them to return on Monday evening. The people, including myself, were supplied with drinking water by the Masaroa, who sank long tubes, made of reeds, into the ground at the bottom of a pit dug in the sand. They sucked the water up through these tubes, as it very slowly accumulated, and spat it out into tortoise-shells which they handed to us. It was very frothy stuff, as you may imagine, but I enjoyed it more than any draught I ever took of Loch Katrine water. Long practice enables the Bushmen to suck up the water through the tube; I tried it myself, but could not succeed.

The oxen and the donkeys did not return until Wednesday evening, having had to go two days' journey before they found water, and then only a little pan of surface water which they emptied. We found afterwards that, between that and the Mababi river (two days further on), there was not a drop to be had. The cattle could not have gone a day further, as they had already been six days without water—the longest time they have been known to live without it—so that but for that little pan of water, which was found almost unexpectedly, we should have lost both oxen and donkeys, and, as Tinka says, "very few of the people with us would have got through;" for when the oxen returned that evening, the Masaroa sucked out of the ground the last drop of water they could procure.

As for myself, a very little more of that sort of fare would have, humanly speaking, been too much for me. I do not mean that I suffered seriously from thirst, but I got into a very reduced state.

After giving the cattle a night's rest, we started early on Thursday morning for the Mababi, Tinka and the other huntsmen of the company riding on to find the nearest water, as we had only a very limited supply in the waggon. I had but a pint and a half for a four days' journey; nor had we any meat, no game having been killed in the desert. I had meal with me, but could not cook it for want of water, so my staple supply was a few dry peaches that I had brought from Shoshong. On Friday, July 21st, we were still a long way from the Mababi River. I had finished my supply of water the day before, and the natives declared that they were all dead.

My conviction was that we should not suffer from thirst much

longer. I was lying back in the waggon, and had just mentioned to the Lord that promise, "Their water shall be sure," when a young man of the company asked me if I wished to drink. Three Masaroa, sent by Tinka, had brought three calabashes full of water for us, so that we all had a drink of it. The next thing was to try and find a little food. Setobi was too much knocked up to go and hunt, so I started with one of Tinka's men to look for something. We walked a long way through thick wood but got nothing; and then, finding we were too far from the waggon to be sure of meeting it again, we decided to make for the Mababi River.

After wandering along through thick wood and bush and patches of long, reedy grass, we struck a footpath leading in the direction of the river. Just as the sun was sinking I shot an antelope; it rolled over, then got up and ran into some bush. The man who was with me said it would soon die, but that we must push on as the river was very far away yet; so on we went, the night setting in clear, so that we could see the path. On and on we walked for a long time, till at last through the trees we saw the fires of a camp of Masaroa Bushmen.

THE MABABI RIVER.

We found that the river was close by; so after eating some meat and drinking some water which they kindly brought me I thankfully lay down beside their fire for the night, though I did not sleep much. As it was very cold I was also glad to share the warmth of their skin wraps. The Bushmen kept up a continual talk; then some lions began roaring, the dogs of the Bushmen replying in a tone as shrill as possible. Towards morning I slept a little.

These Bushmen live a strange, wild life, constantly moving about. At night they make no protection against the lions. A few nights before a woman of their company whilst asleep was seized by a lion and had her head much torn. I was asked to do something for her, but could do little, the flesh having been torn right off her head and gathered up in a big lump at the back.

Next morning I started along the river to some Basubia towns. On the way I met Tinka returning. He wished to wait for the

waggon, so I gladly sat down with him, and it came along during the day. These nine long, long days I shall not soon forget.

Sunday, July 23rd, 1882.—All the talk among the people was of the wonderful escape they had made. Exaggerating step by step, they made out that a perfect miracle had been wrought. In the evening Tinka talked to the rest very earnestly, and read in Psalm cxv. 1: "*Not unto us*, O Lord, *not unto us*, but unto Thy name give glory."

THE BASUBIA.

July 24th.—A lot of Basubia men from the towns near us came around the waggon, and I bought maize-corn, beans, etc., from them in exchange for beads. There is a glorious field for the gospel here. Besides several towns of Makalaka, and several troops of wandering Masaroa, I am sure there are several thousand Basubia. Along the Mababi they have never been visited by any messenger of the gospel. The nearest mission station is Shoshong. Some of these Basubia men said to me how glad they would be to have a teacher among them. The district is, however, undoubtedly unhealthy, the river bed being an immense stretch of marshes and reeds.

I bought from the Basubia to-day an extra supply of maize, and was quite busy arranging my bundles for the carriers—a very difficult thing to do, as the men continually question the fairness of their loads as compared with those of others.

July 26th.—The chief man of the Basubia was not at home, so the headmen, who came to the waggon to-day to consult about matters, said that before they could decide to give me men they would have to refer to the chief's wife. She said that if it was the word of Kama that the Basubia men should go with me it was all right. But even without Kama's word I should have had no difficulty in getting carriers, for the people would go any distance for a little powder.* I agreed to give each man five bullets, five charges of powder, and five caps, to carry 40 lbs. from here to Panda-ma-tenka (a distance of 250 miles), and, of course, they will have to walk back again. Powder, lead,

* Being refugees from the Zambesi, and longing to return to their homes in peace, they thought that I might perhaps be able to intercede for them with the chief. I did so, and many did return.

and caps fetch an enormous price here. I have also to provide food for these men.

27*th.*—Walked to the Basubia towns to-day, the nearest being about twelve miles from the waggon. I visited two of them, and at the first was very well received. The people all turned out and listened to the Word, and then brought me three baskets of corn.

At the other town, which was a little further on, I was received saucily, and the people were not much inclined to listen to "this new thing;" at first, in fact, they refused altogether. I asked them if they would hear me if I returned. This they promised to do. As I was moving off they changed their minds, and said they would hear me now. The tardiness of the older men in allowing me to read the word of God and to speak seemed to have a good effect in rousing the curiosity of the young men, for they listened eagerly. One man doubly repaid me for all their grunts by a deep sigh, which seemed to come from his heart, and told what his lips could not have spoken. Still further on there are many more towns all inhabited by Zambesi refugees.

In the evening I chose six stalwart men, besides a Bechuana who wants to go with me, and another young man who goes for his food. Further on I hope to get another guide. The advantage of having two guides is, that one can take a round in search of water, whilst the other leads the party.

29*th.*—I find I have made a mistake in engaging my men so soon, as they have taken up their quarters beside the waggon, and look to me to feed them here. I went out to-day to get some meat to help my supply of maize for the men. Walked a long way and found nothing, but in returning to the waggon I shot a wild boar. I have arranged with the Bechuana who is to go with me to Leshuma, that I feed him and supply him with powder and lead, and in return he is to hunt for me.

Lord's-day, *July* 30*th.*—Having so far got everything into marching order, I feel thankful for a day of rest before I start. I rejoice to think that the issue of this journey is with the Lord, and that He will be my guide.

The waters are scarce and uncertain by the route I have decided to take; viz., in a straight line from here to the junction

of the River Chobe with the Zambesi. True, by crossing right over to the Chobe, and following its course to the Zambesi, I could go by a road with an abundant supply of water; but the tsetsé fly being numerous along the Chobe, my donkeys might suffer. I can scarcely realize that I am within six days' walk of the Zambesi.

THE TSETSÉ FLY.

It may be well to say something here about this peculiar African pest. Many travellers in Africa have written about the tsetsé fly, and have described its colour and its venom, yet very few people at home have any idea of the terrible impediment this little fly is to the opening up of the African continent. It appears like some peculiar addition to the curse; for not only have the poor sons of Africa to labour for their existence against "thorns and briers," but in many parts they are also prevented from utilising the ox or horse as other nations do. Consequently not only is a wheeled vehicle unknown in Central Africa, but also beasts of burden; and the way that every branch of ordinary domestic work falls upon the shoulders of human beings, makes the business of life one of constant labour and toil.

The tsetsé fly is not, to my knowledge, found anywhere south of the Mababi flat. Along the southern bank of the Zambesi and Chobe rivers, however, it abounds; but when the traveller comes upon open, treeless, marshy country the fly disappears. For this reason the Barotse are able to keep large herds of cattle on the open flats along the Upper Zambesi. The Mashukulumbe tribes also, along the Kafaukwi river, have very large herds of cattle, of an indigenous but very small breed. But these require continual watching to prevent their wandering off in the direction of the forest, where the tsetsé fly is found. The natives, however, are very skilful in taking their herds from place to place through the fly-stricken districts, travelling at night through the forest, and encamping during the day in the centre of open flats. Fortunately, during the cold season the fly does not bite at night, and the natives take advantage of this in moving their herds. It is also curious to observe that wherever the buffaloes and larger antelopes are killed off or chased out the fly disappears. Singularly enough, however, although the bite of these flies is so fatal to oxen, they are not attracted towards the

districts in which oxen are kept, but follow the buffaloes and larger game into the wooded parts. In appearance the tsetsé is very like the ordinary house fly, except that it is a little larger, and lighter in colour. It has not, however, the buzzing, importunate ways so common in the house fly, and is not an annoying creature like the mosquito. I have seldom found the mosquito and the tsetsé together; and the fact that the flat, open, grassy plains are the favourite haunts of the mosquito may be the reason why the tsetsé fly avoids these parts, and takes to the forest belts, where the mosquito is seldom found. The bite of the tsetsé, it may be added, though fatal to cattle and some large game, is harmless to men and goats, and the traveller finds the mosquito far more troublesome to deal with. Donkeys resist for a long time the effects of the tsetsé poison, but often succumb at last. Even in cattle the poison usually only causes death after some weeks, during which the animals gradually fail.

KAMA'S HUNTER LEAVES.

July 31*st*.—On the point of starting I have changed my plans, and decided to go by the Chobe, thinking I had better run the risk of losing my donkeys than of losing human life. On the direct line to Leshuma, water is undoubtedly very scarce, and becoming scarcer every day. My men were willing to go which-ever way I chose, but greatly preferred the Chobe. Tinka did what he could to prevent my going by the Chobe, but took a pleasant farewell. I have now no doubt he is a Christian.

This morning I was up before the sun, and set to work in real earnest in laying out the loads, which contained:

70 lbs. of wheat-meal.

Three sacks, 35 lbs. each, of food for the men.

40 lbs. of dried meat.

One box, in which were tea, cocoa, candles, etc., weighing about 50 lbs.

Two sailor's canvas sacks, filled with beads, clothing, calico, etc.

Books, ammunition, and spare lead made another man's load.

My knapsack was filled with medicines. This was carried, with pots and pans, in a basket.

My own supply of water was contained in four small wooden kegs.

By about nine o'clock all was ready for a start. I called over the names of the men, each one answering and getting his load; all seemed well pleased. The party mustered twenty, including Bushmen and one or two others not employed by me. We started in a north-westerly direction.

The first march was very tiresome, being across the bed of reeds and marsh into which the Mababi river flows—an immense bed of slush, and of reeds which towered a long way above one's head, and at times were so close together that one could not see his neighbour a few steps on before. We found the ground, or rather the layer of rotten reeds and sand, very difficult to walk over, and we sank at times almost up to our knees. I thought we should never get the donkeys through; but by about four o'clock p.m. we managed to get on solid ground, and made for a Masaroa town, where we expected to find water. The water-pit being nearly dry, there was nothing for the poor donkeys; we remained there for the night, as I expected the waters in front would also fail us, but I had made up my mind not to leave until my donkeys had a good drink. The Masaroa kept on drawing water, and scarcely left us enough to drink; still I waited patiently, and after midnight, when the water had gathered again, I sent out six men who emptied the pit, yet brought enough for the donkeys.

ON TOWARD THE CHOBE RIVER.

August 1st, 1882.—We were up before daybreak and off as quickly as possible, having a long and probably dry tramp before us. We got on well to-day, having to go over good firm ground, though the bush was very thick and thorny. Before sundown we chose as comfortable a looking place as possible, and in about half-an-hour's time the men made a "kotla." The Basubia know well how to make one snug for the night. They cut down branches of trees and stick them in the ground, forming a half circle; bring wood for the fire (we burn no less than seven big fires all night), and cut grass to sleep on. Then the bundles are brought and laid down at my head, and Setobi puts the kettle on the fire. After supper, leaving a little in the pots for an early morning repast—we cook but one meal a day—I read and pray in Sechuana to the men. It does not take much rocking to send me to sleep.

NO WATER.

August 2nd.—Made a good start this morning, and walked a long way; the sand was very heavy, but we pushed on hard, expecting to get water at a placed called Caucon. Arriving at the pan we were disappointed to find that elephants had been there before us, and drunk up all the water. This is rather a serious fix, as the donkeys, being almost done up with carrying heavy loads, refuse to eat, and drag along painfully; besides, our drinking water is exhausted, and we are fully sixty miles from the River Chobe. Two of the men set to work digging a well at the foot of the pan, but, after going through a little damp mud, turned up nothing but dry white sand. After prolonged consultation (and, I assure you, I earnestly consulted the Lord in the matter), I decided not to go on further, but the next morning to send the men out in all directions in search of water. The lives of the whole party depended, humanly speaking, on our finding water on the morrow, as already most of us were much exhausted, having gone over seventy miles of rough, weary country in the last three days.

August 3rd.—Early this morning I sent Setobi with six men and the donkeys in the direction of the Sambuti River, hoping to find water thereabouts. Another party set out in the direction of the Caucon Hill to dig a well in a hollow there, while I "remained by the stuff" with a Basubia; we had only about half a pint of water, which at the present moment is worth more to me than half a ton of gold. I am hopeful that Setobi will find water; if he does not he need not return; but all is well, for it is in my Lord's hands. As yet I have lacked no good thing, and am persuaded He will not leave me now. His presence and His promises are better than water.

Afternoon.—Those who had gone out to dig for water returned without finding any, and, looking very downcast, they all began sucking away at the damp mud close by. I tried to suck some water out of the mud, but it was something like the dregs of a farmyard; so I gave up, and returning to the kotla, fell asleep. I had not slept long when one of the men awoke me with "*Monare, loot, loot!*" and I saw at some little distance a string of men coming, each with a calabash full of water over his shoulder. Setobi had met a party of Tinka's Bushmen hunters who were

following the spoor of the elephants. The Bushmen took Setobi to one of their secret water stores, where the donkeys got a drink, and enough water also was left to succour us. I need not say how thankful I felt for this deliverance.

August 4th.—We were a little longer in starting this morning as I had to re-adjust the men's bundles; they were beginning to complain about the weight of them. We made about thirty miles to-day over heavy sand, passed the Gorgoli Hills, and camped in the midst of a very dense forest, as we found we could not get through it before sunset.

5th.—Had a long tramp to-day through a beautiful country, thickly wooded and full of game. During the last few days I have seen quite a lot of giraffes; the country here is full of them. We arrived in the evening at a pit with a little water in it, which we reached after some digging. The men are getting very troublesome, fretting about their loads, and demanding gunpowder; in fact, they made quite a revolt this afternoon. Bringing their loads to me, they laid them down, saying they would not go further, but would return home unless I gave them my powder. I sat down beside the stuff, looked at them awhile, and soon they began to shoulder their sticks. I said it was all right, and bade them *Samaea sintly*, *i.e.*, "Go pleasantly." This rather amused them; their scowling faces relaxed a bit, but they began again, trying with their threatenings and impudence to rouse my temper. I answered all their talk with "I hear you," until they gradually subsided. You see I am getting a taste of some of the difficulties of travelling in this country.

In the evening the man who had been the most troublesome, and had led on the others, seemed somewhat sorry for the way he had spoken to me, and began saying what great respect he had for missionaries. I shall watch him closely in future. Another cause for grumbling turned up in the evening. The food supply was running short, as we had shot no game, and I had to serve out a small allowance.

Sunday, August 6th.—I was compelled, for the sake of food for the men, to move off this morning. Going in front to look for game, I came across a large troop of zebras, and also found an ostrich's egg, which will serve for my dinner. We camped about 11 o'clock, and I sent five men out to hunt the zebras.

BY THE CHOBE TO THE ZAMBESI.

We are now close to the Chobe River. I shall never forget the effect that the first sight of that great stream had, not only upon myself, but also upon the poor men with me. What a feeling of disappointment came over me when I found that I was satisfied with only a few cups full, whereas I felt I could have drunk buckets full! This morning, before starting, the men had a sort of religious service over their guns. Laying their firearms (six in all) down in a row, they all sat around them, and one began to sing a dirge and to tap each gun, while the rest were keeping time by beating the palm of one hand with the fist of the other; they then sprinkled the guns with water, and finished up with a long shout. This they repeated twice, saying it was to make their guns kill well.

This evening the men returned with a young zebra. Now, at last, I have found out the reason why they have gone on so unwillingly for a day or so, and are loth to go down and camp on the Chobe, as I would wish. They have been hearing from the Masaroa that the Barotse are vowing destruction on the Basubia who fled to the Mababi, saying that when the rains fall they will come down and kill them all. It seems that the Barotse have been victorious over the Bashukulumbe, and are now scattering in all directions the inhabitants north of the Zambesi. The last news is that they are among the Batoka in the hills, and are killing them off. Oh, the terribleness of war! When I was in Natal, the Boer war was threatening to break out again, and feeling was running high. I had scarcely arrived in the Transvaal when war broke out among the nations over the border, and I ran a narrow escape of being commanded for military service. On arriving at Shoshong, the first news I heard was that the Matabele were expected, and that in all directions the cattle of the Bamangwato were coming in. The morning after my arrival there all the men of the town were turned out on parade to prepare for immediate action, but news came in a few days that the Matabele had turned. At Mababi I heard of ravages and bloodshed quite near by a company of the Matabele. The Masaroa of a whole town, whom Tinka was expecting to come and hunt for him, were massacred; and had the Matabele troop been a little stronger they would have come on to the Mababi.

Now that I am nearing the Zambesi, reports of war and bloodshed increase more and more.

I have been reading lately in the ninth chapter of Romans. Does it not explain why God bears with people now, and that it is only because of the grace of God that any one of us is different from others?

Monday, August 7th.—I ascertained to-day from Kama's Masaroa that there was but little game on before, and that we were a full five days' march from Leshuma. So I decided to remain two or three days to dry some flesh for food for future use.

8th.—A fair supply of zebra flesh has been brought in by the men, and all round the camp to-day flesh, cut in long strips, is hung on long poles to dry. A troop of zebras passed close to our camp, and my three donkeys seeing them started after at full gallop, and soon joined them, when the troop made off. Setobi and the other Bechuana went in pursuit of them. Hour after hour passed by with no news of the donkeys, and I confess I felt very uncomfortable, the men being ready to leave me at a moment's notice, my donkeys away, and myself a hundred miles from any inhabited part. Greatly to my relief, just as the sun was setting, the donkeys appeared with the two Bechuana. We are surrounded for miles and miles by thick woods, and, humanly speaking, it was hopeless to follow them. "Bob," however, did not seem to take so well to his new companions as the other two donkeys did, and withdrew from them. Ramatlodi, the Bushman, made up to him, and, wisely mounting, whipped him up. "Bob" made off at a run, kept most faithfully to the spoor of the other two donkeys and the zebras, and after a long run got up with them. The donkeys were by this time fighting with the zebras, and kicking each other. When Ramatlodi showed himself, the zebras scampered away, and the donkeys submitted to be driven back. The man had gone fully twelve miles after them.

9th.—After drying about 200 lbs. of flesh I got a start this evening, and camped close by the Chobe, which flows into the Zambesi.

10th.—During the night I lost my faithful dog Judy. She was barking away at my side, and I looked up and told her to be quiet. In a short time she began barking again; then followed

a deep growl with a rush, and poor Judy squeaked her last. I had scarcely time to look up ere a tiger had cleared the fires and was off. The brute must have been very hungry to have ventured so near for a supper. These tigers, properly leopards, are very plentiful and destructive, and, in fact, though not so powerful, are more dangerous than lions.

We had a good day's journey along the Chobe to-day; on the whole the ground was good for walking, but we had to wade through one lagoon. We just get glimpses of this great river, the reeds are so tall and thick. It is, however, a refreshing sight to see such an immense body of water rolling along. The men are fond of their river, and have been singing away at their old canoe-songs, which are very musical and plaintive.

11*th.*—The river is now running in one broad, deep channel close to the path. It is quite a treat to walk along the thickly-wooded bank, clad with all sorts of tropical creepers and flowers. The trees are full of monkeys, baboons, and beautiful birds. Every now and then a troop of antelopes scamper past, and on the river are all kinds of rare and splendid waterfowl. To-day I saw an immense hippopotamus rolling about in the water.

Every thing is the perfection of beauty and symmetry, and the fearful, suspicious way in which my men creep along declares that "only man is vile." They are in mortal dread of their lives. We sighted a town on the other side of the river, and this disturbed them greatly. At first they refused to sleep at the place I had chosen for the night, and wanted to hide in the forest. They declared that the Barotse would cross during the night and kill them all. Talk as I will I cannot lessen their fears. They refuse to go along the river any further, and say that unless I turn from the river and make for Leshuma across the sand-belt they will forthwith desert. I refused at first, but when I saw that they really meant it I gave in.

12*th.*—After a restless night on the part of the men we started early this morning along the river for one short march. It was most impressive, yet I must say I could not help laughing to see how the men stole along through the high grass, glancing every now and then across the river, fearing that they might be seen by their dreaded enemies. At last we turned from the river inland, or, speaking more correctly, west by one point north. The sand

was very heavy, and reflected the heat of the sun painfully. We pushed on hard, hoping to reach a Masaroa well in the evening. We had a most tiresome walk, and shortly after sunset arrived at a well, very deep, but with nothing in it.

Sunday, August 13th.—I sent three men to dig the well deeper, hoping to strike water, so that we might rest to-day, but it was in vain, so off we started. The sun was very hot, yet we could not wait, and walked on without resting to take breath more than five or ten minutes at a time. At last we reached a well with some water in it, which, after a little digging, proved sufficient for the night. Although tired enough, my skin is so burnt with the sun that I can get little rest at night. I feel as if I were lying on raw flesh.

THE ZAMBESI REACHED.

August 14th.—About mid-day, as we reached a hill top, we came in sight of Leshuma with the Zambesi in the distance. I sat down to rest a bit, and wondered at the grace and tenderness of my God who had brought me thus far. I sang the hymn, "Simply trusting," and it filled my soul—not that my trust has ever been so simple or real as the words of the hymn express, but I felt that it was no vain thing to trust the Lord, even though my measure had been small. Above all, there is a fulness of joy in proving the word of God, in finding that the same wondrous grace of God which gives us *promises* is able to fulfil and does fulfil them to us.

At length, after a long two months' journey from Shoshong, I have reached the Zambesi River without a blister on my feet, and, but for my sorely burnt skin, in perfect health. The sun has in no way affected my head.

II.

Among the Barotse.

(August, 1882, to May, 1884.)

Leshuma—Difficulties with my Men—Forced March—Panda-ma-tenka—The Batoka—Back to Leshuma—Cross the Zambesi—Shesheke—Reception by Headmen—Return to Panda-ma-tenka—Fever on the way—Start for Lealui—Boats sent by the King—Ascending the Zambesi—Crocodiles supply Food—Reach Capital—Boiling-pot Ordeal—Break in Diary—Livingstone's Description—School-keeping—Covetousness—"Lequalo"—Human victims—Manners and Customs—Cruelty—Trust in Kings—Power of Conscience—Jesuit Missionaries—"In necessities"—To Panda again for Goods—Victoria Falls—Re-ascend the River—A Chapter in African History—Reasoning with the King—Life at Lealui—Extreme Heat—Climate and Health—Rumours of Civil War—Senhor Porto urges visit to Bihé—Farewell to the King.

LESHUMA.

August 14th, 1882.—The Basubia would not go down to Leshuma until Ramatlodi and I went on to see if the way were clear. I found Leshuma nearly deserted; only a few Masaroa women and children were there. Mr. Westbeech was at Shesheke; another white man, named Woods, who formerly lived here, was dead, also his wife; and Mr. Blockley had gone to Panda-ma-tenka. I sent to let the Basubia know that the way was certainly clear enough, and they stole down, deposited their bundles, and forthwith demanded their pay. They wanted to return at once, and refused to go to Panda-ma-tenka. Ramatlodi also wished to go back, so that I was left with three donkeys, Setobi, and a boy, to go on to Panda-ma-tenka. No natives were living near; they had all fled before a scouring band of Matabele. After a deal of talking I paid off the men, giving each of them fully ten charges of powder, caps, half a bar of lead, and half a yard of cloth, which is big pay.

DIFFICULTIES WITH MY MEN.

How I was ever to reach Panda-ma-tenka I did not know. After paying all off, I gathered them together, and, mustering all my Sechuana, I gave them a long address, speaking for fully an hour, and finished by showing them how cruel they were in forsaking me with little food by me, and no means of getting to Panda-ma-tenka. I should have to leave all my goods to be stolen by the Masaroa, or to burn them; how would they answer to Kama when called upon to account for their actions, and how would they answer to God for leaving His servant to perish in the desert? Ramatlodi, the Bechuana, was the first to give in, though he was previously bent on returning; he, no doubt, felt the force of my remarks in speaking of Kama, and what he would think of his actions. He said he would not leave me, but would go to Panda-ma-tenka. Then three Basubia said they would not leave, and two Masaroa, who before refused my proffered hire, offered their services; so that with Setobi I have my full complement of carriers. I will drive the donkeys myself, so that we shall get along famously.

My purpose is to take a straight line from here to Panda-ma-tenka. The temptation certainly is strong to go round by the Victoria Falls; but as neither the time nor the money I have belongs to me, I do not feel justified in adding three or four days' journey for mere sight-seeing.

This evening, since the Basubia who refused to go further have departed, a much happier feeling seems to be among my men. I have served out as liberal a supply of food to them as I can, and they are talking of how well they will get along. We have three days' desert between this and Panda-ma-tenka, but the men say they are willing to travel night and day if I like.

August 15th.—I would gladly rest here to-day, but have no food for the men. Mr. Westbeech left behind him two little goats, which I shall kill. I intend to start this evening and make a push for Panda-ma-tenka. Having sixty miles of dry country before me, and the donkeys being in a poor way, and little able to stand more thirst, we shall begin to travel night and day.

A FORCED MARCH.

16*th.*—Last night we made a good long journey, and towards morning slept a few hours. The road, though through thick bush and sand, is easily followed. I was up and off before the sun rose, and towards mid-day we lay down in the shade a short time. A small abscess has formed under my toe, causing much pain, but with a long stick as a crutch, I have managed to keep up with the rest. The night was dark, and the road bad, but we kept on, expecting at every fresh start to reach the Gezumba pan before halting. At last we gave in, and lay down beside some thick bush for shelter, knowing we were not far from water.

17*th.*—My toe being very painful, I started before the others and hobbled along. A half-hour's walk brought us to the Gezumba pan, which is within three hours' walk of Panda-ma-tenka. But for my toe I should go on, but shall rest to-day.

This is the quickest march I have had yet, doing sixty miles in one day and two nights. The distance was considered by the Bushmen, from whom I got directions as to the road, to be a three days' journey. I hope the donkeys feel grateful. I certainly felt anything but fresh to-day; the painful shuffling on the outer edge of my foot over the last twenty miles has strained all the muscles of my body. I lanced the toe to-day, and shall get along nicely to-morrow.

PANDA-MA-TENKA.

18*th.*—Felt all right this morning, and was able to walk with comparative comfort; so I set off before the rest, and reached Panda-ma-tenka about mid-day. It is a little clump of huts on the top of slightly rising ground, surrounded by low marsh. The Jesuits have built a comfortable-looking house and chapel. The rest of the people live in huts, among whom are Mr. Blockley, a trader, also a Dutchman, and the wives and families of three or four Hottentot hunters, who at present are out hunting.

Mr. Blockley received me very kindly, and gave me a grass hut to live in as long as I may remain here. In a short time my men and donkeys arrived, and I settled with them as liberally as I could. In the evening I had a long talk with Mr. Blockley. He tells me that the river is just now entirely barred against any white man crossing.

My idea, as you know, was to cross if possible at Wankie's, and go down to Moemba's town. Last year the Jesuits went down to Moemba's, where one died. A lot of goods was also stolen from them; so the rest returned, giving up for the time the intention of settling there. They have since found the Barotse slow to receive them, and are making a second attempt to reach Moemba's; but Mr. Blockley tells me that the Barotse have sent down messengers saying, that if they let them or any other white man cross they will kill them all.

THE BATOKA.

Judging from Mr. Blockley's information, the Batoka people, whom it has been my aim to reach, are evidently, in many respects, an exceptional race; only a few of them are here now. They cover an immense tract of country right along the north bank of the river up to Moemba's; then they take to the hills and the district north of the Falls. Their towns are three days' journey from the river. This is the substance of Mr. Blockley's conversation during the last three days.

He strongly advises me, as the only way of getting among the Batoka, to visit first the Barotse king and get permission from him to cross the river. If once I obtained his consent to this I could go anywhere on the other side, and would have an immense field of work. How to reach the Barotse king is a difficult question. It means a long, toilsome journey of thirty days from here up the river. I could not make up my mind to attempt this; so I let the matter rest for a day, and set to work to repair an old cart that I had bought for very little from Mr. Blockley to take me back to Shoshong, if it should seem advisable to return there.

I felt I could only cry to God for these people, that He would send the gospel among them by whomsoever He chose. The work is His own.

BACK TO LESHUMA.

August 19th.—Mr. Blockley said he was afraid he would have to go up the river to buy corn. Two waggons had gone the other way two weeks ago, and word had just come that no corn was to be had. So he has decided to go up the river, and asked me to accompany him. He will go by waggon to Leshuma, walk

to Inparairie, and send messengers on to Shesheke. I at once said I would go with him, believing that such an exceptional opportunity was from the Lord.

Mr. Blockley had just left Leshuma, not intending to return there this year. He remarked to-day how annoyed he felt at having to go there to buy corn, when he had so much work to do at Panda-ma-tenka, but that he could not help it. How mighty is our God! How He can use all things and all men for His purposes!

Mr. Blockley is well known on the river, and through his influence the headmen at Shesheke might allow me to pass up, without having to wait for the return of a messenger whom I should have to send to the king.

Monday, August 21st.—Busy to-day getting things ready to start to-morrow morning in Mr. Blockley's waggon.

24th.—Arrived at Leshuma this evening after a pleasant journey of three days.

CROSSING THE ZAMBESI.

August 25th.—Off as early as possible for the Zambesi. The path lay through a thickly-wooded tropical valley, full of rich herbage. We reached the river about mid-day, but as the wind was very strong and the water rough, the old man in charge of the ferry would not answer our call for some time; so I was able to look around and take a good view of the river. We rested at the point where the waters of the Chobe and the Zambesi meet.

The Zambesi at that point is as broad as the Clyde at Dumbarton, and is very deep from bank to bank; the Chobe is a little narrower. Late in the afternoon the old man started in his canoe, but instead of coming over to us he went a long way up the river and crossed to the island of Inparairie. However, he came down after a time and landed where we were. After talking and waiting, he agreed to ferry us over for so much. Three trips took us and our bundles across in his cranky canoe. Everything got wet, and I had to sit down in water. The edge of the canoe—the trunk of a tree shaped a bit and hollowed out—was scarcely a handbreadth from the water, and all the little waves came right in, so that Setobi had a hard half-hour's work in baling out the water.

The boatman understood that I was a servant of Mr. Blockley's,

and so took me on board his craft without any question. We had not got far, however, when Mr. Blockley's boy, who was rowing in front, told him I was a *Marute; i.e.*, a teacher. Much alarmed at this, the old man wanted to take me back again. The boy seemed to understand the difficulty, for he put matters right by assuring him that I was not one of the Panda-ma-tenka *Marutes* (Jesuits who are staying there), but quite different. After a good deal of explanation on the boy's part, the boatman pushed on and took me across. Mr. Blockley came in the next boatload, and was able to pacify the old man. It seems that he has orders not to allow the Jesuits to cross the river until the chief sends down word. After settling with the boatman, we set off for the nearest town, intending to sleep there.

KINDNESS OF THE BATOKA.

The north bank of the river rises steep from the water's edge, so our way lay uphill. As the sun was setting, I had a grand view of the river and of miles upon miles of country stretching far south, beautifully undulating and thickly wooded. We arrived at a little Batoka town in the evening, and were well received. The people showed us into a reed yard, with a hut in the centre for our use, but we preferred, as the night was fine, to sleep on the open ground. They gave us a goat to kill, and food for the men, at the same time bringing a supply of firewood and making a grass hut. The reception these Batoka gave us was so simple and kindly that they quite won my heart. I felt I had not thought of them in vain, and, without going another step, would willingly have settled amongst them; but they are a conquered people, and therefore I must see the king of the country ere I can settle in it.

August 26th.—After Mr. Blockley had bought a little corn that was brought here, we set off for the town of Mogumba, the chief of this part of the river. We found it partly deserted through failure of crops, all the men being out hunting, and Mogumba at Shesheke. His chief wife, however, entertained us to the best of her ability. I heard from the Batoka that Mr. Westbeech was still at Shesheke, having been detained there about a month through the illness of the man in charge of his boat, and that it was possible I might arrive before he left. I expected to get

men at Mbova to send to him, but there was not a man in the place; so we sat down, not knowing what to do. After waiting awhile, five men appeared, each carrying a quantity of corn; they had come from Shesheke to sell it, and intended to return at once. We bought the corn, and I arranged to return with them to Shesheke next day, to see Mr. Westbeech if possible.

Sunday, 27*th*.—Most of the boys who had offered their services ran off early this morning, so I remained at Mbova until evening, and went a short distance with two men who were willing to go with me. I might as well have remained until Monday, but was anxious to get out of Mbova as quickly as possible, hoping to get a night's sleep. That town lies in the middle of an immense marsh, and at night it swarms with mosquitoes; it is also a regular malaria swamp all the year round. I slept at night by the side of a small river in the middle of a thick wood.

28*th*.—Crossed the Ungwesi river, and after walking for some distance turned down to the Zambesi, where I met a company of hunters with boats on the river. I hired one of their boats and two men, to take me and mine to Shesheke, and, crossing the river, slept at their little reed-hut town. The lions are very numerous here, and through the night they *did* make a noise.

SHESHEKE.

August 30*th*.—After some trouble I started this morning, and got on well for a time. It is very pleasant sailing along this immense river. After a few hours, however, the boatmen landed me on the bank, and quietly set to work landing my stuff. I could not believe Shesheke was so near, but they assured me it was near to some trees close by, and that they landed me to avoid a long bend in the river; so I let them go, and found out their deceit, to my sorrow, afterwards. The two boys I had with me as carriers were from the same town as the boatmen, and were privy to the plan. After a long six hours' walk, mostly through a labyrinth of broken-down reeds, with mud and slush underneath, I arrived at Shesheke, and was glad to find Mr. Westbeech there. Welcoming me kindly, he said that he had been detained for several weeks, much against his will, but was now expecting to be off at once.

GOOD RECEPTION BY THE HEADMEN.

Having been introduced to the headmen of the town, I told them my errand, and they listened attentively. Their answer was that I was so far welcome, and that I had perfect liberty to go on to the king, but that the king's headmen were tired of teachers coming to the country and running away again. Their spokesman referred to M. Coillard's visit, and said he promised to return, but had not come. They heard last year that he was coming, and they hear again he is coming now, but they do not see him. They then spoke of the Jesuits, and how they had deceived them. As to my coming amongst them, they said they did not know what I meant to do, whether I would just see the chief and run away again, or remain.

This tribe, or rather these tribes, are governed by the king and his headmen, who have a voice in most affairs. They seem determined not to be cheated any more. I tried to assure them that my intentions were sincere in coming amongst them, and that I was now willing, if I got permission, to remain with them. That pleased them better; in fact, the whole tribe have been waiting long for some teacher, and were compelled to think about receiving the Jesuits, although they did not like them. Boats are expected every day from the king to take them up.

The headmen had a long talk over matters, and had Setobi with them to question him all about me. They told me in the afternoon that, as headmen of Shesheke, they had decided to receive me as a teacher into their country, on the understanding that I would not run away and leave them.

After a good deal of talking, it was arranged that Mr. Westbeech should go on to the king and tell him of my desire, and get him to send boats down to Shesheke; and that I should first return with a boat, which the headmen would place at my disposal, to Panda-ma-tenka, and fetch the things I had left, and a few supplies to last me some months among the Barotse.

The week I was at Shesheke I had several companies in my little reed-yard listening; and one evening I overheard one man—a young headman, who had attended regularly—going over what he had heard. "The good Shepherd; He gave His life for

the sheep" (followed by exclamations); then, "*Eo Mora oa Modimo*" ("He is the Son of God")—this he repeated—"*Mora oa Modimo*"—"Son of God! Son of God!"—and he passed on. Not liking to disturb his thoughts I left him alone, thanking God in the depths of my soul that these words had for the time got a place in his mind and made him think. He is a bright, thoughtful young man, twenty-four or twenty-five years of age.

Sunday, September 3rd, 1882.—A letter arrived to-day from the Jesuits who had come down to the Leshuma ferry, asking for boats to take them to Shesheke. The headmen sent word that they must wait until a reply comes from the king in answer to a message they sent by Mr. Westbeech. I have spent a pleasant week here, and get on well among the people. Shesheke is a town of slaves, three-fourths of the population being the absolute property of the other fourth.

The people like to come and hear me reading out of the Sechuana Testament, and ask all sorts of childish questions. Their ignorance, to a man, is absolute, and their depravity complete. Human sacrifices, burning of witches, cutting their flesh, etc., are the outcome of a religion of dark superstition.

RETURN TO PANDA-MA-TENKA.

September 5th, 1882.—Left Shesheke in a boat for Mbova. Slept the first night on a reed island, the second on a mud bank, as the lions were too troublesome for us to sleep on the mainland.

8th.—My men tried to frighten me into dealing out to them some extra rations. Coming up to a small reed-covered island, they all landed, professing to be tired; and as it is not safe to sit in their canoes when they stop—the crocodiles having a trick of coming alongside slily and whisking one into the water with their tails—I got out with the men, spread my mat, lay down, and read a book that had interested me. My men stole back to the boat and suddenly pushed out to mid-stream and feigned to be paddling off, saying that they would not return unless I promised them more pay. I lay perfectly still, however, never even looking at them or letting them know that I heard. The book, I remember, was very interesting. I had got it from Mr. Westbeech, and it contained the lives of Scottish Covenanters. After having

pulled down stream for some miles, going quite out of my sight, they returned in about an hour's time and entreated me to enter the boat. I professed to be annoyed at their importunity, shut my book, and got in; and off we went, the men rowing as they had not done since we started, in order to make up for lost time.

God has not opened up my way so far, to leave me now; this I know. He does not so work. "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost"—not earthly comforts, but heavenly and spiritual things. My greedy flesh shrinks from banishment for "a little while" from kith and kin, but there are "better things" remaining to me. Let my one desire in this life be to possess to the full those "better things" at whatever cost to the "lesser." "Ye shall burn no leaven, *nor any honey*, in any offering of the Lord made by fire." (Lev. ii. 11.) It is ours then to lay aside the honey of this life, and let Him who filleth all things fill us with Himself.

I used to like a quiet walk through the woods, and enjoyed the solitude, but I cannot do so here; the lions are too numerous, and very dangerous. During this week I have heard of two persons being killed by lions close by. The Lord, however, has wonderfully preserved me from wild animals, though they have been very near to me at times.

September 12th.—I reached Panda-ma-tenka again yesterday, after a long, dry walk of eighty-five miles, mostly through heavy sand, from the junction of the Chobe and Zambesi, which took us two days and a half, and not a drop of water did we find for the last seventy miles. The last night and day I suffered a good deal, but thank God for the strength given to take me through.

The heat just now is very great, and will be until the rains fall. I fain hoped to get a week's rest here, but the carriers who came with me from Shesheke refuse to stay an hour longer than to-morrow afternoon. They are in terror of their lives, lest the Matabele should come and kill them; so I have been working night and day making up bundles of cloth, beads, food, etc., and start off to-morrow post haste. To a casual observer, my hastening so to get away would seem like impatience; but I cannot get other carriers, and must go. Were I to delay too long, they

would simply take up their weapons and march off without even giving me warning. The last six weeks of almost constant travelling on foot, through a rough and sandy country, has reduced me to a bit of bone and muscle—a sort of walking machine. Yet I enjoy the greatest natural blessing, perfect health. I am writing this when I ought to be sleeping, but hope to snatch time on the way down to the river to write more.

Quite a famine is raging; all over the country people are dying of starvation. It has often been hard to get food, and I have lived mostly on the flesh of game dried in the sun.

OVERTAKEN BY FEVER ON THE WAY.

September 14th.—Started again for Shesheke, feeling a little unwell; as we went on, matters did not improve, and my men grew very troublesome. For most of the road, as I have said, there is no water, and my carriers seized all the water we had and demanded payment for it from me. Setobi was getting sick. At last, on the second day, after having gone about forty miles through the desert, I had to lie down, and very soon became unconscious. I was by this time in a high fever. The men went on and left me and Setobi, who was as helpless as myself. My boy, only about thirteen years of age, hastened back to Panda-ma-tenka, and told Mr. Blockley. All this time I lay rolling about on the ground under a fearful sun, scarcely knowing anything, only feeling excessively ill from fever and thirst. On the morning of the third day I heard the distant shouts of a waggon driver. Help and water had come, and they lifted me into the waggon, and started again for Panda-ma-tenka.*

Panda-ma-tenka, September 25th.—I have had a sharp illness. The Zambesi fever is peculiar to this part, and it acts very quickly; after the first attack it is usually very mild. It is well that I have had it before going up the river.

The time spent out in the desert, lying under a hot sun, with no fire at night, was trying, yet it was not without profit. What

* This is a wonderful example of the kindness and thoughtfulness these people can exercise. Had it not been for the prompt action of that little lad of thirteen in starting back to Panda-ma-tenka, through a country infested with wild animals, in order to bring help to me I should, humanly speaking, have perished in the desert.

gave me perfect peace was the assurance that God was acting in perfect wisdom.

Since arriving here I have gradually come round, though I am still weak. My first attack of Zambesi fever is thus over.

Mr. Blockley has been very kind indeed; he could not have been more so, cooking for me himself. He gave me a vapour bath and wet-sheet packs, which brought me round. This treatment is much more effective here than at home.

Of course, I am not yet sure of reaching the Barotse Valley; the delay caused by this illness may have altered matters. I may be too late for the king's boats, or may find that the carriers who went on with my goods have robbed me of half, in which case I could hardly go on, as my supply is very limited. But all will be for the best. God forbid that I should have a say in the matter. One thing is clear to me in the meantime, that I shall have difficulty in getting across to the Batoka on the hills.

October 8th, 1882.—Since writing last I have had a relapse, as my writing shows. I should like to write you much of all I think, but it is very hard work.

I have not had an unhappy time whilst lying here. You may think I was in a very miserable plight, lying out in the open plain, with no water, and so sick; but I was perhaps more content then than I have been since. I have lately been thinking that most of our unhappiness arises from doubting the wisdom of God. It does seem a terrible thing to doubt His wisdom in guiding, ordering, and arranging all things.

I am now preparing to start again from Panda-ma-tenka, as there is no food to be got; and also, a few days later, I could not get a waggon to go to Leshuma. All things say, "Go;" in fact, I must go.

14th.—I have lain here very weak for four weeks. This is now the fifth week, and by Monday I expect to start again. It will seem to you too hurried, but I am compelled to move. Here Mr. Blockley will have to turn away nearly all his servants for want of food. The strength that has come to my arm to write has greatly encouraged me to trust that *daily strength* will be given for the journey; for up to three days ago my arm was helplessly weak. I shall go with a waggon close to the river,

and then a twelve miles' walk will bring me to the boats. After that the journey will be mostly by water.

READINESS OF THE PEOPLE TO HEAR.

From what I have written, you will doubtless agree with me in believing that there is really an open door for the gospel here. I could not, in fact, with any comfort, now leave to return home. All the mass of people along the river represent many tribes, formerly conquered by the Makololo, a Basuto tribe from the south, whose language is almost identical with that of the Bechuana. These conquered tribes, being all together, required one language, and, of course, they all learnt the Sekololo.* Twelve years ago or so the Barotse, one of the conquered tribes, rose up and killed all the Makololo men (leaving only the women alive), but they retained the language of the Makololo, so that amongst these many tribes and peoples I can with comparative ease talk a little of the things of God, seeing that the Sechuana, which I have learned, is almost identical with their tongue. When last up the river large companies listened attentively to the reading of Scripture, and asked many questions. They have heard of "teachers" living among other tribes, and have a slight idea of one or two of the outward effects of the gospel, but of the gospel itself, or of God, they are thoroughly ignorant. They do speak of a god they call "Nambi," who lives among the stars, and they acknowledge his power over life and death; but further than that I can say nothing. Otherwise, the depth of their heathenism seems unfathomable; secret bloodshed, superstition, and enchantments everywhere prevail. How we should rejoice and praise the Lord that even the ears of those who have *for ages* been in such a state should be opened to hear God's Word! I do greatly thank the Lord for giving me such a privilege as to read and seek to make them understand it; but the trying part of the work will not, I am sure, be forgotten in your prayers. Oh the patience that is needed, seeing how bitter and deadly is the opposition of the medicine men and doctors,

* The manner of distinguishing the languages of these nations is different from ours. We alter the *last* syllable—Eng*land*, Eng*lish*; but they change the *first* syllable. Thus the language of the Bechuana is called *Sechuana*, and that of the Makololo, *Sekololo*.

who live by their "craft!" The power of those men is very great, but "God is stronger than His foes." Surely I can but say, "All my springs are in Thee;" for this work is too great for me.

I hope to have an opportunity of sending out letters again, in five or six months' time, when I shall be better able to speak of the people, etc.

As to my own soul's prosperity in this great country, I still ask for your prayers in a *special* way. I had thought that, being alone and away from all controversies, and many other evil influences, I should attain to a more spiritual and devoted state; but I have learnt that the *one* drag to a soul's communion with God is a thing tied to it—this old dead *self*, which, in the absence of Christian fellowship, is more inclined to increase in bulk in my solitude than to diminish. Yet, thinking of all, I can but magnify the grace and the wisdom of God.

It is now seven months since I got news of any kind from the old country, and close on twelve months since I saw any periodical. I am quite shut in here; and, like Noah, have but the one window. The weakness resulting from the fever is lingering and depressing; but I trust soon to get over it. Excuse my shaky writing.

SETTING OUT FOR THE BAROTSE CAPITAL.

Leshuma, October 18th, 1882.—I have started again for the upper river, and am thankful to say, feeling better than I expected. My appetite is good, and I sleep well. I hope to have another opportunity of sending letters in five or six months, or it may be a year. Do not, however, be anxious. If I reach the Barotse king's I will try and send letters out by the American Mission at Bihé, which may be a better route; it is but a few weeks' journey from Lealui—the king's town.

I crossed the seventy miles of desert country between Panda-ma-tenka and this place, with the assistance of a bullock waggon and oxen belonging to Mr. Westbeech. The young Dutchman who drove could not take me further than Leshuma, twelve miles from the Zambesi. My goods, however, had all gone on with the Shesheke men some five weeks before, so I was able to start for the river with the assistance of a few Bushmen, though in a very weak condition. I was only able to walk for about one mile

at a time, and it took me nearly two days to get over about twelve miles. On reaching the river I bargained with the old ferryman to take my men and bundles across, leaving them to walk up to Mbova, and come back and take me up the river to that town in his boat. The man landed me on the north bank that he might go to his hut to refresh himself with a smoke of tobacco. I lay on the bank of the river for some hours, and as he never returned, and was not likely to do so, I determined to start off on foot after my men and blankets.

BENIGHTED AND HELPLESS.

In my weak state, and being quite alone, I wandered repeatedly from the path. At last night came on. The path lay over a sharp hill covered with large boulders, in the midst of which I completely lost my way, wandered about from right to left, then lay down between two boulders, where I found myself fairly comfortable, as the stones were still radiating heat. I had not lain long when I heard a footstep in the distance. On looking up, and watching in the direction from which the sound came, I saw the figure of a man, with a gun over his shoulder, walking along slowly in the direction I had come from. I called, and he at once replied and came over to me, when I found that he was one of the Bushmen I had hired at Leshuma, and that he was out in search of me. With his help I was able to reach Mbova shortly before midnight. The natives there provided me with a hut to sleep in, and brought food; but it was fully ten days ere I recovered the use of my limbs, in any measure, I may say.

NATIVE HUTS.

Their native huts are cool and comfortable. They consist of a large capacious roof of reeds and grass placed over two circular walls of wattle and mud, thus making an inner and outer compartment. These houses usually stand in the centre of a spacious yard fenced round with reeds, and they are kept fresh and clean by being smeared over occasionally with a mixture of cow-dung and sand. This is the sort of house I hope to live in when staying with the chief. The yard affords a secluded and comfortable place for sitting and conversing with the people during the day.

THOUGHTS OF FUTURE WORK.

After wandering about for twelve months I feel glad at the thought of a little steady work, though it be in but a small way, and trying to one's zeal and patience. But, after all, can one line of service be more blessed than another? If we truly serve our Master we shall be rewarded according to our fidelity, not according to our activity or success: "Well done, good and *faithful* servant!"

At present these people are all willingness to hear; but when Christ *and the cross* is preached in all faithfulness, and they learn how that cuts at all old things, the feeling of many towards the gospel will be very different. I would not *begin* by pulling down their old rotten structure; that would be sorry work. Even now the medicine men will be doing what they can to get up opposition, but the experience of others has proved that the power of these men to oppose goes only a certain length; and so is it with all opposing powers. Job's family, house, and cattle were to be touched, but not his skin; then his skin, but not his life. All the things we are called upon to suffer, and all the oppositions we meet with are gauged and measured, and no reckoning is made for our "unaided strength." Thus the arm of God encircles us.

BOATS SENT BY THE KING.

Shesheke, 29th October.—Just a hurried letter, which I send on after my other written from Panda-ma-tenka, hoping that this will be taken out at the same time. I have got along pretty well thus far. I found all the thirteen loads that had been taken on before me in good keeping and untouched at Shesheke. Two boats from the king came down only two days after my arrival at this place, so that no time was lost through my illness and stay at Panda-ma-tenka.

With the boats are two headmen and twelve boatmen, and we start for Lealui to-morrow or the day following.

I have been kindly received by all the headmen here; no starvation now; they surround me with the fat of the land. I am glad I have so short a time to wait here. The journey up the river will take twenty days at least, however quickly we may

travel; but I have king's men, and when he sends for any one, he has men picked from several towns or kraals.

I am sure you cannot but recognise with me the hand of God in ordering all things. He knew how much I needed the mental rest and time for quiet thought that I got at Panda-ma-tenka, which I could not have got here; and now, to my surprise, when I expected that the king's boats would have come and gone back, I have arrived just at the right moment. The boatmen, of course, knew nothing of my delay through sickness.

Mr. Westbeech has also kindly arranged to remain longer with the king than he intended. He is anxious to be with him when I reach Lealui, to tell him how to treat me. He has known the king from his boyhood, and has much influence with him.

The rapids are difficult to shoot at this time, but I shall be safe enough, having scarcely anything on when travelling in the boat.

I shall be the first Scotchman, and the second British subject, who has gone beyond Shesheke since Livingstone's visit; the other is Mr. Westbeech.

This is a copy of the letter I received at Shesheke from Mr. Westbeech:

"*Lealui, 5th October*, 1882.

"Dear Sir,—I have got permission from the chief for you to come on here, and this without much trouble. He sends you two boats, and both he and I shall anxiously await your arrival. He sends you two responsible people with them—the older one is named Monie-Ki-Umbwa, and the other Mato Kwan.

"You will have purchased food for the road by the time they arrive. If you have not, do so at once.

"Try and gain a good name amongst your boatmen, as they come from different kraals, and, of course, many questions will be asked them. If you shoot anything along the road, take as much as you will require for yourself, and from what part you like best, and give all the remainder to your headman, Monie-Ki-Umbwa, for division amongst your crews.

"The king must have brought about 20,000 head of cattle, taken in war, to the Barotse Valley, exclusive of what have died along the road from poverty and tsetsé.

Remember me to Ra-tau, and wishing you health and success,

"I am, yours faithfully,

"George Westbeech."

INCIDENTS IN ASCENDING THE ZAMBESI.

With fair prospects of a quick journey up the Zambesi, and a friendly reception from the chief Liwanika, I started from Shesheke. During the first few days the journey was very pleasant. Though still very weak, I enjoyed the varied scenes that pass before one on an African river.

On one occasion, towards evening, going round a sharp bend in the river close to the bank, we came upon two lions that were sporting on a beautiful sandy beach. The male at once shook his shaggy head, lay down with his paws out as a cat does when watching a mouse, and kept his eye upon us. So close was my boat to the beast that I could distinctly see him closing one eye and opening the other alternately as he lay surveying us. The lioness walked up and down in a restless manner in front of a clump of reeds. The men assured me that she had cubs hidden there. At another point the boat was passing along the side of a steep bank, covered with a network of roots, in the midst of which the paddler in front of me spied a puff-adder coiled up. He immediately lifted his spear from between his toes and threw it at the snake, which instantly uncoiled itself and struck at its assailant, grazing my hat with its fangs. The spear, however, had done its work, pinning the lower part of its body to the ground, and in a short time my men killed it.

Shortly after leaving Shesheke I found the country entirely deserted of people. Occasionally we came upon a few fishermen throwing their nets, or some wandering Basubia digging for lotus roots among the lagoons and backwaters; but when they saw us they rushed off and hid themselves in the bush. My men, however, assured me that there were many villages on the hills on each side of the river; but the poor people seem to dread this great waterway, which no doubt has been used by conquering tribes as a highway for their evil pursuits.

Our difficulties began when we entered the cataract region. Although the river was low at this time, the current was so strong at many of the rapids that the boats had to be unloaded and the goods carried overland, that the boats might be dragged up the river empty. At Nyambe there is a decided fall in the river, and we had to take both boats and goods overland.

INDEBTED TO CROCODILES FOR FOOD.

After leaving Nyambe we were dependent entirely for food on what we might kill in the bush. We were unfortunate in this, however, and were obliged to have recourse to rather mean ways of getting our supper. Crocodiles abound in this great river, and they are very artful. When the larger game come down to drink they creep up, and seizing them by the nose, drag them under the water. By this means the crocodiles always have their larders well supplied. It is their custom to hide the food thus obtained under the river's bank until it becomes rather putrid, and to bring it to the surface for airing before eating. I used to lie on the bank of the river and watch these animals come up with perhaps a quarter of an antelope, and by firing at their heads I compelled them to drop their supper, which my men picked up from their boats, but it afforded us anything but a dainty feast.

On one occasion we made for the deserted camp of some elephant hunters, hoping to pick up their scraps. My men got a few bones to boil, and I tried to pound and boil for a long time a piece of elephant's skin; but, after all, it was not possible to eat it.

As we approached the Gonye Falls the men had to carry the goods overland for three miles, and afterwards come back for the boats, so that we were delayed some days. I tried very hard to walk across the belt of sand, but failed completely, and my men had to rig up a hammock, and carry me after the boats and goods had been got over. We were entertained at the town of Silomba, a small river chief, who provided us with a little meal and maize-corn.

BOAT SINKS.

From this point the banks of the river are less steep, and the country around is more flat. A terrific hurricane from the south-west burst upon us one afternoon, lashing the river into violent waves, and compelling my boatmen to flee for shelter. No sooner had we touched the bank than my canoe, which had been gradually filling, sank. Nothing, however, floated away, as the men had taken the precaution to bind my bundles to the canoe with cords. So long as the storm lasted we could do nothing but

seek to shelter ourselves under a few bushes. Later on, the men went down to the sunken canoe, and as the water was not deep, they succeeded in removing my goods without much difficulty. Their plan of getting the water out of the canoe was simple but ingenious. They seized the canoe by the bow, jerked it forward, and thus set the water within it in motion; then they pushed the canoe back, and the water flowed out. By repeating this process the canoe was emptied of perhaps a ton of water in a few minutes.

Heavy rains now set in. It was some days before I could get my blankets dried after their soaking in the river; and thankful I was to reach the town of Nalolo, who is a sister of the chief Liwanika. She did her best to make us comfortable, and supplied me with food. My men built a long, low shed with reeds and grass, and kindled large fires, and with sunshine for the next few days I got my calico, clothes, and other things dried. The few books I had were more or less destroyed. When at last we had got things fairly comfortable again, and were hoping to start next day, heavy dark clouds arose from the south, which increased so quickly that in a short time the whole southern sky was inky-black. My men ran to the river, and drew the boats to shelter on the bank, cut a little extra grass and laid it on our shed, and as it faced the north we thought it might afford us sufficient shelter. The hurricane broke mercilessly over our little camp, and with such force as to carry all our shed and carefully-made little huts into the river, leaving me and my newly-spread bed and a few precious bundles exposed to the torrents of rain that poured down for the first part of the night, and extinguished all our fires, leaving us in a more desolate and forlorn condition than before. A little sunshine, however, next day enabled me to dry things somewhat, and off we started, making our way through a flat, grassy country. My boats were repeatedly chased by hippopotami. Along the banks of the river we saw large herds of cattle grazing. The population of the Barotse valley, though considerable, is very much scattered; but the people are all, more or less, breeders of cattle.

ARRIVAL AT THE CAPITAL.

Lealui, December 19th, 1882.—Reached the town of Liwanika. The king sent a horse to meet me, and a company of young men

to carry my bundles. Mr. Westbeech, who had remained till my arrival, was soon in my hut, and in a few hours the king himself came to see me. He seemed a bright, happy sort of man, always smiling. The hut they put me into I found had been built specially for the occasion, but unfortunately it was very damp, and firewood being difficult to procure in this marshy country, my outlook was rather a gloomy one. Often nothing seemed dry but my fevered tongue. Still little by little the fever left me; it was, however, succeeded by much pain and prostration. On the way to this place I had seen a little of the wickedness and superstition of these people; but on the third morning after my arrival at Lealui I saw more than I desired.

THE BOILING-POT ORDEAL.

A small company gathered in front of my hut, and began an animated discussion, which grew hotter and hotter, and shortly a large fire was kindled, and a pot of water set on it. I was told that this was a trial for witchcraft, and that the two persons charged had to wash their hands in the water, and if, after twenty-four hours, the skin came off, the victims were to be burned alive. First one, then the other, dipped his hands in the fiercely-boiling water, lifting some up and pouring it over the wrist. Twenty-four hours told its tale, and I saw the poor fellows marched off to be burned before a howling, cursing crowd. Such scenes, I afterwards found, were almost of daily occurrence.

BREAK IN THE DIARY—A TRYING TIME.

March 15th, 1883.—Sorry I have not been able to make daily notes. It is only within the last few weeks that I have felt my strength returning in any measure. The first hut the king gave me is now in ruins from the flood. He then gave me another in the centre of the town, but it was dry for one day only. One night of frightfully heavy rains flooded hut and yard, and *sadly* wetted my small stock of goods. The rain continued for days. The king could give me no dry hut, so I just had to "lie to," day after day, in that filthy round hut, scarcely wide enough for me at full length, with my goods rotting by my side, and a perfect swarm of rats devouring everything, and running over me at night. There for ten long days I sat on my stool in semi-darkness

by day, or lay by night, in perfect inactivity. At last the rains ceased a bit, and I went out to seek a hut. I got one from a headman, and at once entered it. It was dry and comfortable; so I remained there ten days. The damp house, and about a month's feeding on native porridge (without milk), morning, noon, and night, brought on an attack of dysentery; yet I cannot but recognise the hand of the Lord in preserving my life in such trying circumstances.

Towards the end of February, when the Zambesi overflows its banks for miles on either side, the king and almost all the people of the place removed to their summer town, Amafura. Liwanika invited me into his large boat (made of several canoes), and perhaps two thousand canoes accompanied us. At Amafura, I had much discomfort and losses by robbing. The king was taken ill, and then a lot of goods arrived from Mr. Westbeech. He asked me to receive them, and my hut was packed for days. I had nine men beside my own two to provide for and look after for about twenty days; I also had a serious relapse of fever. The place was surrounded with marsh.

To give a better idea of the Zambesi and its periodical overflow I here insert some extracts from Livingstone's narrative, written in 1853, when he first reached the Zambesi. The whole district was then under the rule of Sekeletu, chief of the Makololo.

LIVINGSTONE'S DESCRIPTION OF THE BAROTSE VALLEY.

"The river is indeed a magnificent one, often more than a mile broad, and adorned with many islands of from three to five miles in length. Both islands and banks are covered with forest, and most of the trees on the brink of the water send down roots from their branches like the banian or *Ficus Indica*. The islands at a little distance seem great rounded masses of sylvan vegetation reclining on the bosom of the glorious stream. The country adjacent to the river is rocky and undulating, abounding in elephants and all the other large game, except léches and nakongs. The soil is of a reddish colour and very fertile, as is attested by the great quantity of grain raised annually by the Banyeti.* A great many villages of this poor and very industrious

* The Banyeti inhabit the south-eastern portion of the Barotse Valley, and are found around the Gonye Falls.

people are situated on both banks of the river. They are expert hunters of the hippopotami and other animals, and proficient in the manufacture of articles of wood and iron.

"From the bend of the river up to the north, called Katimamolelo, the bed is rocky, and the stream runs fast, forming a succession of rapids and cataracts, which prevent continuous navigation when the water is low. The rapids are not visible when the river is full; but the cataracts of Nyambe, Bombwe, and Kale must always be dangerous. The fall at each of these is between four and six feet. But that at Gonye presents a much more serious obstacle, being about thirty feet.

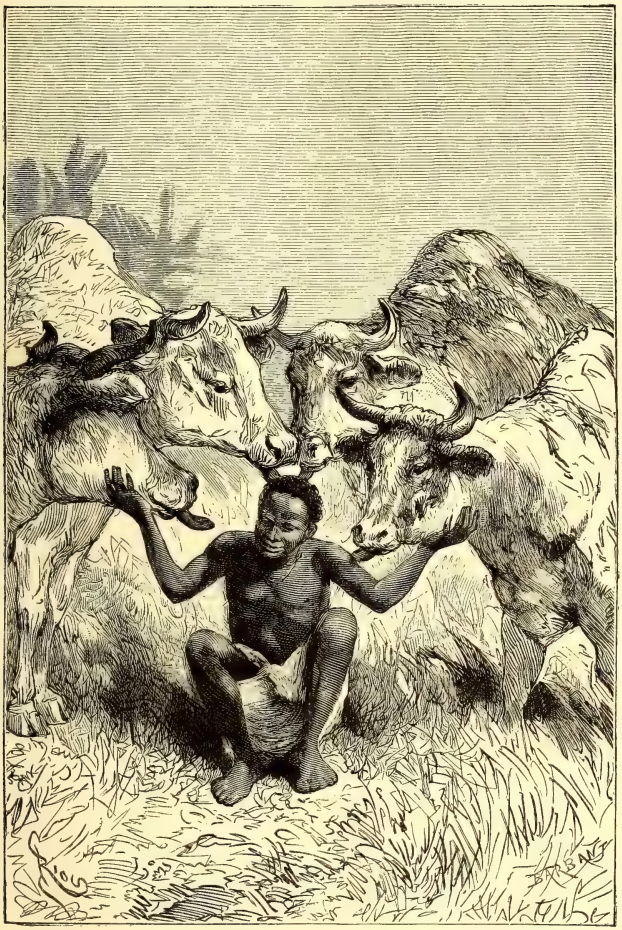
"When we came to about 16° 16′ S. latitude the high, wooded banks left the river, and no more tsetsé appeared. Viewed from the flat, reedy basin in which the river then flowed, the banks seemed prolonged into ridges of the same wooded character, two or three hundred feet high, and stretched away to the N.N.E. and N.N.W. until they were twenty or thirty miles apart. The intervening space, nearly one hundred miles in length, with the Zambesi winding gently near the middle, is the true Barotse Valley. It bears a close resemblance to the valley of the Nile, and is inundated annually, not by rains, but by the Zambesi. The villages of the Barotse are built on mounds, and during the inundation the whole valley assumes the appearance of a large lake, with the villages on the mounds like islands, just as occurs in Egypt with the villages of the Egyptians.

"The great valley is not put to a tithe of the use it might be. It is covered with coarse, succulent grasses, which afford ample pasturage for large herds of cattle. These thrive wonderfully, and give milk copiously to their owners. When the valley is flooded the cattle are compelled to leave it and go to the higher lands, where they fall off in condition. Their return is a time of joy. There are no large towns, the mounds on which the towns and villages are built being all small, and the people require to live apart on account of their cattle.

"When the river is compressed among the high, rocky banks near Gonye, it rises sixty feet.

"I imagined that the slight elevation [Katongo] might be healthy, but was informed that no part of this region is exempt from fever. When the waters begin to retire from this valley

such masses of decayed vegetation and mud are exposed to the torrid sun that even the natives suffer severely from attacks of fever."



A Kind African Herdsman.

The African tribes who possess cattle are devoted to them, and in their defence become brave and warlike. Sharing the vicissitudes of life together in times of war and peace, a strong attachment springs up between herdsmen and cattle. I have seen a young man lament over a favourite ox that had been slaughtered for food, when he recognized the familiar markings of its skin.

AN EFFORT AT SCHOOL-KEEPING.

April 8th, 1883.—My sickness is now over, and I am faring well, though food is very dear and scarce. I have had a school here for some little time. The boys learn pretty well, but it requires patience and perseverance to look after them. Hunting a young truant from house to house under a hot sun is not pleasant. The parents show little interest; in fact, they have little influence over their children. The leather thong rules the family above a certain age. A short time after I began teaching, the king cross-questioned me as to what I had come to teach. I spoke to him of sin, death, and judgment, and of God's love in the gift of His Son, and he listened attentively. "This," I said, "was my first and chief message, besides which I wanted to teach the children to read and write; also all about the world they live in, and other things that the white men know, which are good for all people to know." The king then said, "Yes, yes, that is good, to read, write, and to know numbers. But don't, don't teach them the word of God; it's not nice. No, no, you must not teach that in this country." I kept silent till his excitement was over, and then said that we would talk again when he had thought more. The school went on for two months longer, when it had to be stopped because of an affection of my eyes.

AGAIN BROUGHT LOW.

For nearly six weeks I suffered severely from acute rheumatic iritis—a common sequel to malarial fever. During that time I had to bury myself in my hut; but those grass-covered hovels are anything but dark, and, in spite of all the bandages and skins with which I covered my head as I lay on the ground, rays of light would come through, intensifying the pain in my eyes.

On May 10th we returned again to Lealui.

A RULING PASSION.

The Barotse are a very strange nation. Their country is bounded, as you know, on the south by the Zambesi and Chobe rivers, and this line of demarcation is strictly guarded against all comers. No white man is allowed on any condition to hunt

or travel across that border. The headmen of the country expressed themselves pleased that I had come alone; and several times when I spoke to the king about bringing a brother back with me the next time I went south, he always objected, and said that neither he nor his people wanted white men in their country. At last, however, he said, of his own accord, "Bring your brother with you when you return, that I may see him." True, he sent word to M. Coillard, who went up as far as Shesheke about five years ago, that he might return and live in the country; and M. Coillard went to Europe with a view of organizing a party to return with him. But the greater the number of his party, the longer time will the chiefs require to consider the question of their advance.*

Covetousness is the ruling passion of these natives, and it destroys all other natural feelings. Here a man will kill another for his coat. Seeing a defenceless party with, as they think, more of this world's goods than their share, they will try every means to distress, rob, or even kill them, for the sake of their goods. This was one cause of the failure of the L. M. S. Mission, sent to the Zambesi fifteen or twenty years ago at the advice of Livingstone. The things they took with them were many and good, and very tempting in the eyes of the natives; so they tried every means to dispose of the missionaries, and succeeded too well. This is one great cause of the present failure of the Jesuits. One "father" was undoubtedly poisoned for the sake of a waggon-load of goods of which he was in charge, and the party was openly robbed at different places, to the amount of many hundred pounds. Now, as the people think they have obtained all they are likely to get, they are bent on getting the priests out of the country as soon as possible.

I proved this power of avarice over other feelings to a small extent myself. When I first went to the king's town, I had, of course, a few things on hand for buying food, etc. So long as I had even *a little*, I was very much troubled by people coming to me, simply to beg for presents—headmen and their wives; even

* M. Coillard and party arrived at the Zambesi in 1884, after my departure. They were detained at Leshuma and Shesheke for nigh eighteen months, on account of the revolution that broke out on the Upper Zambesi that year; but, after a time of unheard-of trial and suffering, M. Coillard has established himself with his heroic wife at Lealui.

the king and his wives were not above begging and troubling me in the meanest way for a small present. At last my things were gone, and I had to live as my own boys lived—on porridge and corn; and I could only buy a meal at a time, tearing up my blankets and sheets, selling them for food, and also my spare clothes, etc. Then the begging and pestering ceased; and those who came to my hut did not come to beg and peer into every corner to see if I had anything nice that they could ask of me. Before, when I used to try to get their attention in conversation, every now and then I would be ingeniously interrupted by the one miserable request; but when they found me as poor as themselves, if not much poorer, they came to talk, and perhaps would rather bring me a small present than ask for one, and I could get their ears and attention without distraction. This world's goods may certainly be helpful in furthering the gospel, and may be sanctified and accepted by God for that work; but they also can be made a terrible hindrance. My plan now is to live as much from hand to mouth as possible, taking up the river only as much goods as will keep me for four of five months, sending down once or twice in the course of a year to Mr. Westbeech's station for fresh supplies, and living on native food, which I hope daily to become more accustomed to.

POVERTY AN ADVANTAGE.

It was well for the lame man sitting at the door of the temple that Peter had neither silver nor gold; so surely it is well for these Africans, that he who seeks to bring to them the one priceless treasure should not be burdened with what, in comparison, is trash and tinsel, serving but to blind their eyes to better and heavenly things. Many in South Africa urge the necessity for the missionary's going to the "raw" African tribes in the guise of a great man, with a large retinue of servants and abundance of goods. Then, I have been told, he gets a position in the tribe, and his voice is listened to. But surely this is a fatal mistake, and far from the Divine pattern. In such a case the heathen may easily be brought to believe in the *man* and his goods, and in the hope of improving his social position may make a profession of Christianity without having seen or known anything of the meek and lowly Jesus.

NATIVE BELIEFS.

The African is loth to obey, but fond of imitating. The sum of their own native belief is, that according to the position a man has in this life, so will his place be in the next. Goodness or badness, righteousness or sin, are not in their creeds. If a man dies a slave, he will have a position akin to that when he is dead; if one dies a chief, he remains a chief, and so on. Thus the more a missionary seeks to attain and keep up a position of power and greatness, the more does he confirm those who follow him in retaining their old heathen delusion.

When I tried to explain to King Liwanika of the Barotse that a man's position in this world had nothing whatever to do with his place in the next; that God dealt with the *hearts* of men, and not with their skins; that a poor "matlanka" (lowest slave) might be seated in the palace of God, and a king or chief shut out, he got very excited, forbade me ever to say such a thing again, or ever to teach such things to his people. I told him not to be angry with me; these were not my words, but God's. He didn't care; I might say so, but he and his fathers knew enough of God, and of dying, and all that. "Besides," said he, "we are not all going to die just now; why then speak about it?" It was some time before he again came round to talk quietly of the things which, though he little knows it, concern him so much.

The native's pride of position is consummate, and for a chief or free man to come down to the level of a poor "matlanka" sinner is *humanly* impossible. "Unto *the poor* the gospel is preached," and most gladly would I give all my time among the many poor slaves of this country; but meanwhile I am not allowed. "Those are not *people*," they say; "they are our dogs." So it is only by stealth that I get amongst them.

I have great hope that blessing awaits the declaring of the gospel up this river; but one thing I desire is, that what may be done may be very real and entirely of God. Let us go in for *real* out-and-out *conversions* to God, as among the Thessalonians of old, who received the Word "in much affliction," so that God's name may be honoured in this country as it was in Macedonia.

ILLNESS OF THE KING.

My own desire is that I may please God by making His gospel known in all faithfulness and sincerity, so that His name may be glorified by the gathering out from heathendom those whom He may please to make the subjects of His sovereign mercy. I rejoice to think that for the people we have a *full* and complete salvation to proclaim to *every one*, but Godward we can but cast poor, sinful man upon His *sovereign* grace and mercy. There has been little to try me here in the work, but much, much to encourage. I am thankful to say that I have received much of the confidence of the people; they trust me now as they did not at first. During my stay at the king's town my time was well occupied. Besides having a small day-school, and spending time with the people in conversation on the things of God, I was much occupied with doctoring, gun-mending, teaching them how to sew, make shirts, etc. In the doctoring line I was several times very successful, even in important cases which had been given up by the native magicians or doctors. The king Liwanika himself had been long ill, though he had been working away with all his doctors; he recovered slightly, only to relapse again. One of his headmen, who has the honorary title of "The king's mat," asked me to go and see his majesty. I said I did not think I could do much for him, but if I could not, God could. I told him to go back to the king, and that I would follow, which I did, asking earnestly for the Lord's blessing upon the remedy. The next morning the king was able to attend a large council meeting, and to all appearance looked quite well. Several of the headmen came to congratulate me on my cure; but when I told them it was God and not man that had restored the king's health, they gravely shook their heads.

"LEQUALO."

"Nambi," the one great spirit who made all and rules over all, they believe in, but they look on him as an austere person, who only heaps sorrow, death, and punishment upon them. All good that comes to them they trace to the power and intercession of the spirit of some departed chief or forefather. The idea they seem to have is that those departed spirits whom they worship

have a sympathy which "Nambi" has not—a sympathy with them in all the joys and sorrows connected with their journeyings, crops, hunts, cattle, wives, etc., because they, while in the body, experienced the same. Alas! they little know at what a cost our God has provided for us, and for them too, a Saviour and High Priest, who feels *for* us as no man can feel, who suffered and sorrowed as no man ever did, and who yet has verily a fellow-feeling *with* us. The religion of these upper-river people is widely different from that of the other tribes. It has been known to some that they believed in one supreme God, but no more was known about them. There are many other interesting ceremonies of theirs connected with the offering of oxen, corn, beads, and cloth, concerning which I hope to get more information. They have their diviners, seers, magicians, and doctors, who work with a mass of beads, human bones, speaking-horns, claws of wild animals, and a whole host of things, all of which together they call "Lequalo," and to read them so as to prophesy about them is "Hoqualo." They give this name to the word of God and all other books of the white man. The only difference, they think, between our "Lequalo" and theirs is that ours is a confused mass of little black marks on paper, and theirs is surely much more sensible, as it consists of substantial things!

HUMAN VICTIMS.

Nothing of importance can be sanctified without a human sacrifice, in most cases a child. First the fingers and toes are cut off, and the blood is sprinkled on the boat, drum, house, or whatever may be the object in view. The victim is then killed, ripped up, and thrown into the river. The burning of men for witchcraft is carried on to a fearful extent; not a day passes but some one is tried and burnt. The details of scenes that I have been forced to witness in this line are too horrible to put on paper; many a guiltless victim is marched off to the horrid pile. A few hundred yards from my hut there lies a perfect Golgotha of skulls and human bones, fearful to look upon. Yet one gets somehow used to it and to all their murdering ways.

The trial for witchcraft is short and decisive. If one man suspects another of having bewitched him—in fact, if he has a grudge against him—he brings him before the council, and the

ordeal of the boiling pot, to which I have already referred, is resorted to. My proposal is, that if they consider it a fair trial of whiteness or blackness of heart, as they call it, then let both the accuser and the accused put their hands into the boiling water. The king is strongly in favour of this proposal, and would try any means to stop this fearful system of murder, which is thinning out many of his best men, but the nation is so strongly in favour of the practice that he can do nothing. An old friend of mine, called Wizini, who took quite a fatherly care and interest in me for some peculiar reason of his own, was charged with witchcraft. He pleaded earnestly to be spared the terrible trial, and was reprieved because of his years, but banished from his people and country for life, for no other reason than that a neighbour had an ill feeling against him. Had he been first to the king with his complaint, he might have got his neighbour burned or banished instead of himself. I much missed this old man.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

The manners and customs of the negro "pure and simple" of the interior remind one of many things mentioned in Scripture. The Barotse have such names as "Child of Sorrow," "Child of Joy," "Born by the River," and others, suggested by events occurring at birth. When a man of property dies, leaving no children, his nearest kinsman takes his brother's wives; and children born of them inherit the dead man's property. (See Deut. xxv. 5, 6.) This custom, however, is dying out. In 2 Kings iii. 11 it is said of Elisha that it was he who poured water on the hands of Elijah. On the return of a man to his town or house a servant regularly waits with a vessel to pour water on his hands. The average negro is the reverse of cleanly, but there are many laws and customs among them as to cleansing. The better-class negro washes his hands regularly before and after meals, but this is because he eats with his fingers. He may use a spoon with thin porridge or thick milk, but only to ladle the food into the palm of his hand, from which he drops it into his mouth. Houses defiled by dead bodies must be cleansed, and a woman who needs cleansing must live so many days outside the town; after which she is washed with water, anointed with oil and perfume, the inner fat of an ox is hung round her

neck by her husband, and then she returns home. Circumcision is very generally practised by different tribes, and in different ways.

When going to pray, the Barotse make offerings to the spirits of their forefathers under a tree, bush, or grove planted for the purpose, and they take a larger or smaller offering, according to the measure of their request. If the offering be beer, they pour it upon the ground; if cloth, it is tied to a horn stuck in the ground; if an ox be slaughtered, the blood is poured over this horn, which is, in fact, their altar.

The native manner of speech is very quaint, and the mere expectation of good things causes such delight that men will dance and shout all night with empty stomachs in prospect of a feast on the morrow. Regard for decency in conversation is utterly unknown. There is a city of refuge among the Barotse, and any one incurring the king's wrath, or committing a crime, may find safety by fleeing to this town. The man in charge of it is expected to plead for him before the chief, and he can then return to his house in peace.

The African native, as found in his own home, is, like ourselves, a man with all the instincts of a man, and this is shown by the conduct of the lowest slaves. A poor slave whom I saw kicked out of a hut in which he had sought shelter, folded his arms and calmly said, "Yes, master, I know you think me to be a dog; but, sir, I am not a dog, I am a man." There was, for the moment, a dignity and impressiveness about the poor naked fellow, which subdued the man who was abusing him, and he was told to return to the hut.

CRUELTY.

Many good laws as to constancy and fidelity are to be found among these people; but their innate cruelty is, I think, without comparison, and makes war a terrible thing with them. On returning from raiding the warrior exults in telling the horrible cruelties he has committed. A man will woo a woman with accounts of the devilry he has been guilty of, for the women delight in it, and the remembrance of things I have seen done to captives makes the blood run cold. Among the Mashukulumbe the women and children turn out to applaud their brave warriors,

who, I am told, string up by the neck to tall trees the little children they have taken captive, a spectacle which gives entertainment to the whole countryside. Their punishments are very cruel. Burning alive is, among the Barotse, a common occurrence; also tying the victim hand and foot and laying him near a nest of large black ants, which in a few days pick his bones clean.*

TRUST IN KINGS.

There is an old but waning belief that a chief is a demigod, and in heavy thunderstorms the Barotse flock to the chief's yard for protection from the lightning. I have been greatly distressed at seeing them fall on their knees before the chief, entreating him to open the water-pots of heaven and send rain upon their gardens. But last year the chief acknowledged to me that he knew he was unable to do so; yet he keeps up the delusion for the sake of power. These ancient beliefs of the negro in the power of chiefs' medicines and enchantments have, as might be supposed, very slender props to rest on, and they are kept up merely to fill a want in the mind, much as a drowning man will clutch at a straw in his need of something to bear him up. The king's servants declare themselves to be invincible, because they are the servants of god (meaning *the king*); but when some discontented Barotse went to kill Sepopo, the late chief, none fled faster than the king's body-guard. Sepopo, like the present king, would boast that he possessed medicines and enchantments which made his body impervious to spear or bullet; but when he heard of the insurgents, Sepopo fled in haste, and a bullet through the chest killed him.

THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

Man is a very fragile being, and he is fully conscious that he requires supernatural or divine aid. Apart from the distinct revelation given by God in the first chapter of Romans, there is much to prove that the heathen African is a man to whom the living

* When manners and customs are referred to, the particular *district* must be borne in mind. Africa is an immense continent, and there is as much variety in the customs of the different tribes as in their languages. Certain tribes take delight in cruelty and bloodshed; others have a religious fear of shedding human blood, and treat aged people with every kindness, to secure their goodwill after death. By other tribes the aged would be cast out as mere food for wild animals.

God has aforetime revealed Himself. But he has sought after things of his own imagination and things of darkness to satisfy those convictions and fears which lurk in his breast, and which have not been planted there by the evil one, but by God. Refusing to acknowledge God (Romans i. 28, margin), they have become haters of God. (*v.* 30.) The preaching of the Gospel to them, however, is not a mere beating of the air; there is a peg in the wall upon which something can be hung, and remain. Often a few young men have received the message with laughter and ridicule, but I have afterwards heard them discuss my words amongst themselves very gravely. I heard one man say to a neighbour, "Monare's words pierce the heart." Another remarked that the story of Christ's death was very beautiful, but that he knew it was not meant for him; he was a makalaka (slave), and such a sacrifice was only for white men and princes.

Their memories are so acute, that many days after being spoken to, they will return in order to discuss some question which has been weighing on their minds. I judge from their actions that a few amongst the Barotse have consciously received *something* of the truth. Malonda, who was a very kind friend to me, repeatedly professed his belief in the things about which we had long talks when travelling together from Shesheke; but he is secretly afraid of the king; and the putting away of his extra wives would, in his eyes, end his career among the Barotse. Mala, of Secumba, one of the nobles of the land, when he came to the king's town used to dine and sup with me, and we would read and talk over the Scriptures for hours. Mamwia has suffered much from her husband Gumbela, the king's prime minister, for loving to come and hear the Scriptures read, and she professes to know the Lord. Our Lord knows *all*. He who will not quench the smoking flax, nor break the bruised reed, can nourish the little spark into a flame.

VISIT OF JESUIT MISSIONARIES.

A week or so after my return to Lealui two Jesuits came to see the king. Four had left Panda-ma-tenka, but one had to return because of sickness. One poor fellow was drowned on the way up, through the upsetting of the boat in the rapids. The king and headmen had a large meeting, and told these priests

they could not stay. They were friendly with me, and I bought a few small things from them.

The smallness of their present to the chief in proportion to the amount of goods they had brought for their own consumption was no doubt the cause of the ill favour shown by Liwanika to them. He went to visit them one afternoon, expecting to get more from them, but with no better success, and he came along to my little hut in a very bad humour. Sitting down, he said, "They are not the men for my country; they have no sense." Without waiting for a reply from me, he called one of his men, and sent him to the hut of the Jesuits to ask for a needle and thread. The man returned with but one needle and a single thread, which Liwanika held up in triumph before me, saying, "Didn't I tell you these people had no sense? If they had, they would have given me a packet of needles and a bundle of thread."

"IN NECESSITIES."

Having recovered somewhat, I proposed to return to Panda-ma-tenka, hoping to hear of someone coming to join me in the work. For some time before I left, Liwanika was much more friendly towards me, and I had many talks with him. He did not get so excited as before, and would occasionally express his confidence in me, saying that he believed I had come to teach them good things, assuring me also of my having perfect liberty in his country to teach the word of God to old and young. My supplies were now completely run out, and on this account also I was compelled to make a trip down the river. As yet, with careful planning, I had been able to buy nearly all I needed. Although the king was always ready to give me presents of food, I generally refused, not wishing to afford the baser sort occasion for remark, as they watch all strangers and visitors with a jealous eye, lest they should rob them of their share of the chief's bounty. I have been compelled to part with everything saleable, and am now sleeping under skins instead of blankets.

TO PANDA AGAIN FOR GOODS.

June 12th, 1883.—The king sent me away in his largest river-boat with good men, and with instructions that I was to be

landed while the boat was shooting the rapids. Besides Kama's young man, Sitobe, a little lad, named Sikinini, accompanied me. We have now been twelve days on the river, but delays have been constant. Oh, these people are slow! We stopped at Litofe two nights, and I was nearly devoured by mosquitoes and vermin. I have had two fever relapses, but not severe ones.

Shesheke.—After a very tedious journey we arrived here. My principal food was buffalo meat, as I had not goods enough to buy sufficient corn for the road. The boats got through the rapids without serious damage. I preferred being wetted with the water to getting my legs cut with rocks and reeds, and did not leave the boat, but we had a narrow escape at one point.

A TWELVEMONTH'S LETTERS.

Leshuma.—After remaining a few days at Shesheke I came down the river and met Mr. Westbeech here; and oh, the joy of getting such a budget of letters after a twelvemonth—forty-three, I think, in all! Though my health was very good on arrival, my eyes were still weak. I met here a young Englishman, Mr. E. Selous, brother of the one with whom I travelled to Bamangwato. I have decided to return the first opportunity to the Barotse, as I find it is too late to get to Shoshong this year. The roads are already dry, so I shall go to Panda for what I need and then return.

SIKININI'S KINDNESS.

On the 17th July I left Leshuma for Panda-ma-tenka with the view of making purchases at Mr. Westbeech's store there. The first day's walk of twenty miles sadly blistered my feet, making one of them very sore. Next day we had hoped to reach the Gashuma wells, but my sore feet hindered me greatly. I, however, hobbled on until nearly midnight, when we came upon smouldering fires which had been left by a company of raiding Matabele. I called to the men to lie down and rest, knowing that we should come to some water after a short march next morning. Before going to sleep I commended all to God, and asked Him in prayer to lead us safely to some place where we should have a supply of water next morning. Little Sikinini, who had heard my request, and probably thought I was suffering from want of water, could not rest with the others, but started off alone in the

direction of water. After a few hours' sleep we got up to continue our journey, as the day was breaking. To my surprise I met Sikinini coming back with a calabash of water in one hand, and a cup in the other. The little fellow had got to the water during the night, and had brought back a supply for his master.

When within about twenty miles of Panda I met a hunter, whose horse I hired, and rode into the town, where I remained five days, and was able to buy enough barter-goods to keep me going for six or nine months. The crops have nearly all failed this year at the Barotse, so that living will be very dear; and I have to pay a heavy price here for very poor calico: the white is the best for buying food.

Leaving Panda-ma-tenka again on the 26th July, I arrived at Leshuma on the fourth day. To show how quickly the water dries up here, I may mention that where, ten days before, we found quite a large piece of water, we now had to dig for it, and only got a little muddy stuff for our trouble.

VISIT TO VICTORIA FALLS.

August 7th, 1883.—Having now a suitable opportunity I started from Leshuma this morning for the Victoria Falls. Had a pleasant day's walk to the river over desolate country. Camped in the evening on the steep, wooded banks of the Zambesi, surrounded by most beautiful scenery.

8th.—Walked some distance along the river, stopping opposite to Sepupwa's town to engage one or two more carriers, and buy corn, etc.

9th.—The country was very rough and wild; no path; constant stumbling over big boulders, and ploughing through high grass and reeds. The grass in many places is like long lances, cutting one's hands and face frightfully at times. Mr. Selous fell into a game-pit, and got hurt slightly. These pits are very cleverly covered over with sticks, grass, etc., so that they are very dangerous to strangers.

On the morning of the sixth day after leaving Leshuma we reached the Falls. I had expected something grand, but never anything so stupendous and terrific as they appear; yet they are beautiful in the extreme. The depth of the fall of water is about 400 feet. In some parts it breaks, in descending, over projecting

crags, and in other parts comes over in one sheer plump. The cloud of spray, in which beautiful rainbows appear, rises a long distance into the air, falling again over the banks as it is blown by the wind, so that the vegetation close to the Falls is of the richest and most tropical character I have yet seen.

AN ESCAPE.

Here I had a narrow escape from a lion. Walking along alone, a horrid growl and rustle of bushes at my very side startled me. I must have been within a few feet of the monster, whose voice was unmistakable. Turning round I walked slowly backward, with my eyes on the spot, and then, when well clear, I went off at a quick walk. I had not a gun with me. On returning to camp I found that two large lions had come up in broad daylight to within sixty yards of the camp. They were shot at, and one, which was wounded, again came fiercely up at night, and would have done mischief had not all been awake, and kept him off with shouting, scattering fire, etc.

THE NORTH SIDE OF THE ZAMBESI.

On the north side of the river one Mosotan has a large town. I had met him before, and sent word that I wanted to visit his town. He sent two of his men to greet me, with a large calabash of *motoha*, a native drink, and asked me to go up the river to his drift or ferry. According to promise I went next day, and he was very glad to see me, and gave me a goat for food. In the evening I crossed over and walked to his town, and spent the first part of the night surrounded by crowds of his people dancing and drumming. These Batoka are very open to conversation, more so than to be lectured to. I stayed the next day with them, and left early the following morning, travelling back again on the north bank of the river.

We came upon many companies of scattered Batoka and Basubia, with whom I had short conversations in passing. Towards the evening of the second day we made for the town of Sepupwa, on an island in the river, and camped there. In the morning we hailed the people, but were told that as the headman of the town was absent they could not speak with us, nor send boats across. I waited and tried to persuade them,

but they said they were all slaves, and were afraid to look at strangers. Another day brought us to Mahaha's town, close to the Gezangula ferry by which we intended to cross. Our way lay across low, flat country, full of marsh, which we had to wade through, sometimes struggling for miles up to the waist in water and rotting grass. I knew Mahaha pretty well, having met him at Lealui. Next morning we crossed over and walked to Leshuma, where I waited for carriers from Shesheke to take me up the river.

RATAU AND THE KING'S DOG.

Shortly after my return to Leshuma, Ratau, from Shesheke, came down with others, saying that the chief had sent the headman from the upper river with his boat to take me up. Mr. Westbeech thought to go up and visit the chief at the same time, so we proposed to travel together. I went on to Shesheke, intending to await Mr. Westbeech's arrival, and remained as guest of Ratau, with whom I had many interesting conversations. A happy incident occurred, which was helpful to the old man. The king had commissioned Ratau to buy for him a very expensive greyhound, which Ratau had done, taking it with him to Shesheke, and intending to send it on to the king. Here the dog broke lose, and made for the road by which it had come. It would have to pass through a country infested with lions, and, worst of all, swim the Ungwesi and Zambesi, in both of which crocodiles abound, so that Ratau gave up all hope of ever seeing the dog again, and was much cast down. Shortly before, a horse in his care belonging to the king had been lost, also some goods; and now, if this dog did not turn up, he might as well drown himself. He came into my "skerm" in great distress. I tried to soothe him; but he added, "It was of no use; he would never see the dog again." The thought struck me that this was an opportunity given me to prove the power of the God I had been speaking to him about two nights before. I prayed silently to the Lord about it, and felt confidence in telling Ratau that the dog would come back. "No, no," said he; "No, no;" and soon went away. In about an hour afterwards the dog came back. Some men cutting firewood had met it and turned it back. Poor Ratau could not find words to thank me and express his belief in the reality of my God. The news went all through the

town that the teacher's God had sent back the king's dog. The dog must have been caught just about the time I asked the Lord for it. Quite a lively interest sprung up. Ratau to-night said that he and his wives wanted me to have a large meeting with all his people in the daytime; they all wanted much to hear. "We listen to you praying and singing at night," said he (when alone I forget that the reed walls of my house are so thin that every word spoken is heard outside), "but we want you to speak to us more during the day."

Shesheke, September 24th.—After a very tedious journey I got here safely two days ago. One evening we were benighted on the river. It became very dark, and my men were anxiously paddling up stream, when a hippopotamus came after the boat I was in, grunting fiercely and gnashing his teeth at us. We pulled hard to get to shallow water, but the beast followed us. I had no powder at hand for my gun. The men jumped out; but being loth to leave the boat at the mercy of the brute, I took my steel and flint and struck fire in his face. This stopped him, and he turned back to deep water.

RE-ASCEND THE RIVER.

Shesheke, October 3rd.—Mr. Westbeech arrived, but in very poor health, so much so that, after remaining with him for a few days, and there being no signs of improvement, we decided that he should return to Panda-ma-tenka, and I should proceed alone to Lealui.* Nothing of importance occurred during the first part of our journey up the river. My boatmen were very diligent in hunting, so that this time we were fairly well supplied with meat. On one occasion a troop of buffaloes was seen near the water, and all the men started at once in pursuit, whilst I remained by the stuff, sitting quietly reading under my umbrella. In a short time I noticed some curious objects on the tops of the trees—here and there an old shirt, or a little piece of white cloth

* Since my return to England I have heard of the death of Mr. Westbeech. He was of a brave and affectionate disposition, beloved by all who knew him —both black and white. His name will ever be associated with the trading station of Panda-ma-tenka and the Victoria Falls. It was he who opened the first waggon road through the eastern Matabele country (with the help of the chief Mosilikatse) about sixteen years ago; and he was ever the hospitable entertainer and succourer of missionary and scientific travellers alike.

fluttering in the breeze. The secret of this I soon discovered. My brave crew had overtaken the buffaloes, but after firing a few shots they were attacked by an infuriated old bull, who had compelled them all to climb the trees, and kept them prisoners there for some hours. We were thus obliged to sleep at this place that night, and to make the best of our disappointment. A few days later my men organized another hunt, with the help of a small company of natives we met at the Nyambe Falls. They succeeded in killing a large rhinoceros close by my camp. This gave us a supply of meat sufficient to last for many days, and we were enabled to push on without many delays.

At one point I and my crew had a very narrow escape from total destruction. We were pulling along against a heavy stream close to a high precipitous bank of heavy soil, when suddenly the whole bank gave way, falling into the river just alongside of our boat, so that some of the men were thrown overboard, and the boat was filled with earth and water. We instantly began baling out, and she soon righted. Had we been a few feet nearer shore we should all have been buried alive. The water under us before the landslip was very deep, and flowed in a steady, even current. Immediately after the landslip it was but a few feet in depth, and the current was diverted to the middle of the river.

A HEARTY WELCOME.

October 22nd.—Arrived to-day at landing-place for Lealui, and sent word to the king. Next morning ten of the king's men came down with a horse. They shouted out many a hearty welcome, jumping about, lifting up my bundles, and running here and there. Liwanika received me very kindly, and gave me a nice snug hut in the town, but said he was going to build me a large one outside the town, on a small mound or hill, a much better site than I had had before. After two days the king sent to me by his private servant eight children to be instructed (two being his own sons), ranging in age from eight to fifteen.

Lealui, October 30th.—Besides teaching the boys the alphabet and numbers, I read a little from the New Testament, and try to explain it to them. We get on famously. How different every thing is this year from last! My health could not be better; the people, small and great, are kind and thoughtful, and do

their best to make me comfortable. The king has given me a present of a cow and calf, a parrot from the west coast, a little slave boy (free now), and a handsome waterproof coat brought to him by a Portuguese.

Old Mamwia was very glad to see me. She gave me some corn, and kissed my hand over and over again. This old woman had heard from the London Missionary Society's missionaries, who had visited Linyanti many years before, of Jesus, King of Galilee, and she had on my former visit repeatedly invited me to her yard to read the Sechuana Testament with her, and now she was among the first to welcome me on my return. It was Mamwia's husband, Gumbela, who took me before the king and all the Barotse headmen, asking in the name of the Barotse that I might be better cared for, and my wants supplied. I think old mother Mamwia put him up to this. Next morning I got a fat ox to kill.

I was also much interested in a young lad named Simboula. My own two servants—Setobi, and a lad the king gave me to work for me—were very troublesome, and at times, if I was at all unwell, would be away all day. So this poor slave would come at every opportunity, and sit beside me, always cheerful and willing to do anything for his white "bass" (master). I took a great liking to him; but he was sent down to his old master at Mbova. When I was there recently, he came to see me. I gave him two and a half yards of cloth for his help to me at Lealui when I greatly needed it. As he looked at me I had to turn away my head, and a big tear rolled down my cheek. Meeting the poor lad brought to my mind many a kind act by night and by day. These cases, with others, stand out more brightly, because of the general feeling of utter indifference and coldness that reigns in the hearts of most of these heathen.

GOD'S POWER NEEDED.

Heathenism in its nakedness is a fearful thing, a deadly stagnation of wickedness. Surely the power of God alone can prevail over it. Oh for strength to *prevail with God* for a blessing upon the heathen! It is said of Jacob, that "by his strength he had power with God: yea, he had power over the angel, and prevailed; he *wept*, and made supplication unto Him. . . .

Therefore turn thou to thy God: keep mercy and judgment, and wait on thy God continually." (Hosea xii. 3–6.) Yes, the supplicating, weeping heart will prevail.

But we read in Genesis xxxii. that when the angel saw that he prevailed not against Jacob, "he touched the hollow of his thigh; and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint, as he wrestled with him." Jacob still clung, and said, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." Then follow the words, "Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but *Israel:* for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed." For this power with God I long.

In his prayer Jacob referred to the time when he had left his home: "With my staff I passed over this Jordan." Then his limbs were strong, and doubtless he thought but little of the support of his staff while he journeyed along. But now, methinks, he would lean harder on that staff; its support would be indispensable to him in his maimed condition. And is it not so with him who is of a broken spirit? He leaneth hard upon his Lord, and without Him he cannot go forward.

ENCOURAGEMENT AND WONDER.

My hope and confidence is, that though the instrument and means be the feeblest, blessing will come. Already there is a rustling among the leaves. At the mention of the things of God a silent solemnity has now among many taken the place of loud laughter and profane questioning. You will not fail to tell all those who are praying for Africa about the happy encouragement I have had since coming again among the people, and stir up all to more prayer and earnestness before God; so that we may get all that the gracious Lord may please to call from this nation to Himself—"not a hoof left behind." Praise the Lord, His own will be gathered "from *every nation*, and *tongue*, and *people!*" Then we shall rejoice together, shall we not? We have now that which seals our joy. But what shall be our portion then?

Oh, my heart goes beyond these tribes to the tribes upon tribes, nations upon nations, extending north, west, and east, living to kill and be killed, unknown, and knowing nothing—millions of our fellow-beings, who do not know that there is

a God, a Saviour! When told in their old age the precious gospel message of life, they marvel at the fact that they have lived so long without having heard it. The heathen wonder—they are surprised, they cannot understand—how it is that those who have known these things, and have believed in God and in His Son, have never come to warn them, and tell them of the true God. These words come from the very heart of Africa; they are not the words of one man only, but of many.

A CHAPTER IN AFRICAN HISTORY.

Let me now give a slight history of the Upper Zambesi tribes, so far as I can.

Somewhere between 1810 and 1820 a branch of the Basuto tribe, called the Makololo, lived in the country now occupied by the Batlapins, in the south of Bechuanaland. Two brothers, Sebituane and Mosheshi, had a dispute about the chieftainship, so they agreed to separate, Sebituane going north, Mosheshi sometime afterwards going south. Sebituane fought his way through the Bechuana tribes, taking many oxen from all the tribes, and went on, greedy of more conquests. After fighting and beating off the Matabele, he arrived at the Zambesi in the year 1823. (I obtained this date from Senhor Porto.) He was soon master of the Batoka country, and in that same year came up the river as far as Shesheke. All the Mashi tribe and the Mangeti up the Chobe river yielded to him, after great slaughter, and he was soon chief of an immense country.

Just then Malunda, the chief of the Barotse, died, and, as is often the case here, left no acknowledged heir to the chieftainship. Two supposed heirs were going to quarrel about it, when the strongest, and evidently the wisest, went down the river to the great chief Sebituane, and invited him to take possession of the Barotse kingdom. Of course might was right in this case, and the weaker party of the Barotse fled far up the Zambesi river, and, I am told, enjoy a very happy and peaceful little kingdom there all to themselves in a fine healthy country. Sebituane put to death many of the old men and would-be kings among the Barotse. Malunda left three young sons; too young to be kings, poor things. Their names were—Mokobeso, Ditia, Sepopo. Mokobeso was betrayed to the Makololo while in

hiding among the Mangeti tribe, and killed. Ditia died somewhere of a natural death, leaving three sons and three daughters that I know of; and the eldest of his sons is the present king. Sepopo fled among the Mambunda.

But to return to the Makololo story. Many of Sebituane's headmen were much against him for taking upon himself the rule of so much country and so many people. "Whom," said they (to quote the words of an old Makololo woman), "whom will you leave behind you to take charge of this great nation? We Makololo are only a handful of people compared with all these." Sebituane, in the ordinary course of nature, died, and his son, Sekeletu, a mere boy, reigned in his stead. He made a desperate attempt to obtain great power, killing every one whom he thought to be at all powerful in his own or other tribes. Sekeletu, in the midst of his days, was stricken with leprosy, and died miserably. His son and heir, being too young to reign, the child's uncle, Borolo, was appointed regent. A dispute that followed between Borolo and his brother led to a civil war. The Barotse tribe up the river, watching their opportunity, with Sepopo at their head, now marched down and fell upon the Makololo, who perished to a man. Only women and little girls were left alive, and one or two infant boys, saved, like Moses, by being hid away. These Makololo women still live an unhappy and exiled life among a race of people whom they were ever taught to look down upon as dogs and slaves. The Makololo are of a reddish copper colour; the Barotse of a pitchy black.

As soon as the Barotse had got the upper hand they called for their head, Sepopo, collecting their forces in the Barotse valley. Meanwhile the Batoka also called back their exiled chief. Sepopo at once sent down his challenge to this man. The result was a sharp fight, and again the Barotse were victorious, and ever since the Batoka have been tributary to the Barotse. All the other tribes round about gave in to Sepopo, so he reigned paramount. Sepopo, though often in the Barotse valley, preferred living at Shesheke, for the sake of trade with the white people.

The Barotse headmen, being left to themselves, had time to foster their discontent, and to lay their plans against Sepopo. At last, about seven or eight years ago, they started from the

valley in great numbers for Shesheke. Sepopo was told of his danger, but would not believe it. At the last moment he fled for his life, when a bullet from one of his own attendants killed him. The Barotse then put into the chieftainship Wanawena, son of Mokobeso, elder brother of Sepopo. He laid a plan to revenge Sepopo's death, and to kill all the leaders in the rebellion. He was met, however, by a new king, Leboshe or Liwanika, and after a tough fight was driven back, and one of his servants killed him, to avenge himself of his brother's death. Liwanika's next exploit was to kill off a number of Mambunda, who he thought were in favour of some other chief. He next waged war against the Mashukulumbe, and captured many of their cattle. Yet Liwanika is a mean-spirited and trembling fellow. He seems to have been carried on by a crowd of leaders, but is himself no leader or ruler. Almost daily he quarrels with his "officers of state," and they taunt each other, and I fear the end will be another king-killing.

REASONING WITH LIWANIKA.

Lealui, January 1st, 1884.—Had a long talk with the king this evening about the stars and the sun. He then wanted to know where God dwelt, and what He did with man when dead. I answered that God was not confined to one place, as we are; that when man's body died, the spirit of him who was a child of God went above and dwelt for ever in the presence of God, and those whom God knew not here in this life were cast out into a place of sorrow and burning.

"But why does God do so?" he asked. "What reason has He for putting man from Him?" I explained to him something of the righteousness of God; that He could in no wise clear the guilty. The king argued that here they did not know God's laws. How then could God punish them for not keeping them? I answered that God having planted His law in their hearts, they all knew what was right, and what was wrong. "You know," said I, "when a man lies to your face and steals from you that he injures you, and you call him bad and wicked. So when you to-morrow do the same thing, God judges you with the same judgment with which you judged your fellow-creature yesterday." His only answer was, "Yes, that is true; that I understand."

Presently he muttered something about the hardness of man's lot, and I tried to explain God's love to him in the gift of His Son; and after listening for a little he suddenly bustled away, saying, like Felix, "Well, well, I will call you again to speak about this matter."

LIFE AT LEALUI.

January 4th.—War is the great employment here at present. One *impi* (native name for army) has just come in with long strings of captives—poor naked women and children. The man who can show by the pieces of skin from the bodies of his victims that he has killed many is danced round by the women as a great hero.

9th.—The king seems more afraid of the word of God since our last talk, as he is little inclined to speak again on the subject.

14th.—Candle-making to-day, with beeswax and ox-fat.

16th.—Washing-day.

20th.—Down with severe headaches; no sleep night or day. Silva Porto, the Portuguese traveller, arrived here a few days ago. He has come to trade with Liwanika for ivory, and has brought with him a large quantity of calico, guns, and powder. He is most urgent that I should return with him to Bihé.

26th.—Two men were tried for witchcraft in front of my yard this morning. They went through the customary ordeal, dipping their hands into the boiling water as coolly as possible; for these brutal trials are so common that even the victims show but little concern. In the evening both were brought out of their prison hut, and being found badly scalded, were considered guilty and condemned to the flames.

27th.—The two men were burned this morning. I asked the king and his people to come to my yard to hear the gospel, but he seemed annoyed at this public invitation, and said I must be content with the children; nor would he allow me to speak to him there, saying that the big people did not want to learn these things.

29th.—Headaches very bad. I fall into fits of stupor, probably owing to the great heat, with little rain.

EXTREME HEAT AND FLOODS.

February 6th.—Much better; have been keeping indoors more during the day, and am getting on well with the Testament and a dictionary of Sekololo and Serotsi (the languages of the Makololo and the Barotse).

The heat so affects everything that the people of the town are all either asleep or lazily lying about, drinking thin beer. Not even a dog is seen. The oxen out in the plain try to stand or lie in each other's shadow, caring little for the rich long grass all around; the king's horses get into the shade of some hut, and their heads hang wearily between their knees; scarcely a bird flutters, and the smoke from the little fire at which the boys are cooking my dinner ascends slowly in an even column through the hot air. Such days are generally followed by a tremendous thunderstorm, lightning without intermission, and startling crashes of thunder, far on into the night. During a severe thunderstorm the natives do not eat, drink, or work.

12th.—The valley is now flooded; one cannot go a few yards from the door without a boat.

20th.—The king and the people of the town, my scholars included, have gone on a grand deer-hunt, so I am left alone, with only a few women and slaves in the town. I have taken advantage of this quietness to begin chair-making and sewing, and to clean my gun for some duck and goose shooting, my only hope of getting some meat during the king's absence. The slaves of the town got up a fight in their masters' absence, and two men were brought to me to have their wounds stanched and bound up. The one had a knife-stab, the other's head and face had been laid open with an axe.

22nd.—Last night an attempt was made to break into my house. To-day the king's head-servant sent round the town crier, threatening with death any who should attempt to steal from me.

EFFECTS OF CLIMATE ON HEALTH.

March 14th.—Have had a run of quartan ague all this month. Hearing that Senhor Porto was laid up, I borrowed a boat and went across the valley, and found him very ill indeed with ophthalmia.

29*th.*—News has come up the river to the effect that a waggon has just arrived from Shoshong. M. Coillard has sent a blanket to the king with a few lines from Basutoland, dated April, 1882, to say that he was coming on. The father superior of the Jesuits has also sent a letter and a blanket to the king. They are very energetic, and determined to succeed.

Lord's-day, 30*th.*—Had very few at my house this morning, but a large company at the afternoon meeting, which lasted from three o'clock until sunset. Sitting in a draught I got a chill, and spent most of the night in passing through the three stages of ague.

April 9*th.*—Found Senhor Porto better, but he has lost the sight of one eye.

10*th.*—The king returned from his hunt and held a grand reception in the *kotla*, sitting in state on his chair under a big "Ashanti" umbrella. The people greeted their chief by kneeling in front of him and rolling their heads in the dust.

17*th.*—There has been quite a plague of serpents here lately. Within the last few days I and my boys killed two in the house and three in the yard. While bathing near my house I saw three serpents hanging from the reeds above my head, and the same day, when landing from a boat, the boy in front sprang back in terror as he pointed out two black cobras coiled in the grass in front of us. One big yellow snake had been sharing my bed for I do not know how long.

RUMOURS OF CIVIL WAR.

April 18*th.*—Senhor Porto's man came to ask whether I would go or not, but to this I really cannot say "Yes" or "No." My eyes have been failing, and threaten as they did last year. My goods are gone, or nearly so. Strange rumours are afloat, and strange things have been going on since the king's return: I fear it is the beginning of another civil war.

A poor old woman who had always been kind to me was burned this morning as a witch. She was suspected of putting a crocodile's tooth amongst the king's corn in order to bewitch him, and having been tried by the boiling-pot test was condemned. I believe it was a trick of some spiteful rascals who were her servants, and had prepared corn for the king, for they brought the tooth to one of the king's head-servants.

19*th.*—Another old man tested by the boiling pot to-day; he was supposed to have bewitched the king's brother, who, though a young man, is so fat that walking is a difficulty to him; imagining that his fat was leaving him he decided that this old man must be the wizard.

20*th.*—The old man has, strange to say, come out of the trial uninjured. I saw him twice dip his hands into boiling water, allowing the water to run over his wrists as he lifted his hands out, and yet to-day his skin seems quite natural. The only cause for this I can think of is that he is nearly a century old, and his hands are as tough as tough can be. This was flourished before me as a great victory, achieved under my very eyes, in favour of the boiling-pot trials. The advocates for this piece of barbarism declare that if the hands of an infant who knew nothing of witchcraft were placed in boiling water, not a particle of skin would come off. They delight in the practice, because by it the rich can get rid of their poorer enemies without staining their own hands with the poor men's blood.

PROMISE SENHOR PORTO TO LEAVE WITH HIM.

April 22*nd.*—Gumbela and some of my friends seemed to think it was well that I should leave just now, because of the troubles brewing, so I told Senhor Porto that I would accompany him to Bihé.

27*th.*—Down again with fever since my last note; it has left me weak indeed; I hope soon to be out of the valley, on to the fine hills to the west.

BID FAREWELL TO THE KING.

May 1*st.*—As the king sent word that a boat was ready for me, I packed up, sending to his house what things I was unable to take with me, and giving the key of my house to one of his servants. When I went to say good-bye, he shook hands long and warmly, saying, "You are my friend; come back very soon. But," he added in a tone of sadness, "you may not find me here."

3*rd.*—Alarming news as to the Barotse; plans are laid for a revolt against Liwanika, and it is intended to set up the son of Sekuferu.

May 4th.—I arranged to-day with Senhor Porto about carriers, and shall ride upon an ox instead of being carried in a hammock, as he proposed, for that would be too comfortable a way of travelling, and might make me discontented and extravagant at other times.

NOTE.—As from this point a great change takes place in Mr. Arnot's course some general remarks may be helpful. Though always ready to be guided as his way might be opened up, his original thought was to reach the Batoka, on the high land to the north of the Zambesi. The reader will have gathered that he was reluctantly obliged to give up this purpose, and was constrained to make a long sojourn at the capital of the Barotse kingdom. From the time of his setting foot in Africa till he reached the Zambesi a year was occupied, and in the Barotse valley or its neighbourhood nearly two years were spent, much of this period being necessarily taken up with travelling to and fro between Panda-ma-tenka and Lealui. With the means at his disposal these journeys, whether through the desert country or on the great river, were accompanied with toil and privation. But the enforced stay in the malarious Barotse Valley, without opportunity of change to the mountains, caused the chief injury to his health, and although Mr. Arnot does not enlarge upon his sufferings when ill for weeks together in a native hut, they were evidently very great. Medical care, companionship, nursing, proper diet, and comforts were all lacking, and it was no wonder that his health quite broke down. His stay in the Upper Zambesi was, however, not in vain. By his patience in suffering and his words he left a testimony that could not be forgotten, and he also occupied the ground until M. Coillard was close at hand. There would have been abundant scope for both, and M. Coillard looked forward to having Mr. Arnot as a fellow-labourer in the vicinity, as his letters in the Appendix show. Ultimately Mr. Arnot's steps were turned by a circuitous route, as we shall see, somewhat in the direction that he originally contemplated. The Garenganze country, which he reached, is however too far from the Barotse to afford direct communication with M. Coillard at present. The varied experience gained by Mr. Arnot during two or three years of intercourse with the natives was another good result of his visit to the Zambesi, and was very helpful to him in his further service. We now proceed with his diary of the journey from Lealui to Benguella, a Portuguese town on the west coast of Africa.—ED.

III.

From the Zambesi to Benguella.

Start for the West Coast—The Bambunda—Hilly Country—Watershed of Zambesi and Quando—Oxen Bewitched—The Bakuti—Interesting Audiences—Hostile Tribes—Stragglers Stolen and Rescued—A Warm Greeting—Natural Affection—Fetishism—An African Thought-reader—An Open Door for the Gospel—A Hot Dispute about a Debt—Portuguese Territory—European Influence—Disastrous News of American Mission at Bailundu—Despotic Power of Chiefs—Expulsion Threatened—Threat Carried Out—Evil Counsels Defeated—Missionaries again in Bailundu—Superstitions of Ovimbundu—Funeral Ceremonies—Charms—"Christian Relics"—African Languages—Arrival of Embassy from Garenganze—Benguella—Decide to go to Garenganze—The African Plateau—The Ascent from Benguella—Leave for Bihé—Stay at Bailundu—Return to the Coast—Receive Letters.

START FOR THE WEST COAST.

May 8th, 1884.—I set out with Senhor Porto, not without much pain and difficulty on my part, owing to an accident which I met with last night, and which, but for the mercy of God, might have been a very serious one. I had been repairing some guns for the Barotse, and on firing a breechloader the hinge of the block gave way, and my face and right eye were badly scorched by the explosion. To add to my misfortune, my riding ox was sent off by mistake in the early morning, so I had to be led by my little boy for ten weary miles, most of the way wading up to the knees in water, and then through rough bush. Reached the town of Kangete and camped there.

10*th*.—Started on a small ox of Senhor Porto's. Our road lay through thick forest, and a sorry journey the ox and I made, between us. The foot-path was bad and narrow enough, but my ox had no idea of keeping to it, and dragged me about in all directions. After any delay, on catching sight of Senhor Porto's oxen he would canter straight towards them, leaving either me or bits of my distressed clothing detained by the "wait-a-bit"

thorn bushes. I managed with difficulty to retain my hat, but the bandage I had round my eyes was left in the thorns. At last I sent the ox about his business and lay down quite out of breath, and, I fear, sadly out of temper. Some of the carriers came to urge me on, but it was of no use, till a female slave, carrying some provisions on her head, gave me a cool drink and some coarse bread, which sent me on my journey, moralizing on the superior humanity of women.

May 12*th.*—My own ox was secured this morning, and I got on much better with him. Started from Kakap long before cock-crow (Senhor Porto carries a cock with him to crow), and early in the day we reached Osore, a lake of considerable size, and camped there. My eyes are gradually getting better through the constant application of poultices of ox-dung heated in a pan.

My road all the way to Bihé is the same that Major Serpa Pinto, the Portuguese traveller took, but in the reverse direction.

13*th.*—Crossed a deep running river, on the shoulders of a stout Bihé porter, and camped by the Nyengo.

14*th.*—Passed through much water on the Nyengo flat, my ox swimming bravely with me on his back. Camped at Relva.

MODE OF CROSSING RIVER ON OX-BACK.

THE BAMBUNDA—HILLY COUNTRY.

May 15*th.*—A tedious journey through a dense, dark forest, which smelt like a dank dungeon, with moss and lichen, but no grass. Camped at Ka-kinga on the river Ninda, as the upper part of the Nyengo is called, where the Ambuella, a small tribe of the Bambunda race, are living.

19*th.*—Travelled along the right bank of the Ninda.

20*th.*—A wild-looking company of Bambunda hunters came to the camp; they dress their hair to imitate the horns of wild animals, and one had a stick through his nose. In this part the Bambunda are peaceable, but further on they form robber gangs, and would be dangerous to a small party.

21*st.*—Journeyed along the Ninda. Ever since leaving the Barotse valley we have been constantly ascending, so that now we are travelling through hilly country, very cold at night, with sharp touches of frost, but during the day the sun is strong. I have tried to walk barefoot, my boots being worn out, but the sand was so hot that after half-an-hour's hopping along I had to give in, with four large blisters on my feet; this is *winter* here.

WATERSHED OF THE ZAMBESI AND QUANDO.

May 22*nd.*—To-day we reach the source of the Ninda, which flows from a range of hills dividing the water-flow between the Zambesi and Quando (or Kwando) rivers. Here the hills are high and thickly-wooded.

23*rd.*—Crossed the hills and reached the source of the river Shulongo, tributary to the Kumbule, which again is tributary to the Quando river. Following the Shulongo we came to the Kumbule, a large, beautiful stream, which seemed to dance along over a bed of silver sand, so bright that it was painful to look at it. Orange, green, and other bright-coloured water-weeds were growing in abundance, and were beautifully mixed. All the rivers and little streams have the same bright appearance in this part of the country, showing that "Afric's sunny fountains" is no mere poetic dream; but the sands are *silver*, not "golden," as in Heber's hymn. It is a pity to see such a fertile and undoubtedly healthy country so thinly peopled.

24*th.*—Crossed hilly country, densely wooded, and reached the river Shikoloi, running south through a valley.

OXEN BEWITCHED.

May 25th.—The oxen refusing to cross the river, were sent up stream to look for a ford.

26th.—There being no signs of the oxen, we started for the Kuti river (Cuchibe of Serpa Pinto), crossing four hills and three valleys.

27th.—One of the carriers who has a familiar spirit, being asked to divine why the oxen would not cross the Shikoloi, called up the spirit of an old servant of Senhor Porto's, who said that *he* had stopped the oxen because presents had not been given to his friends after his death. *One of his friends* was amongst the company of carriers!

THE BAKUTI.

May 30th.—Deciding to visit the line of small towns along this river belonging to the Bakuti, a people akin to the Bambunda, we got a boat and pulled up the stream, stopping at all the huts and small villages. The people showed much frankness, and said how glad they were to see an "English" for the first time. I asked them to gather together at their chief town in two days' time, and then I would speak to them.

31st.—All day buying food, which the people bring in abundance. I never saw food anywhere in Africa so cheap as it is here. A piece of calico, about the size of a handkerchief, will buy about twenty pounds of meal or a calabash of honey.

INTERESTING AUDIENCES.

June 1st.—In the afternoon a goodly company had assembled to be spoken to, all *men;* for everywhere in Africa the women are the most conservative and the most difficult to persuade into receiving anything new, and here they had shut themselves up in their huts. These people had lived in such seclusion that they knew nothing of teachers living amongst other tribes, the limit of their knowledge being the west-coast trader, his goods, his ivory, and, in past years, his string of slaves. Speaking through my interpreter, Antonio, I told them in the simplest language of God the Creator, of man's departure from Him, of the sending forth of God's Son as a Saviour, and of His now sending messengers throughout the world to call men back to

Himself. Their close attention made me feel that the Spirit of God was blessing the word, and at the end they expressed their thanks by clapping their hands. The chief then said that they could not tell how happy they were that I had spoken in that way to them; he had believed in a great God who had made all things, but he wanted to know *that God*, that he might pray to Him at all times.

Senhor Porto says that these people are exceptionally simple and honest; he has never known them to steal any of the goods that he has left in the charge of their chief from time to time. They live in square houses built close to the river Kuti, which forms their highway; each person possesses a boat, and, as there is a continual traffic going on, the river presents a very lively appearance. The hair of these people receives more dressing than their bodies; the men wear a skin before and behind from the girdle, but the women use calico for their clothing. They have blankets made of the inner bark of a large tree, beaten soft.

4*th.*—Many gathered at the villages, and we had a good time this morning. One man showed great interest, and said afterwards, "This day I am a child of Jesus Christ: now I will pray to God alone." Some wished me to return to-morrow, but the chief said, "No, we shall tire the white man by his coming so far; we will gather together, and go to his camp."

5*th.*—A goodly number came to the camp to-day.

6*th.*—Had a long talk with the chief and the man who said he was a child of Jesus Christ, and told them that though I was leaving, I would, God willing, return to them. The chief replied that they would look much for my return, that they would not forget the good news brought to them, and that they would pray God to bring me back in safety. I have hope toward God that these two men have indeed drunk of that living water, of which if a man drink he shall never thirst again. As yet I have not been able to fulfil my promise of returning, but should be indeed glad to do so.

8*th.*—Started for the village of Kwawewe, but learning that the people had moved away and were living amongst the reeds some distance off, I at last found their huts, but in the chief's absence was not allowed to visit them.

9th.—The chief came to-day, saying he was sorry he was absent yesterday, but that now he had brought his people to hear what I had to say. I spoke to them all in my hut, and the chief, who seems to be a sensible, cautious man, thanked me repeatedly, and wanted to give me a little boy as a present.

HOSTILE TRIBES.

June 12th.—Left Serpa Pinto's road and kept on by the river Kuti; passed straggling towns of Bambunda and Bachibokwe.

13th.—Started early in the morning, the main body of the carriers being behind. We passed several villages of Bambunda safely, the people only coming out to look at us, but when we reached one of their large towns they gathered round us dancing, shouting, and yelling to us to stop, and swinging their weapons over our heads. They then laid hold on some of the carriers, and drove off my ox, so I ran back and kept them off the goods until Senhor Porto came up with some more men. Springing from his hammock he seized his gun, which made the ruffians fall back. Having recovered my ox, I started off with the boys and women carriers, while Senhor Porto and some armed men kept the Bambunda at bay.

14th.—Reached the town of Herero, who is headman of the Bambunda living along the Kuti. He proved as disagreeable as his people, demanding from us an ox and some tiger-skins. I sent word to Herero that I was a man of peace, who had come from far, and that I hoped to return to them shortly.

15th.—Got off without further trouble, Senhor Porto having given some tiger-skins to the chief. Left the Kuti, and, crossing a very steep hill, descended to the river Kuvangui, a rapid and deep stream, which I crossed by a frail wooden bridge, the carriers going further up to a ford. Keeping by the Kuvangui for four hours, we passed Kankanga's, and then camped at the town of Kashima's daughter. I speak of "towns;" but though the people are in considerable numbers, gathered close together under their chief, their huts are so hidden and scattered in dense wood, that to a passer-by the only signs of the presence of human beings are certain narrow and winding footpaths here and there.

STRAGGLERS STOLEN—RESCUED WITH DIFFICULTY.

The regular camping places are generally on the border of some forest, where the porters can get sufficient poles to erect rude frameworks, the spaces of which are filled with leafy branches, and in the rainy season a rough thatch covering is added. We were busy getting our camp into order when some Balojashe men came, evidently bent upon mischief. Getting nothing for their impudence, they left us. In a short time, however, we saw the long grass on all sides of us on fire. All our men turned out, and beating down the flames as they approached our camp, they succeeded in stamping out the fire. We then called the men together and discovered that eight of our number were missing, so that our worst suspicions concerning these Balojashe were confirmed. They had set fire to the grass around our camp to distract our attention while they carried off all the stragglers they could catch. We found that two of our men had been taken some distance, but the other six were still in the neighbourhood. I started off with some thirty men, and after a weary ten miles' journey over the hills we came upon the Balojashe robbers, and found they were ready to fight with us, as they only thought we had come to recover by force the stolen men. I made every effort to get between my own men and the Balojashe, and, as a sign of my peaceful intentions, I held up one of their native stools in front of the threatening crowd and then sat down upon it, urging them to sit down and talk with me. The old chief, seeing the younger men fall back, began to chide them for being afraid, and rushing forward he levelled his gun at me, ready to fire. By this time our Bihé men had their guns to their shoulders, but I called upon them not to fire. The young men, fearing that their old chief would bring mischief upon them if he shot me, themselves laid hold of him, took his gun from him, and marched him off to a hut close by, in the most ignominious manner, with his hands behind his back. At last one by one they came near and sat down, and we talked the matter over. They said they were not embittered against us, but against others, who were their enemies, and they promised to bring down the two captives next day to camp. They kept their word, and the stolen men were brought back next day; presents

were exchanged, and thus ended what had been to me a very trying ordeal indeed.

June 21st.—At the head of the Rovangwe River some men, who remained behind with a worn-out ox, were attacked by a roving company of Balojashe; but a few carriers, observing what had happened, laid down their loads and ran back to their assistance, and the robbers decamped.

THE QUANDO RIVER.

June 22nd.—Left the Kuvangui valley, crossed a high range of hills, in the midst of which runs the Sinsoy River, and reached the Quando River (Livingstone's *Chobe*) in the afternoon. It is nearly two years since I first struck this river some distance below Linyanti, where it is broad and reedy, taking hours to cross, while here it is but eight or ten feet broad.

23rd.—As we go up the Quando the scenery becomes more expanded and grand. The hills on each side are high and wide apart, and covered on the tops with dense forest. Bright, rapid streams run down every valley. It is strange to find every stream in this part of the country full in the dry season; during the rains they are low. The hills here seem to be one mass of sand, firm though very porous.

24th.—Reached the head of the Quando, which rises very quietly out of a pool about fifteen feet in diameter.

A WARM GREETING.

Our camp being soon crowded with people, of whom there are many here, I told one of the fathers of the tribe something of my mission, and of the God whom I served. The old man ran off excitedly to bring some other old men, who greeted me with clapping of hands, and to them he retailed with great energy what I had said to him. I told them I was only journeying to get cloth wherewith to buy food, and would return soon. But my old friend wanted to know exactly when I would come back. They have no idea of months, so I showed with my hand the height that his corn would be above the ground when he might look for my return.

June 25th.—Crossed the Kutau and Biseque; camped at Kambuti, at the head of the latter river. The Biseque joins

the Kutau, which falls into the Lungeungo, a tributary of the Zambesi.

For some time back I have been travelling almost entirely on foot, as my riding-ox is quite done up for want of grass, which the frost by night and the sun by day have withered to tinder Walking fifteen miles a day through deep sand and under a hot sun is not easy work, and on hearing of it Senhor Porto was quite angry, saying that I should surely be ill after it; so between us we rigged up a hammock, and he has given me four of his own men to carry it. To-day I enjoyed my hammock ride amazingly.

26*th.*—At Kambuti. This is the first place where I have seen the domestic pig in native territory.

27*th.*—Reached the Kansambe River, and camped at Brutwe. The Kansambe is a small river running *east*, not west, as Serpa Pinto has it in his map; it joins the Kuango on its western side, which runs parallel with the Kutau into the Lungeungo.

28*th.*—Crossed a high range of hills, and camped by the Kambimbia, flowing west; its waters go by the Nyonga and Kuito to the Okovango river, which flows into Lake Ngami.

29*th.*—Crossing the Nyonga river we camped on the right-hand bank of the Bembe river.

NATURAL AFFECTION.

June 30*th.*—Crossed the Kuito river. The Balojashe are not found further west; they belong to the Ambuella race, which is the same as the Bambunda, their language being merely a different dialect. Like all hill-men, they are wild and troublesome, continually roving about. Among themselves, however, these natives are very playful and childlike, and seem very fond of one another. Many of the Bachibokwe live amongst them, but do not wander much from home like the hill-people. Some who had been a short distance away, and had travelled in our company, seemed to be quite overcome with joy at getting home again. Their friends were not satisfied with merely embracing them, but caressed them in the most affectionate manner. It reminded me of the conduct of a poor Masaroa woman, who with her husband and baby had been captured by a company of raiding Matabele. Her little boy of ten had escaped in the fray,

and remained behind; but on the way her husband was killed, and the woman, watching her opportunity, ran away from her captors. After a wearisome journey of over seventy miles through a most dreary and desolate country, with her little babe on her back, she returned to the place where her boy was. Taking him in her arms, with all the warmth of a true mother, she burst into tears, saying, "Ah, my boy, you have lost your father, and you do not know how near you were to losing me!"

Their attachment to one another, although a beautiful feature in their character, is embarrassing at times to strangers; for, on seeking to strike a bargain with one of them, you find you have a dozen to deal with. The same thing happens when one thinks he is injured, be he young or old. A cry is raised, and all come to the rescue. In this way I have seen the most serious disturbances arise out of the merest trifle.

FETISHISM.

The tribes we have passed through seem to have one common religion, if it can be called by that name. They say there is one great spirit, who rules over all the other spirits; but they worship and sacrifice to the spirits of ancestors, so far as I can learn, and have a mass of fetish medicines and enchantments. The hunter takes one kind of charm with him; the warrior another. For divining they have a basket filled with bones, teeth, finger-nails, claws, seeds, stones, and such articles, which are rattled by the diviner till the spirit comes and speaks to him by the movement of these things. When the spirit is reluctant to be brought up, a solemn dirge is chanted by the people. All is attention while the diviner utters a string of short sentences in different tones, which are repeated after him by the audience.

AN AFRICAN THOUGHT-READER.

These professional diviners are no doubt smart fellows, arch-rogues though they be. The secret of their art lies in their constant repetition of every possibility in connection with the disaster they are called upon to explain, until they finally hit upon that which is in the minds of their clients. As the people sit around and repeat the words of the diviner, it is easy for

him to detect in their tone of voice, or to read in their faces, the suspected source of the calamity. A man I knew had a favourite dog, which was attacked one night by a leopard, but succeeded in escaping with one of its eyes torn out. To ascertain the reason of this calamity the owner sent across the valley to call one of these diviners. When the man arrived he was told that a disaster had befallen my acquaintance, and was asked to find out by divination what it was. Beginning in the morning, he enquired respecting the man's family, without mentioning their names. All the members of the family and their connections, male and female, young and old, at home or absent, were carefully gone over. Not getting any clue, he left the relatives, and came to the oxen, questioning the spirit concerning them; but still receiving no reply through the fragments which he continually shook in his basket, he next enquired about the goats. That was not satisfactory, and at last he thought of the dog. In the faces and tone of voice of his audience it was not difficult to discern that he had hit the mark, and after hours of dreary waiting his oracular utterance—obtained, of course, from the bones and claws—that *something had befallen the dog*, seemed to come quite as a relief. He now asked if the dog was dead; then if it was stolen; then if it was wounded. Slyly reading the response in their countenances, he said, "Yes, it was wounded." Following up the trail, he touched upon all possibilities that occurred to him, his audience mechanically repeating his questions, till at last he demanded of the spirit, "Was it a leopard?" All the company roused up as they echoed, "Was it a leopard?" while they cast a knowing look of satisfaction at one another. "Yes," the diviner replied, "it was a leopard." Then all present shouted, "*It was a leopard.*" But that was not enough. The cause of the disaster had to be traced still further back. What demon so possessed this particular leopard that it should attack the dog of this wealthy man? So other questions had to be asked, and the same process was continued. At last, towards evening, the diviner arrived at the very same conclusion that the owner of the dog had come to early that morning on hearing of the accident to his dog; namely, that the spirit of the father of one of his wives had been grieved at the man's long absence from his town and family, and had employed the leopard to tear the

dog's eye as a gentle reminder that it was time he should be going back to his own village.

AN OPEN DOOR FOR THE GOSPEL.

I have detailed the foregoing incident at some length to give some idea of the measure of religious enlightenment that these poor people have. Yet among all these tribes there is an open door for a messenger of the gospel. Every time I have been able to gain their ear, unhindered by any quarrel, they have shown much interest and delight, and have acknowledged that they are living in darkness, and in ignorance of the great Spirit who rules above all.

July 2nd.—Following the course of the Onda river, we passed through a fine open country, crossing a running stream of water every half hour, some large, some small, but all running rapidly. During the dry season the whole country could be put under water by irrigation. Why it should be almost entirely deserted by the Kimbanda I cannot say. We reached the town of Kabango, who had recently died; the Kimbanda were very civil, and careful not to give offence.

A HOT DISPUTE ABOUT A DEBT.

July 3rd, 1884.—Camped by the Letot river. Here a trouble that had been brewing for a long time amongst the men, broke out. We were now getting near to Bihé, and one of the men insisted that another who owed him something should pay his debt before they entered their own country. The other refused to acknowledge his indebtedness, and hot words led to blows. Seizing his gun, already loaded, the debtor pulled the trigger twice while aiming at the other's breast, but being only a flint lock it missed fire on both occasions. The creditor in self-defence rushed on his assailant with a club, and compelled him to drop his gun by breaking two of his fingers. The injured man then seized his knife from his belt, rushed at the man he had failed to shoot, and stabbed him, the knife entering rather deeply into the abdomen. By this time the men in camp had come to the rescue, and prevented further mischief by separating the antagonists.

PORTUGUESE TERRITORY.—EUROPEAN INFLUENCE.

July 4th.—Spent four hours in crossing the Quanza river; such confusion I never saw—every one rushing into the water to get his own load into the boats. I stood up to the waist in water, with a big stick, to prevent the men from overloading the long canoes. Ultimately all got over safely, and camped at Yapepa, close by the Kukema river.

5th.—Crossed in boats, and after a long day's journey lodged at Chikoma's town, the same who found Cameron far in the interior in very destitute circumstances, and brought him out to Bihé, whence he reached Benguella.

I am now in Bihé territory, and mark a decided change for the better in the outward appearance of everything. Every one is well dressed; the men wear hats and coats and a rather long cloth kilt; the women wrap themselves in cotton cloth from the arm-pits downwards; bright, grotesque patterns being the rage amongst them. Their houses are square and well built, with hinged doors and native-made iron locks; all, of course, in imitation of the Portuguese. Their gardens are large, well-tilled, and neatly furrowed, quite like our fields at home. But they are sadly given to drink and immorality, it being an undeniable fact that those tribes which live near Europeans, and imitate them, are more depraved in their manners than the tribes of the interior.

14th.—We safely reached Belmonte, Senhor Porto's residence in Bihé, and he kindly entertained me. Bihé is the name of a district, which is thickly peopled. To-day we went to see the king of these parts, a man about sixty years of age, who looks all fat and good-humour; he is lodged in the centre of a large town, quite a city. Senhor Porto said that we were fortunate in finding him sober, as his normal condition is much the reverse.

DISASTROUS NEWS OF AMERICAN MISSION AT BAILUNDU.

July 16th—Bad news has come from Bailundu, to the effect that the American missionaries have been robbed and turned out of house and home.

19th.—Men who were sent to Bailundu informed us, on their return, that they found the missionaries' houses in the hands of the natives, but where the missionaries had gone, or what had become

of them, they could not learn. I cannot think of sitting here when my brethren are thus in trouble, so start to-morrow to see and hear for myself.

22nd.—Crossed the Kutato river, and reached the town of Dungenugo, the son of the reigning king of Bailundu, who said that it was entirely owing to the conduct of a European trader that the missionaries had left the country.

24th.—Passed many towns, the people of which brought out dishes of maize beer for me and my men to drink. Two men met me at some distance from Atinda to run my hammock into the town; they ran so fast that they broke the hammock-pole, and instead of having a grand entrance into the town, I was landed rolling in the dust just before the gate.

MISSION PREMISES WRECKED.

July 25th.—Reached the town of Chikulo, the chief man in the country at present, and had a long palaver with him and a few of the headmen, through my interpreter, Jumbo. They had been persuaded by B—— that the little tins containing meat, etc., were full of fetish enchantments, intended by the missionaries for the destruction of the Bailundu kingdom. The missionaries had to flee, seemingly taking nothing but their wives and little children. It was distressing to see all around the destruction of valuable property. Books of all kinds, photographs, letters, clothing, tins of sugar, tea, etc., were in every native's hands. With all my energy I spoke out to these Bailundu people as to the way in which they had permitted men to be turned out of house and home who had come to them with a message of peace from the true God; they had treated them as they would not treat their dogs.

Chikulo sent for B——, who tried at once to make friends with me, but being in no gentle mood I brought him to the point, and asked what charge he had against the Americans. "Oh," said he, "I thought they were Jews, and not Christian missionaries!" He was compelled to explain matters to the natives, and I asked Chikulo if he was satisfied; to which he replied, "Perfectly," adding that as B—— had only been telling lies, he himself was willing, if I would only say the word, to lay hands on him there and then. I said I had come, not with any authority

or intention to punish B——, but to see justice done to my friends, and that Chikulo must gather the missionaries' goods together and keep them in safety until their return.

DESPOTIC POWER OF CHIEFS.

The despotic power of the chiefs makes all mission-work very uncertain in Africa at present, except where law and order are established and upheld, and therefore prayer for those "in authority" in Africa is especially needed. Any whim or sudden enmity of the chief, any fetish divination, or, as in this case, the evil counsel of an interested trader, may lead to the overthrow of years of work, and it may take a long time before it can be resumed. On this occasion it was my most unexpected arrival from the interior that led to an unusually speedy turn of the tide in favour of the missionaries. Though Bailundu and Bihé are within the province of Benguella, Portuguese authority has not yet very much influence there. In the far interior the perils of missionaries are of course greater, but in the western half of Africa things are in this respect much better than in the eastern part. It may be well to give extracts from letters written to a friend in England by Mr. Sanders, one of the missionaries expelled at this time from Bailundu.

The first of these tells of the danger that began to threaten the American mission before I left the Barotse valley.

EXPULSION THREATENED.

"*Bihé, April 8th,* 1884.

"B——, the man who is reported to have tried to injure us from the beginning has come here on business. It is reported that his real object is our expulsion. But I can still say, 'By this I know that Thou favourest me, because mine enemy has not triumphed over me.' One of his charges against us before the Ovimbundu chiefs was, that we had come through without passports from the Portuguese Government. Hence the chief of Bihé construed our neglect as an insult to him, and demanded twenty pieces of calico. Yesterday I went up to him to explain that the government at Benguella had retained our passports, but that I would send for them and let him see them if he desired. As to giving him the calico, we simply refused. Meanwhile he took occasion to declare that all our talk about having the word of God, etc., was nonsense. Even this decided expression of his views was a refreshing change, as so many of these people simply listened to us, neither affirming nor denying. W. H. SANDERS."

THREAT CARRIED OUT.

"*Benguella, August 8th.*

"The West Central African Mission has been plundered, and we have been expelled. This puts it bluntly. Ekwikwi, the chief of Bailundu, sent a letter to our brethren there, ordering them to leave. They took what steps they could to get the order changed, but failed. Meanwhile letters reached us at Bihé [where Mr. Sanders then was], on which I started for Bailundu. On the road I met the bearers of other letters, calling upon all of us to go down as soon as possible, and abandon such things as could not be brought. It seems that Senhor B——, the trader, has so wrought upon the suspicions, superstitions, and fears of the natives, by means of falsehoods, threats, and promises, that they were led to desire to have us leave, lest by giving us asylum they should get into trouble with the Portuguese Government. We all believed that if one of us could get to the war camp and see the chief in person all would be well (this camp was about five days' journey from the mission station). At last, after many delays, the people allowed me to go there. When I arrived, the chief permitted me to deliver my message. In about two minutes, however, they interrupted me with a storm of abuse. Each headman had a complaint, which in every case amounted to the same thing; namely, that we had neglected to load them with gifts. Ekwikwi reproached me bitterly with purposing to kill with fetish one who had always done well by us. Every attempt at explanation was drowned by a fiercer burst of rage and scolding. At last he closed the interview, which continued about twenty minutes, with the following words: 'Get up now, leave the camp, and sleep in the bush this night; and do you and your companions leave my country in four days from your arrival at your village. If you do not, I will come down in person and make war upon you. You are not my white man. B—— is my white man. I do not desire you in my land. I want the powder-man, the gun-man, the whiskey-man.' W. H. Sanders."

In another letter Mr. Sanders writes:

"Before we could get our carriers to leave, Brother Stover's house was completely plundered. At last we started, and went one or two miles before nightfall. Next day we went to camp about nine miles from our village. All the carriers here deserted; the headman alone remained. Most of the men had rifled their loads, leaving only books and food."

They found, however, other carriers, chiefly children and strangers to the country, and so were enabled to proceed to the coast, the whole party numbering eight, and two children.

EVIL COUNSELS DEFEATED.

The following is a copy of a letter which I sent to Mr. Sanders on reaching Bailundu, telling of the changed state of affairs, with which he was unacquainted when he wrote as above from Benguella:

"*Bailundu, July 25th.*

"You will be somewhat surprised to get this letter dated from Bailundu. A few words, however, will serve to explain. I am engaged in the same work as you are, and have been for two years at the Zambesi River, and have just come from there in company with Senhor Porto, of Bihé. I sent off a letter at once to Bailundu, but my messenger came back with my letter, and bad news as to the missionaries. Not understanding what had become of you all, I started at once with a few men, hoping that I might be of some service to you, and brought a letter from Senhor Porto for the chief of Bailundu. My heart was sad when I came and found things as they are, and also because of the shameful conduct of the trader who was the cause of your expulsion.

"Chikulo, at whose town I am lodging, said he was glad I had come, as they were in a dilemma, and did not know what to do, or whether the trader's words were true or false. I told him how indignant Senhor Porto was at their conduct, and said that unless the missionaries were brought back at once, and all their goods restored to them, it would be a serious matter in the eyes of the white chiefs. He said it was his desire to bring you all back.

"Just then the trader's hammock came along. He was on his way to Bihé. Chikulo called him in. I explained to him my errand here, and asked him to say there and then what charge he had against the Americans. I never saw a man appear more guilty as he muttered out, 'I thought these men were *Jews*, and not Christian missionaries.' I said he would have to make known his mistake to Chikulo and the assembled headmen. He did so, and told them he was satisfied from what I had said that these men were harmless.

"All the Bailundu present expressed loudly their indignation at the way the trader had robbed them of their white men, who were their friends. They put the entire blame upon the trader. All your scholars gave me a warm welcome, bringing loads of books, etc., belonging to you for my inspection. I told them to take care of them till your return. The purport of this letter is to tell you in Chikulo's name to come back to your houses and goods. The Bailundu have *nothing against you.* If you should think fit to go on to Bihé, Senhor Porto will welcome you heartily. He says that the old house of Baptista, at Belmonte, is at your disposal. I also saw the chief of Bihé, who says he is sorry you left the country, and hopes you will soon return.

"I sincerely hope to see the faces of some of you. I shall then return to Belmonte for my men and goods left there, and will again start for Benguella, meanwhile 'holding the fort' at Bailundu until your return. The devil is not to have it all his own way this time.

"F. S. Arnot."

Chikulo, after consulting with Ekwikwi's wife, decided that a letter I had brought from Senhor Porto should be sent on to Ekwikwi, the Bailundu chief. I then returned to Bihé, and on the 29th September received a message from the chief asking me to come to his camp. I reached Bailundu on the 5th October, and next day set out for the war camp.

October 11th.—Arrived this morning at Ekwikwi's camp, which is four days' journey from Bailundu proper. In the afternoon the chief and his counsellors had a long discussion, and a letter was dictated to Mr. Sanders, of the American Mission, and one to Senhor Porto, to which all the company then present consented. The letter to Mr. Sanders was an earnest request that he and the other missionaries would return; and to Senhor Porto Ekwikwi gave an explanation of his strange conduct towards men who had committed no crime, either against him personally, his people, or his laws. During this time Mr. and Mrs. Sanders were planning to reach their new station in Bihé by a different route, and were very thankful to receive Ekwikwi's request that they would return to Bailundu.

MISSIONARIES AGAIN AT BAILUNDU.

October 23rd.—Met Mr. and Mrs. Sanders to-day at Bailundu, and had a happy time with them. Their hearts are indeed in the work here, and they mean to go on in the name of the Lord. It was soul-stirring to see them and their little caravan wending their way across the wooded hill to their old home at Bailundu, having been robbed, plundered, forced to fly almost for life, but coming back again undaunted.

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE OVIMBUNDU.

The Ovimbundu race inhabiting Bihé and the country to the west are most enterprising as traders and imitators of the Portuguese. They seem, however, to retain tenaciously their superstitions and fetish worship.

In Chikulo's yard there is a small, roughly-cut image, which, I believe, represents the spirit of a forefather of his. One day a man and woman came in and rushed up to this image, dancing, howling, and foaming at the mouth, apparently mad. A group gathered round and declared that the spirit of Chikulo's forefather had taken possession of this man and woman, and was about to speak through them. At last the "demon" began to grunt and groan out to poor Chikulo, who was down on his knees, that he must hold a hunt, the proceeds of which were to be given to the people of his town; must kill an ox, provide so many large pots of beer, and proclaim a grand feast and dance. Furthermore, all this was to be done quickly. The poor old man was thoroughly taken in, and in two days' time the hunt was organized.

Thus I find, as amongst the Barotse, that divining and prophesying, with other religious and superstitious means, are resorted to, in order to secure private ends, and to offer sacrifice to the one common god—the belly. The more I see of them, the more I am persuaded that they have no other god, and this I tell them continually.

At another time a man came to Senhor Porto's to buy an ox. He said that some time ago he had killed a relation by witchcraft to possess himself of some of his riches, and that now he must sacrifice an ox to the dead man's spirit, which was troubling him. This killing by witchcraft is a thing most sincerely believed in; and on hearing this man's cold-blooded confession of what was at least the intent of his heart, it made me understand why the Barotse put such demons into the fire.

Among the Ovimbundu, old and renowned witches are thrown into some river, though almost every man will confess that he practises witchcraft to avenge himself of wrong done, and to punish his enemies. One common process is to boil together certain fruits and roots, with which the wizard daubs his body, in order to enlist the aid of the demons, and the decoction is then thrown in the direction of the victim, or laid in his path, that he may be brought under the bewitching spell.

These West Africans have not that attachment to other members of their own tribe which is seen among the Zulu, the Bechuana, and even the Zambesi tribes, where each man is

his neighbour's brother. Here they live to bite and devour one another. The most trivial mistake or breach of etiquette is a crime, and has to be paid for dearly. A man who accidentally knocked over a small pot of fat was fined thirty shillings' worth of beeswax. A stranger passing through the country is liable to be entrapped into paying heavy fines. If a slave steals, say a few ears of corn out of a garden, he is seized, and if not redeemed by his master's paying a large compensation, he is at once sold.

FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

Death is surrounded by many strange and absurd superstitions. It is considered essential that a man should die in his own country, if not in his own town. On the way to Bailundu, shortly after leaving Bihé territory, I met some men running at great speed, carrying a sick man tied to a pole, in order that he might die in his own country. I tried to stop them, but they were running as fast as their burden would allow them down a steep rocky hill. By the sick man's convulsive movements I could see that he was in great pain, perhaps in his death throes, hence the great haste. If a Bailundu man dies in Bihé, the Bihé people have to pay the Bailundu heavily for the shameful conduct of the Bihé demons in killing a stranger, and *vice versâ*.

When a man dies at home his body is placed on a rude table, and his friends meet for days round the corpse, drinking, eating, shouting, and singing, until the body begins actually to fall to pieces. Then the body is tied in a faggot of poles and carried on men's shoulders up and down some open space, followed by doctors and drummers. The doctors demand of the dead man the cause of his death, whether by poison or witchcraft, and if by the latter, who was the witch? Most of the deaths I have known of in negro-land were from pulmonary diseases, but all were set down to witchcraft. The jerking of the bier to and fro, causing the men bearing it to stumble hither and thither, is taken as the dead man's answer; thus, as in the case of spirit-rapping at home, the reply is spelled out. The result of this enquiry is implicitly believed in, and, if the case demands it, the witch is drowned.

There might be some reason for their superstition if the dead body were laid upon the ground and allowed to jerk itself; but

to put the corpse on the shoulders of six drunken men, and say that the jerking and stumbling are caused by the inanimate body, is so thoroughly ridiculous that one cannot imagine how it ever entered the minds of men to judge and condemn their fellow-creatures by such a process as this. Compared with it the Barotse boiling-water ordeal is reasonable.

After all these knotty points are settled the poor man gets a decent burial, but chiefs and great men do not get to rest so soon. Their bodies have been kept above ground two years after death. When a chief dies they at first say that he is sick or asleep, and all the business of the state is conducted by a man who sits in a hut beside the dead body.

A DEAD CHIEF'S SPIRIT DISSATISFIED.

The following is a graphic description given by Mr. Sanders of a ceremony witnessed by him in connection with the exhuming and reburial of the bones of a chief:

"On Saturday, May 9th, I went up to the *ombala* (king's residence), where they were engaged in the funeral rites of Bonge, who was chief several years ago. Since his time Sacisende, Vasovava, Ekongo, and Ekwikwi have 'mounted the stool.' Sacisende rebelled against Bonge, and when the latter saw that he had lost his power, he fled, 'instead of killing himself like a man.' Hence he was not buried in the *akokoto*, or place of sepulchre of the kings. These people think that their recent failure to get plunder was due to the wrath of this dead Bonge about his burial; so they brought the box with his bones and put him with the other rulers. As it was evidently improper that two kings should be in the royal quarters at once, Ekwikwi moved to one corner of the *ombala*, where he was to remain till the next day.

"The rites were similar to those practised on a smaller scale at most of their funerals. The box was hung on a pole carried by two men, and, as the assembled people danced and sang, the carriers were supposed to go wherever the spirit of Bonge moved them. I told Chitwi, who was with me, that it was nonsense to think it was the spirit that moved the pole. But he declared that it was the spirit, and said that when they have another funeral at Chilume they will let me take one end of the pole, and then I shall be convinced and agree with them. I said that as soon as there shall be another missionary to take the other end of the pole, I shall be very glad to try the experiment.

"After a good deal of singing and dancing, Bonge ran the end of the pole into a fence that was in his way to the graveyard of the

kings, and they immediately tore a gap for him to pass. Then there was a scramble for the flesh of an ox that had been sacrificed to him. The young men, being the nimblest, got the lion's share, which seemed to grieve greatly a few of the elders. In the excitement of the moment each thought of the meat, but no one of the hide, which should have been taken off and buried with the remains. Hence the old men who had charge of the ceremonies became irate, and between it all they nearly had a free fight. Finally Bonge ran the pole into the fence that encloses the burial-place, so they again made a gap and sent him in."

CHARMS AGAINST EVIL FETISHES.

The people have a great fear of death, which they do not seem to look upon as a certainty, and the natural end of life—at least, to say so in conversation gives offence. They would fain believe that death is a mishap, an evil brought about by fetish agencies; but for which, man would be immortal. Consequently, all their so-called religious observances and charms are meant to counteract the influence of these *evil* fetishes by other fetishes. Before starting on a journey a man will spend perhaps a fortnight in preparing charms to overcome evils by the way, and to enable him to destroy his enemies. If he be a trader, he desires to find favour in the eyes of chiefs and a liberal price for his goods.

As there is no limit to a man's fears, superstitions, avarice, or hatred of his enemies, so there is no limit to the number of his charms; and at the end of his journey he finds himself loaded with such things, sewn into belts and hung in little horns round his neck.

As to the articles used in the composition of charms, I may say that everything under the sun is used. I have been told here that they can turn the hills into water with some of them, can make an ox impervious to bullet or spear, can create a living lion out of the skin of a dead one, and can bring death or sickness upon anyone.

Many half-castes and Portuguese believe strongly in the charms of the Ovimbundu tribes; but on questioning them closely as to certain of the mysterious things alleged to be done, I always find that the thing has happened in the night-time, and that the fetish doctors will not "cast" their charms or work miracles at any other time. How close the connection between spiritual and literal darkness!

"CHRISTIAN RELICS."

In conversation with the people of Bihé about the one true God, they profess to believe in His existence, and say that there *is* and must be a great Spirit over and above all, whom they call Suku, but that they do not know him. They do not appear in any way to connect "Suku" with the things which are daily occurring around them. I cannot even say that they truly believe him to be a universal God, for they always speak of the white man as being under a separate set of gods and spirits from themselves.

Judging according to human judgment, I should say that the missionary of the gospel would find the ground here very hard indeed. Besides the mass of superstition, which surpasses anything I ever heard of in Africa, there have been for nearly two centuries many evil and brutalising influences working upon the people, and few humanising ones. During all this time rum and the slave trade have had full scope. For the greater part of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries there were many Roman Catholic missionaries at work all along the west coast, and for some little way into the interior; but the only remaining traces of them or their work are a few "Christian relics" added to the heap of native charms, and, here and there, a wooden cross standing at the head of some pagan's grave, sharing the ground with fantastic heathen images and symbols. Many thoughts come into one's mind on looking upon such a scene of confusion.

Only the one confident assurance that there is a God who *liveth* could strengthen the heart of any servant of the Lord coming to this part.

AFRICAN LANGUAGES.

The languages, though of course perplexing to a stranger, are undoubtedly easy, both in construction and pronunciation. Speaking as they do in fidelity to the natural law of euphony, they are wonderfully accurate. When reducing the languages to a written form, missionaries find that if they can but discover any grammatical rule it has almost no exceptions.

African languages are not to be learned at all correctly by direct conversation with the natives. They are more accurately

acquired by *constantly* listening to their conversation *one with another.* Their manner of conversing with a European is absurd and very misleading. Not only do they distort their own language greatly, but they are constantly using outlandish sounds, which they think belong to the white man's tongue, and which they in their smartness have picked up.

Again, if a European wishes to be intelligible to the raw native who has not been tutored to understand the sounds of strange tongues, he must remember that African languages are composed not only of sounds, but of *accentuated* sounds. If he does not pay the closest attention to this, though he may be able to speak fluently to the natives in a white man's store or town, he will require a person to interpret his words to a company of raw villagers. The Bushman's language goes to an extreme in this respect; certain sounds and clicks accented differently, pitched in a higher or lower key, shrill or deep-sounding, have all their different meanings; their language is consequently very musical. To hear the little children speaking and laughing in their play is often like listening to the tinkling of a musical-box.

PLANS FOR REACHING THE INTERIOR.

There are two plans before me for returning to the interior. (1) To return to the Barotse or to the Bakuti on the Cuchibi river. (2) To visit the Garenganze, living to the north of and adjoining the Barotse, under the chief Msidi. They are a rice-growing people, which is an advantage; the country is reported to be healthy, and the road comparatively safe. By turning south I could then reach Liwanika's "dogs," and should be able to fulfil my promise of re-visiting the Barotse. I have as my personal attendant an excellent interpreter, who knows the languages and people *well.* This would be quite a new adventure, but the Arab and west-coast dealers who have visited the Garenganze and influenced them for evil, will probably have prejudiced them against European visitors.

REQUIREMENTS OF WORK IN AFRICA.

October 16th.—I do not think there is anything so essential to real service for God in a wholly heathen country as an *entire* separation and devotion to the work, so that even isolation often

has its advantages. I have found that one's time cannot be divided and laid out beforehand as at home. Amongst the Barotse I have risen to a day, say of writing, but it turned out to be an all-day meeting. At festival seasons at Lealui crowds of people used to come in from all the country round; at such times it was, from morning light until midnight, one constant stream of people passing through my house, all curious to see, some to hear, and some wanting to speak of what had been said on a former visit.

Again, on making short trips amongst the villages I found the press of work almost unbearable at times, from pure lack of strength. The work is trying, but all-engrossing, and it needs one to be *wholly free* from all temporal things. At home the earnest street-preacher may gather a few little children around him after much noise and singing; but in heathen Africa one is sometimes glad, in coming up to a village, to hide one's self. Everything is laid aside; the child toddles out to the field to call its mother; the hunters return and call in their dogs; and the cattle are driven to their enclosures, that the herdsmen may come and listen to the white man's words. The more isolated and ignorant the people the more eager they are. Wherever I was able to make the character of my errand known, their willingness, their intelligent enquiry, their excitement even, quite wore me out.

I expected to have been back to such precious work by this time, but the Good Shepherd knows what is best for His sheep. Meanwhile I have been getting rid of some of my fever legacies. Ague now seems to be a thing of the past. My spleen, which was so much swollen that I could not lie with comfort in any position, is now almost reduced to its proper condition. My body has in every way picked up in this fine healthy country.

ARRIVAL OF AN EMBASSY FROM GARENGANZE.

I thought of waiting at Bailundu until Senhor Porto came along, but learning that he would be delayed for some days in building a bridge, I went on. On the way I met a company from the far interior. They were not different from the rest of the people, but in my present state of mind they were naturally of great interest to me. They were from the chief Msidi, of Garenganze,

and had been sent with a letter to the king's brother-in-law, who lives at Chivula. A few hours brought me to Ohonjo, and there I met the royal brother-in-law, Coimbra, a half-caste, who read to me the letter just received from Msidi. It was dated this year, was written in a wretched sort of Portuguese, possibly by some half-taught black, and contained an earnest appeal that *white men might come to Garenganze.* I looked with amazement on the piece of rude, well-travelled paper. Of course it was as traders that he wanted white men, but I felt I had something even better than good trade, which, if Msidi could only comprehend, he would gladly receive. The brother-in-law was delighted to hear of my proposal to go thither, and sent for a black lanky slave from that part; he knew exactly the place where Livingstone died, at Ilala, by Lake Bangweolo. I may yet get this man to go with me, but the guide I have already employed knows all the country.

THOUGHTS AS TO FUTURE PATH.

Let us look up and take courage; *the Lord reigneth.* Surely He has taken many ways to show me from the first His desire to guide me; He comes down to our weak faith, as He did in Gideon's case, and repeats the signs until we are filled with shame at our blindness and tardiness. I think it is now clear that I must seek another way to the Batoka, Liwanika's Barotse "dogs"; in this case the Lord may feed the dogs before the "children."

I shall be at liberty, so far as I can learn, to come as near to the Barotse as possible, and yet remain outside their sway; and were I to go down among them at any time, I should, humanly speaking, suffer no harm, having so many friends amongst them. I might be able, by going between both, to unite these two great countries, and secure a way for others through the Barotse to the north, which at present, through jealousy, is shut.

I am told that Garenganze is as healthy as Bailundu; if so, there is no fever there; one might hope to live, and not merely exist. I shall make a particular request to each chief by the way to have a young man ready to *run* with my letters as they come from the interior or the coast, and think this plan would work in time of peace. Native news in this way flies like the wind, and

why not my letters? The only question would be the amount of pay.

The governor of Benguella took the trouble to write to Senhor Porto to take care of me, and bring me safely to the coast. Perhaps because of the trouble the Americans had at Bailundu, the governor feared that I, being English, might suffer from the Bailundu, and bring down an English inquisition upon him. Senhor Porto is my guardian in the meantime, and although I have been running about to my heart's content, I fear he would consider me ungrateful were I to go on to Benguella before him, so I must wait here for a couple of days, as he has been detained on the road. Strange that patience towards the end of a journey is far harder than patience at the beginning. Staying a whole week here, within three days or so of the coast, seems intolerable.

A Portuguese called to-day, and after talking for some time he remarked that at Benguella they were expecting one "Padre Arnot" from the east-coast. He knew that I had come from the east, but could not recognise the *Padre.* I heard him laughing when told that *I* was the Padre.

True and faithful service is not thrown away, as the following shows: Mr. W. W. Bagster, now gone home, gave three years ago a Testament to Coimbra, with whom I am staying, the reading of which touched him, and Mr. Sanders has since had long talks with him. Coimbra is anxious about his soul. Although I had not been speaking to him in a personal way, he took down his Testament this morning and turned to Mark x. 29, saying to me, "This is my trouble." He could not leave wives, children, houses, and all. I told him that the Lord asked him not to leave anything, but *to receive;* and that when God's love filled his heart, he would know by the power of love how to serve Him. He said that he was greatly relieved, and that his way seemed more clear; he did not desire to live any longer with more than one wife, but he could not turn into the fields those who were the mothers of his children, nor put away his children. The good Lord will not quench the smoking flax.

November 9th.—At Catumbella at last. Waiting for Senhor Porto; a sharp attack of dysentery detained me. I ate too freely of bananas.

BENGUELLA.

Benguella, November 11th.—Mr. Walter, of the American Board Mission,* who is stationed here as business man for the Mission, has kindly offered to help me, and through him I can get trade articles at lower prices.

December 9th.—Benguella is a very quiet, unbusiness-like place. The custom-house duties are very heavy; they average 25 per cent. on everything, and this on the value of goods *here*, not on invoice value, so that all goods imported are of necessity expensive. I should say that the place is unhealthy; the Portuguese, at least, consider it so, as the most of their "degradadors" (convicts) are sent here, and all government officials while in office here, are reckoned as serving double time. It is not so at Loando.

It seems as if the sea had thrown up a sand dyke, forming the present shore; much of the country inside appears to be at a level lower than the sea; consequently it has no drainage. Fortunately, little rain falls; even now, though it is the rainy season, green spots are only to be seen in a few hollows. The heat is very great, but every afternoon a fresh breeze comes off the sea, which makes the evenings pleasant. I am in the best of health.

May the Lord be pleased to look upon my work for His name's sake, and may I be in His hands like soft clay, *impressible.* Surely the one thing needful for perfect service is that we be susceptible to His sympathies and to the guidings of His Spirit. God will not guide and lead us into His work unless we first have hearts in sympathy with Him as to that work. So let us hang and wait upon God, that we may go forth as men "driven of the Spirit."

EXPECTATION OF FELLOW-LABOURERS.

I had now to consider seriously the advisability of returning to the interior alone, in case of no one coming forward to join me. On that subject I then wrote my impressions:

I have a growing conviction that some one or two are being prepared for the work here, but *any* one will not do; excuse my

* American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions; commonly called "American Board." Mr. Walter has since left Africa.

saying so. Africa is a very trying country in every sense of the word. It is not always the bright, smart, active man who does for Africa; for such a man to find himself in the hands of some miserable creatures, and actually made a plaything of by them, would often be utterly unbearable. To find that when he is planning to make a few days' quicker march, his men are planning a few days' extra slow march; to have to deal with men who, directly they think they have become indispensable, delight to exercise the most cruel tyranny; to find one's self surrounded by lip-friends only, whose hearts are like drawn swords, as a general rule—these are discoveries so utterly foreign to first impressions of the negro races that the hearts of many sink under them. The white man who comes to Africa thinks, as a rule, that the negro looks up to him as an essentially superior being; but let him hear them discussing round their camp fires, as I have often done when supposed by them to be lying asleep, and he will think differently. Is there a race under the sun which does not in its heart of hearts believe "*We* are the people"?

In thinking of journeying alone, friends at home interested in this pioneer work will see that it is not an undue hastening on my part. I must get my goods up to Bihé in time for a final start this dry season, so as to reach and cross the Lovale flats, near the sources of the Zambesi, before they are flooded. Otherwise the journey would be much more difficult.

DECIDE TO GO TO GARENGANZE.

I shall, God willing, first make for those high ranges of mountains which are marked in some maps just above the Barotse country, and shall engage carriers—some I have already partly engaged—for Msidi's town, which is among the hills in the country called, in the interior, the Garenganze.

From the first I was very desirous of going at least in that direction, but was prevented, no doubt for a wise purpose, from going beyond the immediate neighbourhood of the Zambesi River, as the Barotse do not want any "good things" to go to the tribes under their sway.

I have seen large companies of natives from that part, and have many times conversed with them. From native sources in the interior, I learn that the Garenganze is one of the most

densely-populated districts of Central Africa. The people there are famed for the abundance of their corn, rice, sugar-cane, etc., and they work large copper-mines, cleansing and smelting the copper out of the ore in a very perfect way, of which I have seen many samples. The question, whether I should merely go on a visit to the chief, asking his permission to return, or whether I should go prepared to settle, should the way be open, is one difficult to decide.

If the simple invitation of the chief of the country were the only thing desired, that might be obtained by sending a messenger; but nothing counts like a personal visit.

I therefore purpose to go to the Garenganze, hoping, with God's help, to get the permission, not only of the chief and headmen, but also of the people, to remain among them. It is more and more evident to me that much Christian diplomacy is required for the establishment and carrying on of African mission work. The people are not so many poor, intelligent monkeys; and this I have learned, that, fond as they are of presents, they are *not to be bought* by money. It may, however, be different with those on the coast.

Going merely as a visitor will not prevent my remaining for one or two years. It requires all that time in Africa ere the people will venture to say that they know you.

If friends at home could just get one glimpse of the burning need here, the open sore, and the willingness withal to hear, they would sympathise with me a little in my desire to remain as long as possible and at all cost, providing at the same time all things honestly, and receiving "nothing from the Gentiles;" for the moment one begins to do so, he is branded by his enemies as "an eater-up of the people." The work of carrying the gospel to Africa's millions is going on, for it is the Lord's work, and it will go on in spite of any one of us; but time is passing, and I would say to myself and to others, Let us in all our service be prompt. Let us ever have our loins girt for the ready, speedy carrying out of the will of our Lord.

THE AFRICAN PLATEAU.

Before continuing my diary of the return journey from Benguella to Bihé it may be well to say something about the general form

of the country. The remarkable configuration of the African continent as a whole is now pretty well understood, the comparison of its shape to that of an inverted dish conveying a very good idea of it. The flat coast, corresponding to the lip of the dish, varies in width in different parts of the coast. Near Benguella this low-lying part is comparatively narrow, and the coast there is consequently not so unhealthy as where there is a great extent of lowland. The African *plateau* is well represented in the frontispiece, an illustration reproduced from a photograph. The foreground is the "littoral" or shore land, through which flows the river Catumbella. Catumbella is a town on the west coast, very near Benguella, and forms the first stage of the inland journey. There is another and higher tableland, which is the real plateau, some miles further from the coast, as shown in the large map.

It is owing to the elevation of the land in the interior of Africa that the climate is usually cooler than we should expect if we merely judged by degrees of latitude. But when away from the coast one is apt to forget that the elevation is so great. Though the interior is called a plateau, there are, of course, considerable diversities in the surface — high mountains, deep lakes, and gradually-descending rivers. But it is always helpful to bear in mind the general formation of the continent. Mr. Fay, one of the American missionaries in the Benguella district, has graphically described the ascent from Benguella to the high land and on to Bihé, and I am glad to avail myself of his account, taken from an American missionary periodical.

THE ASCENT FROM BENGUELLA.

"In making the journey from Benguella to the interior the traveller beholds many striking and beautiful varieties of scenery. From the level, sandy road between Benguella and Catumbella he passes to rough and rocky mountain paths. Near to the coast there is the barren desert; further on much beautiful tropical scenery; then, on the mountain ranges, he comes into the familiar temperate zone.

"As you leave Catumbella the road leads at once up the hillside, and your camp for the night may be on the Ekongo, the rocky desert that separates the coast from the fertile lands

beyond. The next day Esupwa, through which runs the Catumbella River, may be reached in time for dinner, after which the loads are rearranged, water-gourds filled, and the caravan files up the mountain side through a wild and beautiful cañon. Late in the afternoon a camp is reached not far from the base of Mount Losingi. As the water here is bad, the traveller may rejoice if the men have not used up his supply brought from the river below. With the morning light the men file out of camp with their loads, and begin the remaining climb to the top of this range, and descend into the valley of the Kuvali, in Chisanje.

"Here for the first time we meet signs of human habitations. At the market-place by the roadside we buy bananas and such vegetables as we can find. The men exchange needles, cloth, salt, and gunpowder, for meal, native beer, and meat. The excitement and gesticulations at one of these roadside markets would be worthy of Wall Street.

"On the morrow, crossing the Kuvali twice, the way leads through the most tropical portion of our journey, the path passing for some distance along the river banks under an archway of hanging vines and creepers. Beyond this, on each side of the road, mountains of solid rock, like huge boulders, rise a thousand feet above us. As we come to the next climb we pass out of the tropics. We can almost see the line of demarcation, where we leave the baobab and other tropical trees, and meet the familiar foliage of the temperate zone. Reaching the top of these hills we camp near Olombingo, a mountain that rises far above us, and forms twin peaks, giving it the name of 'the horns.' From Chisanje to Ngaliatena the land near the road is not inhabited, as far as we can learn. From Olombingo to Senhor Coimbra's the road passes over much level ground, there being only a slight rise between the two places. At the Bailombo River the crossing in the wet season is usually made by a bridge, at which there is a scene of wildest confusion; for the bridge-men take toll, and each one tries to get over with his friends. Some miles beyond we pass the residence of Senhor Coimbra, who so kindly cared for the missionaries when they were driven out of Bailundu, and enter camp a few miles beyond his place. As the climb over Mount Elonga is a long and hard one, the men are up and off betimes. On this march we pass some

rugged places, and climb over two thousand feet to cross the lowest spur of Elonga.

"The journey from this place to Bailundu is a most beautiful one, the mountains rising on every side and giving great beauty and variety to the picture. On our first journey inland, as we passed through the gap in the mountains of Humbi, the carriers joyfully pointed us to a little round mountain far in the distance, which they said was the capital of their country. By two hard marches, in which we pass down into the beautiful valley in which Bailundu lies, and from which the Keve rises, we reach the mission village, south-east of the *ombala* of king Ekwikwi. The valley stretches on beyond, almost to Chikuma, to which place there is a rise of four or five hundred feet. Beyond that there is only a slight rise to Chipongi, the capital of Bihé.

"The road to Bihé takes us through some of the most thickly-populated places I have seen in Africa, with villages on every side. When Bailundu is left, we enter a most interesting section in regard to the waterways. We have left the feeders of the Keve running north-west to the ocean, and within less than ten miles of these, to the south, rise the headwaters of the Kunene. This, running south-west, empties into the ocean several hundred miles south of the mouth of the Keve. A few miles to the east we reach the feeders of the Kutato, which, running north, enters the Kwanza. Less than ten miles beyond the Mbalé we reach the Kuchi, which runs south-east into Kovongo. Hardly five miles further, brooks are crossed that feed the Kukema, which, after making a long detour to the south-east, turns north-east and empties into the Kwanza, thus reaching the ocean far to the north-west."

RETURN TO BIHÉ.

January 27th, 1885.—I started this morning on my return journey to Bihé with twenty-five porters. They are all in good spirits, and seem to be quite a respectable lot. Slept one night at Catumbella with the agent of a Dutch house; and after crossing about twenty miles of rough country, I reached the foot of the Esupwa pass. The road winds through very rugged places, between large boulders with high mountains on either side. We reached the top of this rugged ascent on February 2nd, and camped by the Olombingo Hill, the double top of which is quite

a landmark for many miles east and west. I had a little tent with me which I made during my stay at Benguella, and I found that an extra inner lining of blue calico added greatly to my comfort.

February 4th.—We reached Chivulu, where there is an independent native ruler. As I had to communicate with his town, I sent him a present of fifteen yards of calico, which was accepted. At Chivanda, a little further on, another independent ruler also accepted a similar present.

8th.—Arrived at Ohumbé, on the borders of the Bailundu country.

STAY AT BAILUNDU.

Most of my men belonged to this district, so I had to remain here as their guest for some days. They took me to their village, on the top of a high hill overlooking an immense stretch of country, and entertained me to the best of their ability with fowls, goats, and meal. Too much of such kindness, however, was rather embarrassing, as I was anxious to proceed on my journey to Bihé; so on the 10th I succeeded with much difficulty in arousing my porters out of their houses, and managed to make a short march in the afternoon. Two days brought me to Chilume, where I found Mr. and Mrs. Sanders in good spirits. Here I paid off my Ohumbé men, intending to collect a fresh company of porters to take me on to Bihé; but I did not get away from Bailundu until March 6th, and arrived at Belmonte, Bihé, on the 10th.

The journey had been so far a pleasant one, though many of the rivers were much swollen. On one occasion, on crossing one of them on the shoulders of one of my men, I looked down into the clear water, when about halfway across, and saw to my surprise that the man was balancing himself on a fallen tree, about the thickness of a person's arm, which appeared to form part of a submerged bridge over the river. My position was so ridiculous, and I so shook with laughter, that the man began to sway about, and finally losing his balance, we were both plunged into the river, with the sunken tree between us. He stupidly held on to my left foot so tenaciously that, but for a kick from my other, he might have drowned me. By swimming I was able to reach the other side safely.

Having stored my goods in Senhor Porto's house, I invited a few headmen in Bihé to visit me at Belmonte, where I told them of my desire to proceed to the interior. Calling on Chipongi, the Bihé chief, I also informed him. He was very friendly, and insisted on my remaining at his town for the night, and sent me away next morning accompanied by two of his own men, who brought a good fat pig as his present to me.

TO THE COAST AGAIN—RECEIVE LETTERS.

As I hoped to receive letters from home, and then to purchase goods for the inland journey, I started again for the coast; and on March 27th, when within eight days' journey of Benguella, I met the mail carriers. They delivered to me a packet of letters; the first that I had received since leaving the Barotse valley, as hitherto all had been sent *viâ* Natal.

From many friends I received hearty expressions of encouragement in regard to my purpose of again returning into the interior, as well as kindly warnings against departing from what should be the one true aim and object of my travelling; namely, to make Christ known. Upon reaching Benguella I found that many useful packages had been forwarded to me, including two Westley-Richard carbines, clothing, cotton cloth, and a few books. I had some busy days at the coast, preparing for the company of carriers I expected from Bailundu. Calico was the chief article required for barter in the interior; but I also took beads, a little powder and lead, about 100 pounds of ship biscuits, some tea, coffee, and sugar.

The following reply was written at that time:

April 8th, 1885.—In yours of January 30th, you speak of two points, about which you are exercised, in connection with my work in Africa. I could not think of starting on such a journey as is before me, planning to return within a certain time, or intending to move about in an aimless manner. My earnest hope and prayer to God is, that He will lead me among a people for whom He has a present message. To a great extent my work may only be preparing for others to enter in. Three years ago, while at the Zambesi, I had no other desire than to remain there. My ways, however, are in God's hands. I am still ready to go back again to the Barotse if I get the slightest indication that the field

is open there, but it seems as if it were not. This Garenganze route appears to be the one for my return into the interior, and I start on it with joy and gladness, not knowing that I shall ever reach that place, nor what may be found for me to do by the way.

I can say honestly that I have no plan to follow out, but am fully persuaded that it is necessary to remain in some place, so that one's message may be rightly known and understood. Whether that place be the Garenganze, or somewhere short of it, God knoweth. I trust He will guide me, and I earnestly entreat special prayer for this.

Ere you receive this letter I hope to have left Benguella. I have enough, according to human foresight, to provide all things honestly, and all things necessary, for two years to come. For this I heartily thank our God. May I hold all as His, seeking grace to spend every yard of calico to profit, and to His glory. I purpose starting from Bihé with about forty loads—a very small caravan for Africa, as the usual number of carriers is about 200 or 300.

A TYPICAL CARRIER.

IV.

From Benguella to Garenganze.

(June, 1885, to February, 1886.)

Confidence in again Setting Out—Leave Benguella for Garenganze—Exercise of Patience—Labours of Americans in Africa—The Bihé Chief gives me "The Road"—My Lost Boy, Kaukashia—A Woman's Cruelty—A Poor Start—An Ocean of Land—Kapoko—A Helper Strangely Provided—The Quanza Crossed—The Valoimbe—The Chibokwe—African Camps—Daily Routine—Carriers Refractory—Sumbula's Generosity—Kangombe—Tribes East of Bihé—The Kifumadshe Flat—Lunda Country—A Friend of Livingstone's—Army Ants—Nana Kandundu, a Female Chief—Pressed by Hunger—A Merciful Supply—The Lualaba River—Death of Kasoma's Wife—Molenga—Journey Ended.

CONFIDENCE IN AGAIN SETTING OUT.

June 2nd.—In taking farewell of the coast once more, many thoughts of all across the ocean occupy me, and I feel as if I were leaving you all again. But with God's help I can say, these things do not move me. Indeed, never have I felt such a strong desire to be back again to my happy life and work in the distant parts of this country. Until the last Liverpool steamer came in, two weeks ago, I had a silent hope that someone might yet come to join me in this journey. Loth as I am to invite, or even to encourage anyone to do so, I firmly believe that the right person will come in the right time. The longer I wait, and the more I cast the matter entirely upon God, the more assurance I get of His perfect ordering, and the more strength and joy He gives me in my position here. His gentleness towards me, His constant care and provision at every turn of the way, have helped me better to know Him who calleth us not servants, but friends, and maketh known to us the things that He doeth and hath.

LEAVE BENGUELLA FOR GARENGANZE.

On the 3rd June I left Benguella, and the journey from the coast to Bailundu was uneventful. There I met with a native trader, who was able to give me a few more particulars concerning the Garenganze country. The capital he described as extending over eight miles, and he confirmed what I had heard as to food being plentiful. My heart is full of confidence in Him who can so persuade that none can dissuade.

Delays again occurred at Bailundu, and porters had to be changed. Time was not lost, however, for I profited not a little in the company of Mr. and Mrs. Sanders, who assisted me in my studies of the Umbundu language.

From Bailundu I wrote thus to a friend on the matter of delays and vexations peculiar to life and travel in Africa:

July 9th, 1885.—It is now a year since I came west to these parts. Then I hoped, *long ere this*, to have been back again in the interior, but even yet my steps are slow. Does this not make *plans* seem very feeble and uncertain things? How slow we are in learning that "the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong!" Until the later walks of life are reached, few on earth seem to learn much of Proverbs xvi. 9, "A man's heart deviseth his way; but God directeth his steps."

As to the future, if the Lord should direct any brother to come out and join me, it would *entirely* change my outlook; for instead of thinking of returning to England, I should consider it my glorious privilege to settle down at once in the interior. If the right man is forthcoming, let him proceed to Bihé next year, leaving Europe in May or June, after having learned something of Portuguese, *if possible* at Lisbon. Should it be advisable, I would not grudge going out as far as Bihé with a caravan of Garenganze men, and would expect him to be ready to start off without any delay, unless it were to go down to the coast for a supply of trade articles. But if I could get one or two careful old natives to do this service, I should think it best *not* to leave the field, but would send written instructions as to the articles needed. Mr. Sanders has promised to give every assistance, and is willing to see any brother across the Quanza river. Though willing to adopt either course, I incline to the latter; if two could come together from home, so much the better. I shall not be

likely to hear from you in reply to this, but, if the Lord will, I shall either communicate by messengers with Bihé and the coast, or go out so far, early in 1887, expecting to find some one. I don't think that this is pressing the matter too strongly or anticipating too much, seeing that my last home news tends that way.

EXERCISE OF PATIENCE.

Belmonte, Bihé, August 27th.—On my arrival here I at once proceeded to call upon old acquaintances, and made proposals and offers in all directions for carriers.

30th.—This morning a letter came from Chipongi, the chief, wanting more presents. I sent him a shawl and a shirt. In his letter he says I can proceed on my journey after he returns from an antelope hunt. The begging of these chiefs causes a most uncomfortable strain on one. It is the bane of travelling in Africa; still, one must get on, and it is necessary to carry supplies of some sort.

September 16th.—My carriers give me nothing but disappointment. A few who have offered their services are so utterly unreasonable in their demands, that it is evident they have no intention of going with me.

Nothing is lost by these delays; all is conscious gain. I think labourers, or intending labourers in Africa, ought to take much heed to these words, "Ye have need of patience." It seems at times as if everything was at a dead-lock, and every one around in a sound slumber. At last a little rustling is heard, and after a while a move is made; but so surely as a halt occurs, all relax into profound inaction. I have been busy negociating with carriers all this month; hundreds say they are willing to go. I only want thirty, and yet it takes weeks and even months to get them up to the carrying-point; still, they do come, and I got my fifteenth load tied up to-day.

I have been noticing lately in the Scriptures a double need of patience; one is "patience of *hope*" (1 Thess. i. 3, also in James v.); the other is patience in *work*—"patient continuance in well-doing." (Rom. ii. 7.) This "patience" has, I believe, a deeper meaning than appears at first sight; it includes submissive obedience. By the introduction of submission to God into the otherwise trying details of service, patience is perfected. To

have to wait a whole month talking over and settling a matter which could be disposed of with half-an-hour's common-sense, is in itself trying; but if the Lord, my Master, my Saviour, bade me *wait* a month, then surely it would only be blessing and profit that He had portioned out for me.

It is well at such times to garrison ourselves against the possibility of being carried away with a feeling of restlessness which so much waiting and disappointment produces. I found great help in portioning out my days, and by giving the best part—the morning and early forenoon—to the prayerful study of the Scriptures, I felt refreshed and strengthened to occupy the remaining hours with other studies and duties.

My joy, more and more, in turning to the Scriptures, is that I find Jesus there, and His company is more blessed among these wild hills and in these solitary forest camps than tongue can tell. No matter what the arch-enemy may say, I can never believe that God will lightly forsake one whom He has bought so dearly. Were He to do so, it would not be setting me at a discount—for *I* count for nothing—but it would be a disparagement to the precious blood of Christ.

LABOURS OF AMERICANS IN AFRICA.

The American missionaries at Bailundu have had a *Vocabulary of Umbundu*, and *Observations on Grammatical Construction*, published in America; the latter work, though small, is full of valuable information. Having with me some of the best works on African languages, and having a pretty fair knowledge of two dialects, with a daily increasing knowledge of Umbundu, I expect to be able, without much delay, to pick up the dialect of any of the Bantu tribes.

Bishop Taylor's party are reported to be still at Loando, and they will probably give up their first project and go up to the Congo; there seems to be a deal of sickness amongst them; hence the delay.

THE BIHÉ CHIEF GIVES ME "THE ROAD."

The chief here, in a favourable interview, has given me, according to native custom, "the road" to the Garenganze, and I got off very cheaply in only having to pay, as tribute, about one hundred

yards of cotton cloth; but my stock was small, and I claimed a special privilege as having come from the interior, as the natives do. A young Portuguese trader, who insists on accompanying me (and I cannot prevent him), gave three four-gallon kegs of rum, a case of gin, six hundred yards of cloth, fifty pounds of powder, and one or two guns. A Portuguese priest told me he had to give one four-gallon keg of rum, two hundred yards of cloth, two blankets, six shirts, his own silver watch, and some other small things. Senhor Porto never returns from the coast without bringing as tribute far more than this.

I expect to cross the Quanza before the end of the present month. The other day I sent off a message to the small chief there, to advise him of my coming. Giving such men time to think over any proposal at once inspires confidence.

MY LOST BOY, KAUKASHIA.

Whilst staying in Bihé I found out the truth respecting my boy Kaukashia, whom I had brought from the Barotse Valley, and left sick at Belmonte. On my first return from Benguella they told me he had died during my absence. My other lad, Dick, however, was not so credulous as I was, and he continued to question these people, and to say, "If Kaukashia is dead, show me where they have buried him." As they could not do so, his suspicions were aroused; and upon being informed of them, I made further enquiry, and found, to my great sorrow, that Kaukashia had been induced by a man living at Belmonte to go out to the forest to gather firewood with him, and then he was either sold or handed over to some accomplice to sell. Dear little chap, it is hard to lose him in this way. Often have I heard the groan and the sorrow of this land, in its bondage and slavery, but now I seem to feel the pang of it. I bow to God's will in this loss, and trust it may be His way of leading me into a deeper sympathy with the downtrodden children of Africa.

A WOMAN'S CRUELTY.

Another sad case came before me at this time. A little boy, about eight or nine years old, who belonged to a town close by, came to beg some food from me. I saw that both his hands were in a sad condition. The left one was completely distorted,

and three of the fingers were joined together in one suppurating mass. The right hand was completely skinned, and the arms were more or less badly scalded. Upon enquiry I learned that the boy had been visiting, with some of his village mates, the town of one of Chipongi's sisters. When playing about he had stolen some beans belonging to this woman, who, to punish the child, put both his hands into a pot of water then boiling on the fire. The left hand was so much injured that she must have held it in the water for a few seconds. I understand that this creature in human shape has not even been called in question for her cruelty.

A POOR START.

October 10*th.*—With the help of a few women and stragglers that I picked up, I left Belmont to-day, crossed the Kineto river, and camped by the side of a small stream, only three miles from the starting-place. Yet it was a start, and I was satisfied. The porters I had engaged had acted so strangely that I was compelled to conclude that other things were working against me, and that for some reason the men were afraid to go. Two men, however, seemed determined to stick by me—Kasoma and Jombo.

I piled the loads up as they were brought along, and paid the motley crowd a yard of cloth each for their assistance; set up my little tent, and sat down with a feeling of intense satisfaction at getting even such a start. Dick, however, was with me, in the best of spirits, cooking some antelope flesh for my supper. My dog Bennie was told off to watch the loads, and Kasoma and Jombo built a shelter for themselves close by.

11*th.*—Sent off messengers in all directions to call for carriers. Was willing to accept offers for one day's journey, if they would come.

13*th.*—Had prospect of getting another start this morning. After a hasty cup of coffee, by way of breakfast, I took down my tent and bundled it up. Those who had promised to come for loads were very dilatory, and it was towards mid-day before we began to get the loads out of camp. Sending some on ahead in charge of Kasoma, I told him to camp at a place called Nyani, some four miles off, and I remained behind, as there were still a few loads for which there were no carriers.

In the evening I was able to overtake Kasoma and the others, and in the dark paid off all the day-workers, got my loads together, and threw a sheet of waterproof canvas over them. I had, however, barely got under cover myself when a heavy storm came on, threatening to drive everything before it. The carriers had gone off to their villages close by for shelter, and I was left alone in the damp and darkness, holding on grimly to the flapping canvas of my tent. At last the storm abated somewhat, and I got a few hours' undisturbed sleep before morning.

14th.—Marched a few miles in the same hand-to-mouth fashion, Kasoma and a few other men returning to Nyani for loads left there.

AN OCEAN OF LAND.

October 15th.—Reached Kapoko's capital, which is situated on the eastern limit of the Bihé plateau. The valley of the Kukema and Quanza rivers lies at our feet, while the great interior plain extends like an ocean beyond. It woke in my mind a thousand thoughts concerning unknown countries yet to be traversed.

It is not always good for us to see too far before at one time; our capacities are small. When I lost the view of the great broad ocean which lies between us, as I crossed the Benguella hills, I breathed a deep-down farewell, and gave a long look at the horizon as the sun was setting. But here was an ocean of land and silence before me, and my heart had well nigh failed me; but I remembered that GOD was there, and felt strengthened in Him, so that I was ready to say, "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me." Since then these words have been running over with comfort, "BEHOLD, THOU ART THERE!" (Psalm cxxxix.) "Thou," whose I am, and whom I serve, *my* God, "Thou art there;" and at Thy bidding I could go even into the depths of the sea, "for Thou art there."

How blessed the trust of our holy Lord in those words, "Thou wilt not leave My soul in hades." The chief priests, mocking, said, "He trusted in God: let Him deliver Him now." But resting in the God of resurrection, He said, "I *will* put My trust in Him."

It is the bidding of God that Christ should be preached in these far-off parts. I give myself to Him for His work. I know He accepts me for Africa, so that whether I live or die the

purposes which He hath for this country will be served thereby. I am filled with joy at the substance of that for which I hope—"fields white unto the harvest."

DIVINE LOVE AND ITS RESULTS.

The true living spring of all our work must be, that "we have *known* and *believed* the love that God hath to us." Who shall speak of love, or who shall declare the sweetness of it? In the Epistle to the Romans the Holy Spirit is not spoken of until the fifth chapter is reached, and then in connection with *love*—"Because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us." It would appear from this that the presence of the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, is not apparent to the subject of divine grace until he discovers that "new commandment" of love working in him, so that, contrary to all his former habits and experiences, he glories in tribulation, *knowing* that tribulation worketh patience, etc.; the mainspring of all being "*because* the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost." The cause, "*love*," and the result, "*knowing*," are joined together, answering to those two truths that "God is love" and "God is light." To dwell in love is to dwell in light. In the sunshine of God's presence we understand all things as they really are, not as they outwardly seem to be, so that the conduct of him who glories in tribulation is not forced, but natural. In that which seems to bear him downwards he finds, in the light of Bethel, a staircase leading upwards, even to patience, experience, and tranquillity before God.

KAPOKO.

In the evening I visited Kapoko. His town is large and very cleanly. The chief, however, could not see me, as he was mourning the death of a child. I left a present of 32 yards of calico for him, and returned to camp. A little later in the evening three of his headmen came to me with a story of great dissatisfaction, said to be from Kapoko, to the effect that my present was too small. "I surely thought," they said, "that Kapoko was a very small man, seeing I had sent him so small a present." I listened to their story with every attention, and then seriously assured them of the mistake they were making,

saying that "I had great respect for Kapoko, I knew that he was a great man, and that the size of my present spoke only of *my* smallness, and not at all of his. Had I been a man in Kapoko's position among white men I no doubt would have given him bales of cloth instead." The frowning faces of these three old men dropped a little, but there was no reply. They seemed rather puzzled at my serious denial of their charge; but some of the younger men sitting behind, after vainly trying to suppress their emotion, burst into laughter, which was the signal for a general hearty laugh, and so they left me.

October 16th.—My last night's visitors came back this morning, saying that Kapoko would give me nothing less than an ox, and that he had sent to the Quanza to procure one for me from one of his villages, and it would arrive on the morrow. I told them that I was very hungry, and that a sheep would be worth more to me to-day than an ox to-morrow. In the end a fat sheep was sent to my camp, after which Kapoko came himself to visit me. They carried him in a palanquin. He is a very old and frail man.

A HELPER STRANGELY PROVIDED.

Here I again made what proved to be almost a futile effort to collect carriers.

After mustering them I started from Kapoko's capital for the Cisambe river, October 23rd. Here I met with Cinyama, an old man of some little importance among his own people. He was suffering from some malady, a cure for which he was told was to be had in the Garenganze country, where I proposed to go. Consequently he was very anxious that I should engage him, and he promised to provide me with what carriers I might require. At first I thought I would not require any from him; but while at Cisambe my men dispersed, as they had done twice before when at Belmonte. A messenger came from a small chief on the borders of the Bihé country, warning my men on no account to go with me, that I had come from the east coast and was going there again (implying that they would never return); and with other words he succeeded so well in his object that all my men asked for the yard of cloth that I owed them for carrying my goods from Kapoko's town, and left me.

After consulting with Cinyama I decided that it was of no use

to wait here any longer, as I saw every effort of mine would be vigorously checkmated by these Bihé chiefs and ivory traders. I therefore made a start for Cisambe on the 27th. A very trying day indeed it was. My plan was to travel in a north-easterly direction, so as to cross the Quanza below the junction of the Kukema and Kutia rivers. I determined to do my best with what men I could muster, leaving with Cinyama the loads for which I had no carriers. My ox was getting into better training by this time. The long rest he had in Bihé after my return from the Upper Zambesi had rather demoralised him, but he had lost nothing in strength. A small company of Garenganze natives, who had been at Bihé for some time, joined me at Cisambe. Although they had their own goods to carry, they were in other matters helpful to me.

STOCK OF GOODS.

Difficulties in getting along have reduced my loads somewhat. However, on looking over my things I find I have, besides a few tools—

Six panes of window glass, and frame for the same;
Six 60 lb. bales of cloth;
80 lbs. of biscuits;
Three strong tin boxes, containing extra clothing and a few books and medicines;
One load of ammunition, and a box containing spare lead and cartridges;
Four bags of salt, necessary for the purchase of food by the way;
Two boxes, containing a few extras in the way of provisions suitable for times of sickness, a little wine, etc.

Besides porters for these things, I require a few for the carriage of food that we shall need to purchase from the villages as we go along.

I succeeded in getting away from the Cisambe River with about half my loads, leaving the rest to be brought on by Cinyama as soon as possible.

October 29th.—Glad to see Kasoma arrive this morning with other four loads.

30*th.*—Had a long day's march. Passed a small trading caravan returning from the interior with a company of slaves. Many of these poor creatures looked terribly afraid of me on my ox. I suppose they thought they had arrived at the long-talked-of land of monsters.

31*st.*—Camped by the Quanza. Towards evening a perfect hurricane blew from the east for a short time, sweeping before it my camp and the little shelters the men had erected for themselves.

THE QUANZA CROSSED.

November 1*st.*—Engaged some boats this morning, after a good deal of delay and palaver, and got my loads across the Quanza. Two men, who had promised to go with me as far as the Kwiba River, deserted, so I had to pack their loads on my ox and push along.

2*nd.* Rain fell in torrents to-day. Remained in camp. Thankful indeed to have got on so far. Am reminded of St. Theresa's words this morning. She is said to have built a hospital with only three farthings to begin with. "Theresa and three farthings are nothing; but God and three farthings are incalculable." And so with His help all things become easy.

THE VALOIMBE.

November 3*rd.*—A fine clear morning. I packed my ox again and off we went, reaching camp close by Kaneka, which is the capital of a large section of the Valoimbe tribe. These people suffer a good deal from their proximity to the large Bihé country. We passed the ruins of many villages that had been sacked by raiding parties from Bihé. The people, however, seemed to be very industrious, spinning yarn from cotton, and manufacturing a coarse, but very serviceable cloth. They were always in their fields cultivating, yet they have a poor and ill-clad appearance, and the huts were much out of repair. I was detained some time treating with the chief as to my free passage through his country. I then took a south-easterly direction, and camped on the banks of the Kuiba River, which brought me again in sight of the hills at Kapoko's, across the Quanza and Kukema valleys. Here I determined to await the arrival of Cinyama, with any carriers he might have mustered to bring on the loads

I had left with him, and also fresh carriers to replace those who only agreed to accompany me as far as the Kuiba.

In a few days Cinyama came up, and I found that men who would not engage with me in Bihé had no hesitation in doing so at my camp at the Kuiba, now they were away from the power of the Bihé chiefs; gradually my little camp began to increase in size. Huts were built by our little company as they came along, and I had time to humour my men to the best of my ability, packing and re-packing the loads so as to bring them into the shape most convenient for them to carry. Thus we became acquainted with one another, and prepared for a final start for the far interior.

OUR COMPANY.

A few typical African characters are to be found in our company. Chipooka stammers as he speaks, but is lively under all circumstances; has a bad festering toe, which, however, does not prevent him carrying his sixty-pound load. Though limping badly, his only response to expressions of sympathy is a broad grin. Saombo is another representative man, perfectly hideous in his looks, but vanity has made his ugliness appear comical. All who come to camp, he seems to think, have come to see him. So as soon as a few strangers gather, he is not prepared for more hut-building or wood-cutting, but must go and sit down in front of them, laughing and clapping his thighs with delight, and trying to crack jokes. Then we have the sulky grumbler amongst us, who has always something to complain of. Now his load is not right, next his rations, then his pay, or a thorn pricks his foot and he can carry no longer that day. The work has to be done, but certainly not by him. Only one or two of such in a company can reasonably be borne with.

I spend each evening sitting round the camp-fire with my men, trying in a thousand ways to convey to them intelligent thoughts as to my mission. It is of the first importance that they should understand me, and be able to give an answer to the thousands in the interior who will ask them what this white man has come for.

In reviewing the occupants of my camp I must not overlook my faithful dog and a parrot. The latter I bought for a trifle for the sake of my boys, and he is a great help to them, as he seems

to watch for times when all are quiet and dull, and then breaks out in imitation of an old man's laugh, or makes some ridiculous remark, and so relieves their monotony.

RUM IN DEMAND.

The country for some distance beyond this point is rather thinly populated, so that we had to lay in an extra stock of food, mainly of cassava meal. The chief of this district presented me with an ox, the meat of which I cut up in strips and dried in the sun for future consumption. Calico cloth was the only article the natives would receive in return for their produce, although, of course, they would very gladly have taken rum. When they heard that a white man had come to their country, they naturally expected that he would have plenty of rum with him, and they made constant demands for it, and could scarcely be persuaded that I had none.

MEN WANT PAY IN ADVANCE.

November 9th.—My men make request for their pay. From what I hear them say among themselves, they seemingly do not trust me, and fear that when I get to the interior, and under the protection of a powerful chief, I shall not pay them as much as I promise. At last I consented to pay each man twenty-four yards of fine cloth, leaving the equivalent of other eight yards each to be paid in beads at the journey's end. This reduced my stock somewhat, and when it was tied up again I had but twenty-one men's loads, counting tent and everything. Every one, however, appears now to be satisfied and in good spirits. In the evening a letter came across the country from Kapoko, full of expressions of his good feeling towards me, and telling my carriers that if they injured "Monare" they injured Kapoko. It is evident that Kapoko did what he could, underhand, to hinder my leaving Bihé, but now that I am well away six days' journey, and am likely to succeed, he sends these assurances of his good will.

10th.—We were ready to move forward to-day, but the rain prevented us, giving me leisure to go over the roll of my carriers and travelling companions. There are seven "sekulos," who

look after the carriers; twenty-one men porters, and four boys; besides those who merely travel with me for their own convenience—namely, six natives of Garenganze, sent out by their chief to hunt up trade, who willingly accompany me; and a mulatto, sent by a Portuguese trader to exchange a little cloth and powder for ivory: he has three or four men to take his loads. Another mulatto, father of one of my carriers, goes to see if he can get some work from the Garenganze chief in the way of sewing. A few other Bihéans, who go to trade in different parts, make the company about sixty.

11*th.*—Made an early start this morning; followed along the course of the Kaluja river, reaching a few villages known as Kasombo.

12*th.*—Remained here buying food, as the country on ahead is said to be very destitute of it. These villages of Kasombo are inhabited by Valoimbe people, the last of the tribe in this direction. They are on the whole a fine-looking people, and have a serious, self-possessed air about them. Large, intelligent-looking foreheads, and very fantastically-dressed hair, are conspicuous among them.

13*th.*—Travelled for seven hours to-day through a country almost entirely void of man or beast. Camped by the side of a deserted village; people all gone to the south.

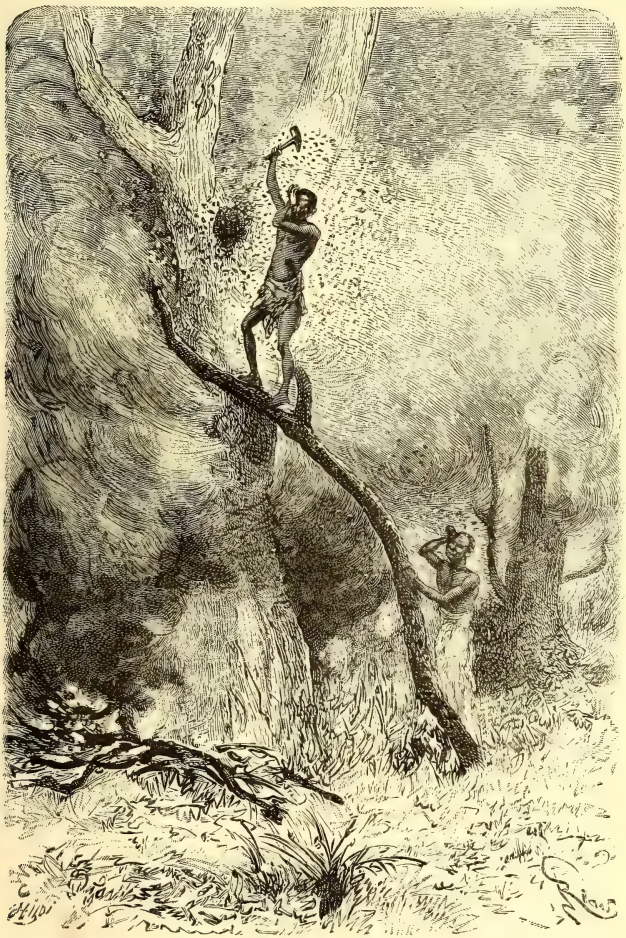
14*th.*—Seven hours' further journey through beautiful country; crossed three good-sized rivers (unknown to map-makers), and camped by the Yalowa. No signs of inhabitants anywhere.

THE CHIBOKWE COUNTRY.

November 15*th.*—Met travellers going west, and sent a letter to Benguella.

We are now in the Chibokwe country. The people I have met thus far seem to be wholly devoted to procuring beeswax; and when out hunting for it, they live for weeks almost entirely on the honey. They also make a drink from the honey, a kind of mead, the honey being mixed with water and fermented in large calabashes. As they drink this warm in the morning it keeps them in a half-dazed condition all day. They extract the wax from the comb by a simple process of boiling, and then put it through a sieve made from bark fibre, by beating and rubbing.

The wax is left to gather on the surface of the water, and is then collected, pressed by the hands into balls, cast into large cakes, and sold to Bihé traders.



Beeswax Hunters.

One morning Cinyama was rather slow to leave camp, and it was evident that he had been allured by some of these Chibokwe to share with them a calabash of mead. Starting on alone after the caravan, he was overtaken and stripped of his shirt and hat

by a company of bee-hunters, and on arriving in camp again he looked somewhat ashamed at having been robbed in such an ignominious way.

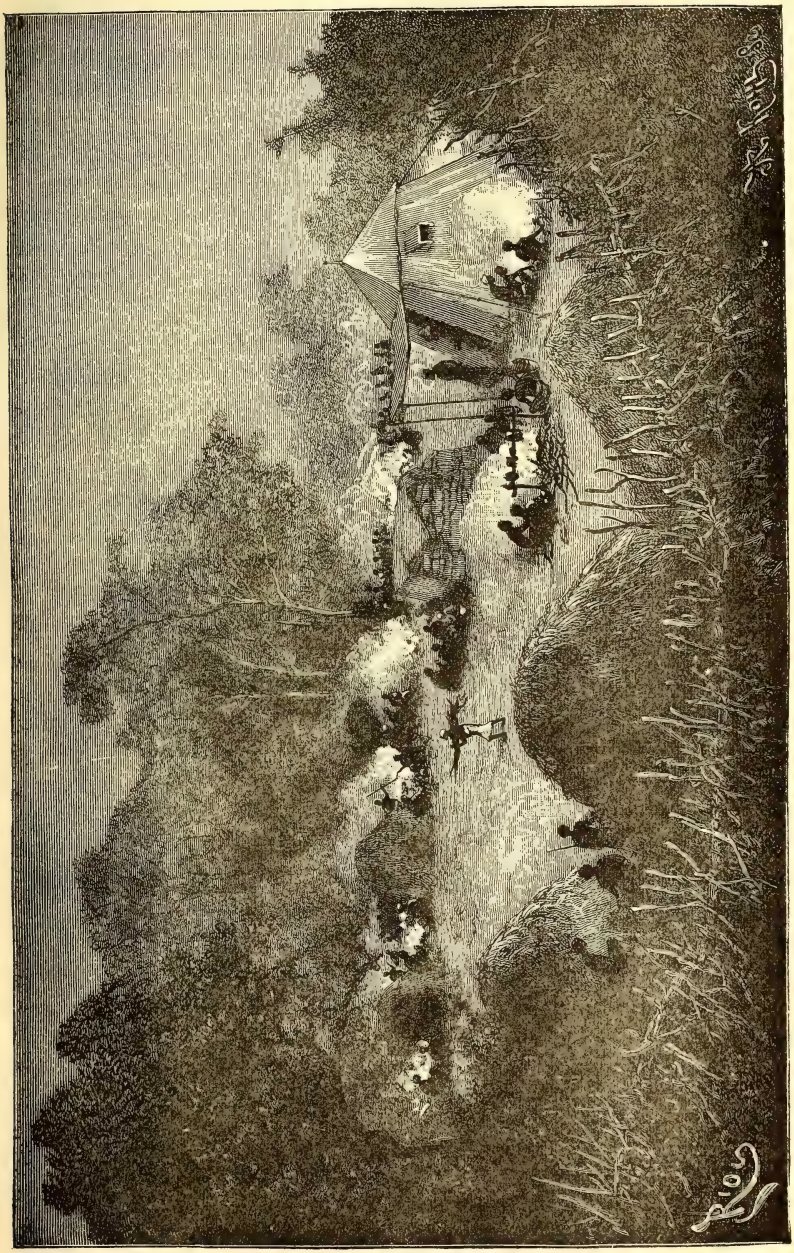
AFRICAN CAMPS.

Our camping-places are generally on the borders of some forest belt. My men are always on the look-out for shelters which have been built by former native travellers. Many of these have been so often used by passing caravans that they assume the appearance of old stackyards in some ill-kept farm.

The manner in which these shelters or huts are made is very simple but effective. Poles are cut in the forest with a natural fork at one end. Three or four of these are placed together, much as soldiers would pile their rifles. Poles and branches are rested against them, and in the rainy season all is covered with a heavy thatching of grass. African grasses are so long, and so abundant, that it takes but a short time for the men to secure enough to make an efficient covering for their hut or shelter. The wind, however, is apt to make sad havoc of these shelters, and sometimes when a storm comes on suddenly they prove delusive refuges. The next travellers who come along repair them with fresh grass, and thus save the time which would be occupied in building new ones. There is always a great danger of fire in old camping-places, and I am often nervous about my men sleeping in them. They are so fond of keeping large fires burning at night that I generally pitch my own tent at some distance.

DAILY ROUTINE.

The daily programme in travelling through a country like this, where but few villages are met with, is much as follows: By break of day all in camp are astir. African porters require no breakfast in the morning. They get up from their camp-fires, wash their hands and face with a little water placed by their side the night before, buckle on their belts, shoulder their 60 lbs. bale of cloth, bag of beads, or box, and with flint-lock musket in hand, trot off. Someone begins a solo in a high key, all joining in the chorus. Very little regard is paid to waiting for orders; all that must be settled the night before. It is enough if they understand that they are to march next day, and every one hastens to get well along the road in the cool of the morning.



A CAMP AT NIGHT.

Dick has always a cup of black coffee ready for me, and a mouthful of food (left perhaps from the previous night's supper), which I take by way of breakfast while struggling into my boots. My bedding is rolled up by the man who carries it, and who is usually importunate and impatient to get off. In the roll which contains my bedding I generally have an overcoat, spare clothing, a few pieces of calico, and other things which one may need during a day's journey. The tent is pulled down and bundled up in the most unceremonious fashion. A few of the *sekulos* of the party who are hanging over the camp-fire for a final whiff of the common pipe—which is passed round from one to another—are the last to follow the caravan, which by this time has probably crossed a little stream in the hollow, and is disappearing in the forest on the other side. These men act as a sort of rear-guard, helping any who may have to drop out of the caravan to tie up their loads again, and also protecting them against robbers.

One or two halts are made by the way, and much difficulty is sometimes encountered in crossing rivers, but all press on bravely for the next camping-place, which is generally reached by eleven or twelve o'clock in the day.

Some of the more knowing of the party are then told off to scour the country in search of food, while the others busy themselves in making their shelters as snug and comfortable as possible, and the ingenuity they manifest in doing so affords me no little amusement. Towards evening those who have gone off to purchase food will return, laden, perhaps, with bunches of Indian-corn heads, carried on sticks across their shoulders, and baskets filled with sweet potatoes, etc. The Ovimbundu carrier, however, depends chiefly for food upon beans, and a thick porridge made of maize meal. Of the latter he is able to eat an immense quantity, and of its nourishing qualities there can be no question; for such a man seldom takes more than one good meal in the twenty-four hours, during which he is able to take a long and arduous journey, heavily laden with the white man's goods.*

* This Indian-corn meal was my staple article of food during the greater part of my seven years' stay and travel in Africa; and I found it most wholesome and nutritious.

ON HIGH GROUND.

November 16th.—We passed through a country interesting with reference to the water-system of Africa. In the early morning we left the Kutia, flowing N.W. towards the Quanza. An hour and a half later on we reached the head of the Monyañgwe, running N.E. to the Kassai, which flows into the Congo. Another hour and a half's journey and the head of the Elume was reached; this river flows S.E. to the Zambesi. All the way we encountered very heavy, drenching rains, and before we got into camp everything was more or less wet through.

17th.—To-day we travelled but a short distance, and halted to open bales and dry our goods wetted with yesterday's rain.

18th.—Marched for eight hours; compelled to press on for want of food.

19th.—Late this afternoon we reached a few cultivated fields. It was a refreshing sight, telling us that a trying portion of our long journey was over.

PEHO.

November 20th.—Reached Peho, a place marked on maps with a dot and circle round it, causing me to expect something like a town. I found, however, nothing but a few grass huts buried in a forest of trees. The chief, Sama Kalenge, showed himself to be greedy and drunken. He was quite a boy. I gave him thirty yards of cloth, and had to add to it a jacket, pair of trousers, hat, shoes, and a lot of smaller things. It was a case of give and get on, or refuse and starve, for scarce a bit of food could be got at any price. Indeed, the fellow made me quite nervous by his constant begging, and then demanding. He would pry into everything—sit on my chair, take off my hat, feel my skin, let off my gun, and would not let me be quiet. When I tried to speak to him seriously, he would begin telling me about his three mothers and two fathers with an ingenious logic, showing that these five sharers of the marvellous were equally worthy of presents, which would, of course, fall to him.

22nd.—In spite of the heavy, overhanging clouds we started this morning, glad at the very thought of getting away from Peho. We had not gone far, however, when the rain came down in one steady pour, and lasted for two hours. We kept steadily

on, however, to the head of the Luena River. A glimpse of fair weather gave the men time to build their camp.

23rd.—Constant rain this morning, so we remain in camp. A little manioc (cassava) is to be had from the few people about here. The Luena seems to spring out of the ground, immediately assuming the appearance of a large river.

24th.—Driving rain from the east, and very cold, but my men were not to be restrained; on they would go, in spite of me, so I had to strike my tent and start. "Cold and rain will not kill us," they said, "but hunger will. We must get to some place where there is food." Our course lay along the north bank of the Luena, and after a five hours' journey we crossed the river and camped immediately.

NIGHT ENTERTAINMENTS.

November 25th.—Left the banks of the Luena and marched for seven hours through one large virgin forest; *i.e.* not annually swept by grass fires like other parts of the country. It was most tortuous work, it being impossible to step out of the deep, narrow path, as the whole forest seemed to be covered by layer upon layer of fallen trees and branches, all of which were woven together into one woody mass by a long dense, ferny moss. Camped at the head of the Shemoi River, where I had to dispense rations to my men and give a present to a small chief. Crowds of people came to the camp, and were most intent on giving presents. Two pigs, a goat, and fowls were thrust upon me, and not content with feeding me, they made an entertainment with drums and dancing, which was kept up in my camp the whole night long, until nine the next morning. A shower of rain fell during the night, but their delight was seemingly not at all affected by it. It is needless to add how gladly I would have dispensed with such a demonstration.

26th.—Remain here to buy food. Mosiko, the chief, came to visit me; a very quiet-looking old man. I told him as best I could, through Kasoma, my reasons for having come to his country; but I have a poor interpreter, who is himself very slow to understand, and whose knowledge of the Chibokwe is small. I do not know if I mentioned before that the young man Antonio, on whose interpreting I depended, has gone off in the

employment of a Portuguese trader, at much higher pay than I could afford to give him.

27th.—A very hot day. Made but a short journey along the Shemoi. Crowds of people lined the path, shouting, dancing, and singing in a very excited way. It seems that I am the first white man who has ever passed this way; Cameron's road was much to the north. Camped at Boma's. This small chief seemed to be a very reasonable man, and for the eight yards I sent him he gave me a full return in a good-sized pig. It seems to be a matter of general surprise that a white man should travel with so few carriers; they are accustomed to the passing of native caravans twice or thrice as large as mine. I have given up buying anything myself from the natives, as whenever I offer to buy they double their price right off. "Is it not a white man? Will he cut his cloth up into little pieces?"

Hearing the villagers were coming to play in my camp this evening, I confess that a cold sweat broke over me at the very thought of it. The days at this time of the year are scorching, especially in this valley, and the nights but reflect the heat of the day in a more breathless way, so that sleep is hardly possible; but add drums and singers, and the case is hopeless. I sent a present of meat to the village, beseeching them not to come to my camp. They were not willing, however, to give up the idea, but kept on the other side of the Shemoi river, and drummed and danced there all night long.

28th.—This morning I was escorted a long way on the road by a band of children—laughing, singing, merry little ones; no sight so reminds me of home, and none is so touching. Camped by the Dala Cavala; many villages all around, and food abundant.

CARRIERS REFRACTORY.

November 29th.—Remained in camp. Four of my men laid down their loads, and refused to go further. I told them that if they meant to return they could do so, and I would say nothing, but that I would certainly take from them what I had given, and would further bring a charge against them on my return to Bihé. In this nearly all the rest of the men supported me, and by evening they had decided to take their loads and go on quietly. Spent most of the afternoon reading and explaining, as best I could,

passages of Scripture in Portuguese to the two mulattoes who are with me; they in turn explained to my carriers, who told all over again to the crowd of aborigines around. This is, I may say, the only way of interpreting. Anyone who knows the thick darkness which possesses the minds of these people will understand how little of the truth of the Scriptures read will reach the aborigines, much less be understood by them. Still, I was encouraged in remembering Psalm cxxxix.: "Made in secret; curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth." How blessed is the service of our God! He leadeth captivity captive, and giveth gifts unto men.

SUMBULA'S GENEROSITY.

November 30th.—Early this morning we again reached the Luena river, now quite a large stream, and had much trouble in getting the goods across dry by a roughly-made bridge, half sunk in the river. I took my ox further up to clear water, and drove him across, and then rolling my clothes round my head, like a great turban, I swam after him. A short way from the river a small chief met us with his drum beating, and with a goat as a present, to induce me to camp by his town. It was early in the day, but speed is no object now when food is plentiful, and desiring to be as much among the people as possible, we camped where he asked us. His name is Sumbula, a sensible-looking man, very anxious that I should accept an ox as a present. I refuse it, however, and shall be content with a goat. I know that in return he would expect powder, calico, and clothing in proportion.

December 1st.—At Sumbula's request I remain with him to-day. He has been most importunate about my receiving his gift, and seeing that I was afraid to eat his ox, because of the recompense it would entail, he gave me a receipt for the ox in full as if I had bought and paid for it. This he did, as is the custom amongst the Chibokwe, by first declaring the matter to his people, then taking a twig, breaking it in two and throwing a part over each shoulder. The whole twig in front of him represented the question on hand; the twig broken and cast behind the chief's back, the question decided and forgotten; for even to refer to a matter after it has been formally settled in this way is con-

sidered by the Chibokwe as scandalous. After this I had not the face to refuse the ox any longer, and so we ate it. Sumbula spent the afternoon with me, and was very pleased to talk as long as I liked. I gave him a hat and a dress of print-cloth as a token of our friendship, and he gave a guide to take us to the next camp by a shorter route. He could not, however, spare me the ordeal of drumming at night in camp; five drums and about thirty voices left little time for sleep.

2nd.—Arrived at the head of the Chonga river. Here there were many villages, and a perfect crowd of people came to the camp, all very well-behaved, I must say. The pressing and crowding until late at night to get a look at the white man was somewhat trying; they meant well, so I had no option but to take it patiently and all in good part. Many from these villages had gone off with a raiding party to the Lunda country, and had fared badly; a few of them passed my camp to-day in a sad state, telling of many who had been killed.

KANGOMBE, A POWERFUL CHIEF.

December 3rd.—Reached the capital of Kangombe to-day. The Chibokwe country is passed, and I am now in the Lovale; *i.e.* "The Flats." The Balovale (people of the flats or plains) are in many respects superior to the Bachibokwe, in the sense that they make better inhabitants of a country, being less given to wandering. I am amused to see how fond they are of singing-birds; these have a regular current value among them, and their neatly-made cages are to be seen hanging about all their villages. I notice here, close by my camp, that they have made a large fish-dam. I have never before seen natives, untaught by whites, dam a river for any purpose. Kangombe is quite a powerful man, the leader of all the Balovale and many of the Bachibokwe in war; his power is recognised between the kingdoms of the Barotse, the Garenganze, and Muate Yanvo of Lunda. I sent him a small present.

4th.—Remained in camp. Kangombe came to see me; a very small-looking man indeed, who seemed quite afraid to come into my tent, and wanted to sit down on the ground. I gave him my chair, but that was another difficulty for him. How was he to sit on it? At last he ventured sideways on the furthest corner of

it, looking suspiciously at the back of the chair. He never asked for anything, but kept looking about him, and then at me, with a pair of eyes like needles for sharpness. When I observed him afterwards speaking to his own people, I saw what I suspected was the case—that the little slim, wiry body, so cautious in its movements, was full of activity and energy. He was sorry I could only remain with him one day, and gave me a goat as a present.

5*th*.—Marched for Kobongo; crowds of people everywhere; country very flat and full of marshes. Travelling is most trying work over these exposed flats, under a vertical sun. I should suppose that there is a splendid opening for mission-work here; crowds of people on all hands. The country *may* be unhealthy to a European, but the natives, judging from their looks, find it healthy; they have not the sunken eyes and sallow skins of the Barotse and others who inhabit marshy countries. They tell me that in the dry season it is so cold that "the trees and grass dry up;" so there must be some degrees of frost annually, owing, I suppose, to the altitude and exposed nature of the country.

THE TRIBES TO THE EAST OF BIHÉ.

As to-morrow I expect to meet with a caravan bound westwards, I will sum up this portion of my diary with general remarks upon the inhabitants of the countries east of Bihé.

The Va- or Ba-loimbe, living along the Quanza and three days' journey east of that river, seem to be naturally a quiet, industrious people, given to fishing, herding cattle, and the manufacture of native pottery. They have been much disturbed by the inhabitants of Bihé, and everywhere there are the remains of what were once large villages, burned down by those robbers.

Next come the Bachibokwe, a wandering people seeking for beeswax or hunting game; they work in wood and iron very neatly, and expend much ingenuity in ornamenting their guns and other weapons. They have the name of being very quarrelsome and ready to fall out with travellers. But I experienced nothing of the kind, except that a company of beeswax hunters robbed one of my men who had fallen behind the caravan. They build very mean-looking villages—mere camps, in fact, hid among the trees, and often far from water.

I met some of the Balovale before at the Barotse, and I retain the opinion first formed of them—that they are a race of exceptionally manly-looking people. Much of their language I understand, it being of the pure Bantu stock. They cultivate manioc and massanga (birdseed) largely, and are rich in domestic animals—oxen, goats, and pigs.

THE KIFUMADSHE FLAT.

Between the Quanza and Peho the population is very scanty, and food is scarce; cartridges seem to be the currency most in use. After Peho is passed, food begins to be more plentiful. Salt and cartridges are about the only things asked for, but I managed to buy all I needed with cloth and dried fish, brought with me from the Quanza.

I am now within three days of the Kifumadshe Lake. Though it is not the dry season, my journey has been most enjoyable. I rejoice in this opportunity of again testifying to our Lord's keeping, providing care, and to the justness of His reproaches when He said to His disciples who had embarked with Him, "Why reason ye because ye have no bread? Do ye not yet perceive, neither understand? have ye your heart hardened? . . . When I brake the five loaves among the five thousand, how many baskets full of broken pieces took ye up? . . . Do ye not yet understand?"

December 6th.—To-day I encountered the caravan I was expecting, the leader of which, a son of Chipongi, chief of Bihé, took charge of my letters. I also heard of a caravan of Garenganze men being at the Lumese river; they have got into trouble with the natives, and have had some of their ivory taken from them. Camped in the evening by a small lake called Kalundu.

7th.—My men crying out for more rations, and won't go on.

8th.—The Garenganze caravan has passed my camp. Their leader said some of his men were afraid to go on to Bihé, and wanted to return with me.

11th.—By this date we had crossed the Lumese River, and reached the edge of the Kifumadshe *Flat* (there is no lake as marked in the map). The river of this name rises in the centre of a flat, flooded and impassable from January to April or May; it could not even be called a marsh, as the ground here is sandy

and firm, with grass and trees growing upon a host of mounds made by ants.

12*th.*—Very wet to-day. I managed to kill a large antelope last night, and gave my men the meat, so they are in better spirits than usual. On the whole they have been most trying; never, even for a day, content, and fighting like wolves among themselves.

13*th.*—Started *wading* to-day, and all got into camp very tired. I found some huts, extending over a space of about a square mile, and built on dry mounds, the work of former travellers.

14*th.*—Water about knee-deep all day; got to another group of half-dry mounds; I pitched my tent with great care, and by setting each foot of my chair on an ant hill, managed to keep above water.

15*th.*—Got on to dry ground again, and camped on the south bank of the Kifumadshe River.

CARRIERS CLAMOUR FOR MEAT.

December 16*th.*—Crossed the river and camped quite late. Here my men began to misbehave to the best of their ability—laying down their loads, demanding more rations, then meat: "Meat, Monare, give us meat; why won't you hunt? you are starving us." I lifted my gun to go. I was, I must confess, sadly out of temper, and kept scolding them while I was tugging the cover off my gun, when it suddenly went off, shattering the point of my left fore-finger. There was no one who could dress a wound, so I thought the cleanest and safest way would be to cut off the top joint of the finger. I got a lancet out of my case, and my man, Kasoma, cut according to my directions. This effectually cooled my anger; indeed, I was compelled to rejoice at the mercy of God. Two verses came forcibly to my mind: "You only have I known of all the families of the earth: therefore I will punish you for all your iniquities;" and "The Lord loveth judgment, and forsaketh not His saints." I ate a good supper, slept well, and was first off next morning, and first in camp at Kasombo, a clump of villages at the head of the Lutembwa river. Yesterday I passed Lake Dilolo far to the right, only seeing the water glistening between the hills. I would have gone by the lake, but because of my ox I was compelled to avoid it, the way being marshy in places.

LUNDA COUNTRY.

This is now Lunda country, although the Balovale are everywhere to be met.

December 18th.—Remained in camp, my men buying fish. The chief here treated me very meanly, I consider; after claiming an extra large tribute, he sent me in return only some rotten fish and meal.

19th.—A short journey along the Lutembwa brought us to another small chief. Being a relative of Katema's, he would have me remain next day, which I did to my sorrow. All forenoon was spent in holding out against his demands. I had given him eight yards of cloth, for which he gave me a goat, and then wanted more cloth, a jacket, etc. After four or five hours of this work I began to dose in my chair, and the chief rose and left; he sent his man in the morning, however, to ask for more. I could but refuse, and tell the man to go home.

20th.—My friend of yesterday almost succeeded in revenging himself for my stubbornness by giving me a guide with instructions to mislead me and take me to Dilolo. One of my men, however, detected him, and I dismissed him with little ceremony. Camped at Kapwita. Here no less than three chiefs turned up. One called himself the chief of the Lunda residents; another, the chief of the Lovale residents; and the third, the "man of the country" or land. I managed to get them appeased in measure. In spite of their troublesome ways there is much about these Balunda I like. Their villages are kept clean, and they have good gardens, and the men work in the fields as well as the women; this is also common among the Balovale. They seem to be more "religious" than their neighbours. One sees continually in the forests small clearings about the trunk of some immense tree, with a double rail round, and some "fetish thing" in front, in the shape of a horn or image, and there the people come to offer to their forefathers. Many fetish huts are also to be seen in their villages.

21st.—Crossed the Lutembwa Valley to-day. It is flooded, and covered with a forest of immense trees, which have large-spreading roots like the mangrove. We waded for some hours through this dense forest. The emerald-green mosses, shining through the water, contrasted beautifully with the pale ferns clustering round and among the tree-roots, and with icicle-like mosses, which hung

in long delicate festoons from the branches at every opening in the forest. Camped in the afternoon at Old Katema (New Katema is at Dilolo.) The chief happened to be at this town, and I sent him the usual present.

A FRIEND OF LIVINGSTONE'S.

December 22nd.—This morning Katema sent me a present of a woman slave with infant in arms—a pitiful sight. The chief's messengers said that food was to follow, but that Katema could not give to a white man a present of food only. I asked them as a favour to take the woman back; and if they would only send her to her own village and among her own people, and never think of giving her away again to strangers, I should be more than pleased. The chief, however, did not quite understand my message, and thought I had refused the slave because she was full-grown, and so he sent back word that to-morrow he would send me a young boy or girl. Though suffering a good deal from my finger, which was ulcerating, I determined to go to his village and explain the matter.

I found he was a good-looking man. He knew Livingstone, and was sorry to hear of his death; was quite satisfied with my explanation about the slave. We parted in the evening the best of friends. I am sorry I cannot spend more time with this Katema; but I am hastening to Nana Kandundu, where I hope to get a little rest, and where many of my men, I hear, intend to leave me.

HELPED BY ARMY ANTS.

December 23rd.—The carriers seem to have got over their fright at my finger being injured, when many of them said it was their fault. Now they have begun clamouring again for more rations. A band this morning have gone through the camp, threatening to belabour with leather thongs the first to lift his load. I left the matter entirely in the Master's hands, being assured that if Katema was the place to which He had sent me, He would not allow me to go further. So I withdrew from the camp, never dreaming that a march could be made to-day. While sitting on a log I suddenly saw a general move among the men; they came out, one after another, and went off, scarcely saying a word. The truth was, the camp was literally alive with "army ants," which

came rushing in from all directions, and anyone who knows anything about the African army ant will at once understand why my carriers turned out so speedily. I can most truthfully say I was willing to remain at Katema, but the Lord prevented my doing so. In the evening I camped at Kalilangumbu, a cluster of fishers' huts.

24*th.*—Reached the village of a small female chief.

25*th.*—Lost our path, and wandered up and down the bush all day; finally we struck the Loambo river, and camped.

QUARRELS.

December 26*th.*—A long day's journey brought us to Katonge. Here the hills on the east side of the Zambesi are in sight. My brave men, having ceased for the time to quarrel with me, have been letting out their spleen one against another. On the road they had two free fights with sticks. Then they fell on the Garenganze men who are with me, and took a gun from them.

27*th.*—Remained in camp this morning to settle the dispute. My men say that their fellows were robbed some time ago by men from the interior, that the Garenganze came from the interior, and therefore they must now pay them for their fellows' loss. I paid 12 yards of calico to get back the gun, seeing it was useless to dispute with people bent on robbery.

28*th.*—Another quarrel this morning between my men and the people of the country. A little dog in the camp was ill and vomited, and a native, who had come to sell meal, sat down beside the dog, and some of the vomit came on his arm. We all declared it was his own fault, and would not pay for this offence; so he and his friends waylaid us on the road, caught a straggler, and took his gun from him. Camped on the east bank of the Luvua, a large river flowing into the Zambesi. Here there is a Lovale colony under a chief named Fela. They have established themselves in the Lunda country by sheer force.

WATER TOO ABUNDANT.

To-morrow I expect to meet a Bailundu caravan bound for the west, so I close this part of my journal. I do not send any sketch-map of route taken, as I shall have to go over the ground again before I can be at all correct, the rivers being very

numerous, and so many names alike. This part of my journey has been particularly trying because of the amount of water encountered on the road; rivers and marshes were full. Scarcely a day has passed but I have been soaked to the waist in water or mire. My health, however, is excellent. Since entering on these flats many of my men have had fever—three are down with it now—but I have been kept perfectly free from it.*

To-morrow we should arrive at Nana Kandundu, the town of a female chief, where many of my carriers will leave me. I purpose to remain there a month or so, and then go on with the Garenganze men and such of my carriers as will consent to do so, the rest of my loads being left at Nana Kandundu. Ten days' journey will take me to the Lualaba river, the border of the Garenganze country, and other ten days to Msidi's capital, and I hope that he will send men back for the loads left.

Nana Kandundu will, I think, be a good centre for future work, as nearly all the interior roads meet there. It will also be less difficult to engage carriers from Bihé for Nana Kandundu than for the Garenganze. I don't think there will be much difficulty in getting loads conveyed from there on, by Garenganze men.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER.

December 29th.—I have a fixed assurance that this labour and travelling will not be in vain, for I realise the presence of the Lord in a precious and assuring way, so that my days and nights are spent in constant peace. I can show few *results* of missionary work; little that men can see. I suppose the humblest Sunday-school teacher may be winning more souls to Christ than I; but I am content. I know they will not say they have "no need" of me, neither shall I say so of them.

I was much refreshed the other night while reading the passage where the Lord said, "Wherever this gospel shall be preached *throughout the whole world*, this also that she hath done shall be spoken of." Was there a single spot on the whole earth yet to be reached that was hidden from His eyes when He uttered those words? His words seemed also to say, "Wherever those who love Me as she loves Me go to tell of Me, there will I be," for the

* On my recent journey from Garenganze I avoided this marshy country.

spirit of *commanding* is entirely absent. I connected these thoughts with the words of David, when he longed for a drink of the well at Bethlehem. The words spoken to Isaiah, "Who will go for us?" also show that the Lord seeks those who willingly offer themselves.

I suppose some of my friends at home are thinking it is sheer headstrongness on my part pushing so far again into the interior, as yet without even a fellow-helper. All I can say is, it is evident to me that the Lord has brought me thus far. I am as willing to go further as to remain here. The whole ground is to be occupied; His word, I believe, is to reach every part with the message of grace. I am willing to go to the furthest part in the service of Him who has proved Himself all to me; yea, much more than life. I love the gospel message most dearly, but God's whole word is also equally precious, and I shall ever consider it my highest privilege to be free to follow it *wholly*, wherever I go.

A FEMALE CHIEF.

December 30*th.*—A long march to-day brought us to Nana Kandundu's town. Towards the end of the journey I began to stoop as usual, and when I got into camp I was *down;* liver giving me great pain, being much swollen.

31*st.*—Was unable to get up to-day, and could not pay off the few men. How many, or rather how few, will go on with me is very uncertain. Nana Kandundu came to visit me. She is a smart-looking elderly woman, and seemingly quite equal to her position.

January 1*st*, 1886.—This morning I called my men together to give them rations, and to know who would journey further and who would not. I discovered that eight were willing to go on; the rest wished to return from here. I said, "All right," and gave them their rations. With these eight I shall start for Garenganze, and leave the rest of my loads here to be sent for.

2*nd.*—Busy packing and making ready, as some of my very small company may change their minds if I delay long here.

4*th.*—Paid a visit to the chieftainess, and arranged with her about leaving some of my loads. She promised to take every care of them.

On returning to camp in the evening I was distressed to find

my men negotiating with some wild Balunda for a woman slave and child (a little boy of five or six years). The woman had been bargained for, but the price of the child was disputed. At last the Balunda said they would not sell the child, and were pulling him out of the arms of his mother, who was clutching him frantically. At this I interfered, and stopped the proceedings. They took the hint; for before I had time to look round me, they snatched up their cloth, including the price offered for the child, and cleared away from the camp. This slave-buying is a wretched business. I am utterly powerless to interfere in the matter. It is seldom, however, that they purchase in camp; they usually go off to the villages to do this. Many of the Bihé traders say that they would rather have slaves than ivory. Every caravan we pass has strings of slaves.

6th.—Have sent fifteen loads to Nana's village, and am preparing to start to-morrow.

7th.—I stayed in camp again, hoping to hear of some carriers from this part.

MARCH FOR THE LUALABA WITH EIGHT CARRIERS.

January 8th.—Started this morning in fair style with eight brave carriers for the fifteen days' long march to the Lualaba—a risky journey to undertake, as we shall meet with no food by the way except that which I may procure with my gun. For my part, I am glad to be off, as I have been suffering the whole time at Nana Kandundu from my old Zambesi remittent fever, which shows me clearly that anywhere near the Zambesi is not the place for me. Marched for six hours; camped at Kamisambu by the Loungash. Here there are a few Balunda, but I only saw one man.

10th.—Marched for eight hours through beautiful country, more tropical-looking than any other part of Africa I have been in. Small rivers without number. During the day we were overtaken by several tremendous showers of rain, soaking everyone and everything thoroughly.

I got into camp at Maringa, feeling so cold that I was sure an attack of fever awaited me; but a big fire, a dose of quinine, and a cup of hot tea brought me round.

11th.—Made a late start this morning. Had some trouble

in arranging my carriers' loads. They were all overladen with meal, and blamed my loads for breaking their backs. Crossed the Luake, a large and rapid stream, but with much trouble, as there was a cataract at this point.

12*th.*—Reached Sacindonga early this morning. Here I met with a few wandering Balunda, but the country is practically desolate. Remains of former towns and large cultivated fields, now all weeds, exist on all sides. War parties from the Lovale, led chiefly by Kañgombe, have wrought these devastations.

13*th.*—Remain in camp this morning, as one of my carriers is ill, and the rest go off foraging for food in villages some distance away.

14*th.*—Marched this morning until mid-day. Camped at a place called Tambwe. No signs of inhabitants anywhere.

15*th.*—A toilsome day's journey. We lost our way, and wandered some hours before getting back to the path again. Camped about four in the evening.

16*th.*—Pushed on and made two ordinary days' journey in one, reaching a camp very late, but only to find it occupied by a company of Bihé traders from the Garenganze. They say I am now within sixteen days' journey of my destination—most welcome news.

17*th.*—In camp to-day. Men have gone off to the Zambesi River, which is quite near, to seek for food. We are all very tired, and want rest.

18*th.*—Camped early, as rain threatened.

19*th.*—This morning I gave up my ox to a lad in the company, who had been bought by one of my men at Nana Kandundu, and could not walk further. The carriers could not very well understand my doing so, as the white men to whom they are accustomed, generally advocate in such cases leaving the poor wretches to perish by the roadside. Reached the ill-famed camping-place of "Olohosi" in the afternoon. The name means "The Lions." There are many stories about natives camping here and being seized while asleep and carried off by lions. An extra barricade was built round the camp with great pains. A house had to be made for my ox, and every precaution was taken by my credulous crew, so that the lions had little prospect of supping at our expense that night.

Though many of the more "daring" of our number thought

they heard the monsters roaring at a distance during the night, I think that they have long since taken their departure from Olohosi, as, judging from the number of barricades, other passing travellers seem to have been as much on their guard against affording the lions a meal as we were.

20th.—My men were longer getting astir this morning than usual. We generally start about the time of the "cooing of the pigeons," but we did not this morning until "the dew was dry." Crossed the Lokoshe River, about twenty yards wide here. It flows into the Luburi, which empties itself into the Lualaba, so that I am now within the lines of the Congo Free State, and am doubtless the first white man who has crossed this way.

PRESSED BY HUNGER.

January 21st.—We have been now twelve days in this hungry country. The few beans we were able to bring from Sacindonga did not last long, and our sacks of cassava meal, bought at Nana Kandundu, are almost finished. I had hoped to have shot some game, but nothing is to be seen, not even the spoor of any. We were therefore forced to press on without losing any time. The bodies of two natives by the roadside, who had evidently died of hunger, certainly did not encourage us, though it was a warning for my men to take longer marches.

22nd.—Crossed the Luburi this morning—a heavy stream, thirty-five feet wide—upon a fairly good bridge. Camped at Kapa. Our food being now used up, all the carriers started off, as soon as we got into camp, for some Samba villages reported to be further down the Luburi; we hope they will return to-morrow.

23rd.—Men returned with only a few cassava roots.

Still pressing on. Crossed the Lufupa river about mid-day, and camped at dusk. We had scarcely made a shelter for the goods when the rain came down in sheets. The night was pitch dark; there was nothing but forest all round; every one was tired out, and we had no shelter. We managed, however, to go to sleep, and forget our hunger and destitution.

A MERCIFUL SUPPLY.

January 24th.—Men all gone off in search of Samba villages. I started on ahead with one man to look for game, following

a long while on the track of a zebra, encouraged even by its fresh footprints; but as they led across a marsh I gave up, and went on towards our next camping-place. When crossing a small flat I saw four pigs in the distance. Creeping up on all-fours I managed to get within one hundred and twenty yards of them, when they saw me and prepared to clear off. As one young hog turned to take another look at me, I took aim and fired. The lead entered his breast and traversed the whole body. The old hog turned back in a great rage to look after his fellow, when another bullet from my gun pierced his two shoulders, and he lay down with his head resting on the other. They were both of the wart-hog species; the old one a splendid animal, weighing over 200 lbs., and having tusks a foot in length. Thus the Lord delivered me and my men from sinking from sheer hunger; for we had nothing to eat.

When my men came along I had the greatest difficulty in keeping them off the meat; some were tearing it and eating it raw like wolves.

The country here is very beautiful, the forest not so dense, and the hills high and richly clad to the tops. Though this is the hottest time of the year the nights are quite cold. I never sleep without a fire in my hut, though I have blankets enough. During the day a cool breeze is always blowing. I presume the altitude is considerable.

25*th.*—Marched but a short way. I shall not soon forget the hearty expressions the men threw out one to the other as they marched along in Indian file this morning. "Don't you remember what things we said of the white man and his God? What names we called them! But the white man's God has not only been with us, but has filled our bellies with pig-meat." And so their eyes were not closed; they were willing to acknowledge that *God* had fed them.

Kasoma's wife is taken seriously ill. How she is to be got along I know not.

26*th.*—Made another short march to the Muilo copper mines. Some of the men have gone back to carry Kasoma's wife in a hammock.

27*th.*—Remained in camp. Men gone off in search of food.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

January 28th.—Started this morning early with two of my men to look for game; had gone but a short way when I saw that, up a valley, some animals were moving about in the long grass. Taking a round through the bush with one of my men I got up, by dint of careful stalking, close to the animals, when, to my surprise, I found myself in front of five full-grown leopards. I refrained from shooting, as their flesh could not have been of use, and I have no license to fight with wild animals. Four of the leopards cantered off at first sight of me; the old one remained, and seemed as if he would attack me, swinging his tail about and crouching. I kept my ground calmly, about twenty yards from him, with my rifle cocked. As soon, however, as he saw his four relatives off at a safe distance, he trotted slowly after them, then broke into a canter. Got into camp, late and tired. Kasoma's wife is riding on my ox to-day; it is the ambulance animal of the company.

THE LUALABA RIVER.

January 29th.—Crossing a hill this morning we came in full sight of the valley of the Lualaba—a beautiful view indeed.

An hour's journey along the bank of the river brought us to the ferry. We were all taken over without delay, and at length I set foot on Garenganze soil. Mangala, the chief of the ferry (who is here in place of Kasembe), received me well, cooking some food for me, and showing real hospitality.

The appearance of this man, and of his village, favourably impress me in view of future stay in this country.

30th.—Rested to-day. A hunter brought in the meat of a buffalo, so we have food enough. A relative of Msidi sent a large basket of beans, and having also bought some onions, I managed with the help of Dick to prepare quite a sumptuous feast.

DEATH OF KASOMA'S WIFE.

This afternoon we were saddened by the death of Kasoma's wife. News has also come in, of the killing of Kasembe, of Lake Moero (bearing the same name as the one just mentioned in connection with the Lualaba ferry), a chief who has long been

a sworn enemy of Msidi, till lately wandering at large with a few followers and hunted by the Garenganze.

Kasoma's wife was buried. My men went through the usual ceremony of questioning the corpse as to the cause of death. The answer was that a female slave, long since dead, had come to take her, because at the slave's death no drums were beaten. This reply was made out from the varied jerkings of the pole to which the corpse was tied, and which was borne on the shoulders of two men.

February 1st.—After a long march this morning, we camped during a drenching rain.

2nd.—Reached Moelo's town. All were delighted when we came to fields of corn and abundance of food—a very pleasant sight after so many days of hunger while passing through a deserted country.

3rd.—Remained in camp; my men eating to their hearts' content. Moelo sent me three baskets of corn and half a wild hog.

MOLENGA.

February 4th.—Marched to-day through beautiful hilly country. Camped in a hollow surrounded by steep hills, within two hours' march of Molenga's old town. I had sent a man on ahead yesterday to advise Molenga of my coming, as is the custom. To my surprise I had not been in camp more than ten minutes when people came to meet me, carrying loads of food—maize-corn, pumpkins, fresh beans, all cooked, and a load of corn besides.

5th.—Arrived at Molenga's old town; he has built another, an hour's journey further on. He sent a headman to greet me, and in the evening his three drummers came to escort us in our visit to him on the morrow. Molenga is the second man in the Garenganze kingdom, captain of the forces, etc.

6th.—Scarcely had we reached Molenga's this morning and built our camp when the chief's present arrived: a tooth of ivory (about 30 lbs.), a good fat goat, and twenty-nine loads of corn—enough to disconcert me; for I had only given him as yet eight yards of calico.

My first thought was to return the ivory, but all protested loudly against my doing so, saying I could not offer Molenga a greater insult. I went to greet the chief with nothing in my hand,

and was welcomed most warmly. He rose and gave me his seat, saying again and again, how glad he was to see me and how welcome I was to the Garenganze country.

7th.—Sent Molenga a present this morning, though nothing like the value of the ivory and food he gave me. Still he seems quite satisfied, and says that it is myself and not my goods that they welcome.

A HEALTHY SIGHT.

February 8th.—Upon going up to the chief's house this morning I was surprised to find none but women about the place. The natural conclusion was that the men were all away hunting; but no, they were all off in the fields with Molenga. Taking the path to the fields I found Molenga in the midst of a considerable clearing, directing twenty-five stalwart men, with long-handled hoes, which they were using in fine style, hoeing to the beat of a drum. It was what might be called a healthy sight. I sat down and talked awhile with the chief. In a short time women came with baskets of roasted corn for the hoers' breakfast. They tell me that it is the regular custom in this country for the men to do all the heavy work of tilling, and the women to do the after-work of clearing, etc., with light short-handled hoes.

9th.—Marched again this morning, and camped at Kalasa's town, on the east bank of the Lukuruwe river. Some messengers came into camp, sent by Msidi to overtake a company of his men, bound for Bihé, whom we met yesterday. It seems that one of the company, while stealing food in a field, killed a man who was attempting to defend his corn. On hearing of this Msidi sent to stop the men; not so much that the murderer might be punished as that certain rites might be performed to remove the stain of innocent blood. Otherwise some disaster might have befallen the party.

10th.—A toilsome march through beautiful hills. To the south lay the Sombwe Hill and others beyond, in which are the inhabited caves, which Livingstone was on his way to visit when death overtook him on the south of Lake Bangweolo.

11th.—A long tramp over very rough mountain country brought us to Uleya, only one day's journey from our destination.

12th.—Sent Kasoma with letter to Msidi and 26 yards of cloth.

13*th.*—Marched to Kuñgofo. Towards the end of the journey the road lay through well-tilled gardens for three miles.

A frightful storm came down shortly after we had camped and threatened to swamp everything. The cooking business was paralysed; we had to go to bed with what supper could otherwise be provided. My man Kasoma returned from Msidi with a small tooth of *very white* ivory, to indicate how white the king's heart was towards me.

JOURNEY ENDED.

February 14*th.*—A short journey brought us close to the capital. I was shown a hill close by where I might build. On getting to the spot it pleased me every way. It was in the midst of villages, on high ground, commanding a view of the whole country, but not difficult of approach.

February 15*th*, 1886.—Late this morning the king's messenger, who had come in the morning with promises of food, returned to say that, as the food had not arrived, Msidi had sent a small tooth of ivory to keep my heart up!

VIEW FROM MR. ARNOT'S COTTAGE.

V.

Stay in Garenganze.

(Feb., 1886, to Feb., 1888.)

Tests of my Sincerity—Public Reception—Arab Traders—Site for a House Offered—Visits in Neighbourhood—The Two Ways—My Household—Return of Fever—In Search of Food—A Change in Dick—The Blessings of Rain—Msidi's Rule—Waste of Corn—Polygamy—New Year's Reflections—The Sombwe Caves—Hyenas in Camp—Msidi's Reception-Day—Baptism of Dick—Arabs' Camp—Hungry Visitors—Death of Johnny—Charms for Caravan Journey—Adventure with Lion—Msidi's Kindness—Slave Children—How Saddle and Boots were Provided—Susi Baptized—Executions—A Night alone with Wild Animals—Surgical Operation—Two Years' Letters—Brethren at hand—Mataya and her Son Pardoned—Prepare for Fellow-Labourers—Mr. Swan's Notes—Interview with Msidi—Queen Chitompa's Return from War—Visit to England proposed.

TESTS OF MY SINCERITY.

February 15th, 1886.—I expected to have had an early interview with the king, but discovered that it was not the custom to receive entire strangers at once, so I was placed in a sort of quarantine. During this time they were deciding, according to their own wisdom and skill, whether my intentions in coming to the country were good or bad, and whether my heart was as white as my skin. Diviners and doctors from far and near were employed for this purpose.

Some of their tests were certainly rather childish, though they had a grim humour about them. One was the placing of a little piece of bark at night in a certain decoction of some carefully compounded native medicines. Next morning, if this piece of bark appeared quite sound, it would show that my heart was sound, and that I had come to the Garenganze country without evil intentions. If, however, this little fragment of bark turned out to be unsound, or in any way decomposed, it would have

proved that my heart was rotten, and that I was not to be trusted.

Another test was on this wise: They cut off the head of a live fowl, which was then thrown into the middle of the yard, and the diviner, watching its dying struggles, judged as to my designs from the position in which it lay when dead. If the neck had pointed in the direction of my camp, danger from that quarter would have been indicated; but if not, then I and my companions were clear. It so happened that after some days of such ceremonies and tests all things turned out in my favour. They had nothing against me, and so were willing to obey their king's command and unite in giving me a hearty welcome to their country.

PUBLIC RECEPTION.

On the day appointed for my reception by Msidi I rode down on my ox to the chief's town, meeting on the way large companies of people, who had come to greet me and my eight men, who had been careful to dress in their best for the occasion. At last we reached the yard where Msidi was awaiting me. I found him an old-looking man, with rather a pleasant, smooth face, and a short beard, quite white. As I approached he rose from his chair and came forward to meet me, folding his arms round me in the most fatherly way; indeed, his reception was quite affecting. Behind and on either side of him were large companies of women; these he introduced to me as his wives, of whom he has in all some five hundred. After the ceremony of shaking hands with wives, brothers, cousins, and other relatives was over, he sent for the nurse of one of his children, who brought a child about eighteen months old. This little boy was placed by Msidi upon my knee before all the company as his present, and he assured me that he was my child henceforth. Yota is the child's name.

I was rather pleased with the appearance of Msidi's sons. Indeed, all his family and people are wonderfully well behaved for Africans. Immorality is, of course, very great; but respectful, courteous behaviour towards one another is insisted upon by the king. He opposes all *hashish* smoking, and is not favourable to the use of tobacco in any form. He insists upon his sons acquiring a knowledge of useful employments. Kalasa, the

oldest, is quite a skilful worker in horn, making out of the horns of large animals powder flasks neatly mounted with copper and brass. Another of Msidi's sons is a proficient blacksmith. Their livelihood does not depend upon these trades, but they are followed as accomplishments.

The male portion of Msidi's communities, as I have already mentioned, have to do a large share of the manual labour, and the part Msidi takes in this is very commendable. Not only does he go to the fields with his people to labour, but he encourages his own sons to work, and so makes labour honourable. I have seen him go out every day with a large band of hoers for weeks together, and often stand in the middle of the field when rain was falling heavily, watching the workers. At other times his people would have left their work for shelter, but when Msidi was there they had to be "wet-weather soldiers."

ARAB TRADERS.

During my first interview with the king I was introduced to several traders, of Arab descent, from Zanzibar. The Arabs have been long in communication with the Garenganze country, which is known to them as "Katanga," famous all over Eastern Africa for its copper and salt. Arab caravans come from Lake Tanganyika in the north for copper to supply the markets of Uganda, the country in which Bishop Hannington was murdered.

I found that these Arabs made good use of their time at Katanga in promulgating infamous stories about the English. They were, I was told, most assiduous in their efforts to poison the mind of Msidi against me in particular, when they heard of my coming. After listening to a long harangue from them, however, he quickly replied, "I am sure I cannot answer your words. I do not know these English people. I certainly do not know this man who is now coming; but one thing I know—I *know you Arabs*." So he was prepared to suspend judgment concerning me from his knowledge of the men who were seeking to prejudice him against me.

DECLARE MY OBJECT IN COMING.

I had soon several interviews with Msidi, and was able by degrees to make known to him, in the Umbundu dialect, which he

understands very well, my object in coming to his country. He had heard of Livingstone's approach from the east, and of his death at Ilala, and was much interested when I told him that I was a man of peace like Livingstone, and hailed from the same country and town. I also told him that I was willing to remain among his people, and to send back Cinyama, with the few men who had come with me, to Bihé, to bring on others who might think of joining me in this country.

It was difficult, of course, in a few interviews fully to disclose to a mind so dark my true object in coming to the country. And I sought for special wisdom to explain to him the nature of my message, waiting for a suitable opportunity to present itself. I feared that were I to keep back from his ears the more bitter and pungent things in connection with the story of man's ruin and God's love, until afterwards, he would conclude that I had knowingly deceived him. One day he asked me to breakfast at his house, and our conversation went on, as at other times, respecting the nature and reality of God's existence. I then spoke to him in words like these: "Great and mighty chief as you are in the eyes of men, in the sight of God there is no difference between you and the poorest, vilest slave in your country, and you need God's mercy just as he does." My words impressed him, and I was uncertain for a few moments as to the result. At last, with an effort, he leaned forward thoughtfully, and said, "It must be so, if God is as great as you say; and if He is so high above us all, then we must be all the same in His sight."

Instead of driving me away from him, we were, through this plain speaking, drawn closer together, and our conversations became more frequent and interesting.

CHOICE OF SITE FOR A HOUSE OFFERED.

By way of confirming his hearty welcome to me to remain in his country, Msidi asked me to take my choice of sites in the neighbourhood of his great Mukurru. I determined not to do so hastily, but to make a few excursions in the neighbourhood. Accordingly I started, on March 29th, along the banks of the Unkeya. In the afternoon we reached the Lunsala district, where Marie, one of Msidi's wives, a mulatto from Bihé, has her

village and her many retainers. Thus far I was accompanied by one of the king's sons, who went for the purpose of introducing me to this important wife of his. This part of the Mukurru is flat and fertile, and it was interesting to see the great stretches of fields of millet-corn to the right and left.

Having remained in that neighbourhood for a day, I proceeded on my journey to the Lufira river. That evening I encamped on the banks of the Unkeya; and next morning, after a rather tiresome march over a very flat and thickly-wooded country, passing by the way fresh spoors of elephants on either side of us, I reached the Lufira. This river flows through a great grassy plain, more or less flooded during the rainy season, but dry in the summer and abounding with large herds of game. On the east side of the river there is a majestic range of mountains, rising abruptly from the plain to a height of about 3000 feet.

There were many villages along the Lufira, small and poorly built, and occupied chiefly by Lamba fishermen. I shot some animals for the men who were with me. The large herds of zebra, buffalo, and all kinds of antelope was a sight not readily forgotten. It is strange to find so many animals within thirty miles of so large a community of people as that found at Msidi's.

Upon my return to the capital, having visited all the more likely places for a suitable site, I determined to build my cottage on the hill where it now stands. Some passages from the diary of this period will show how I proceeded.

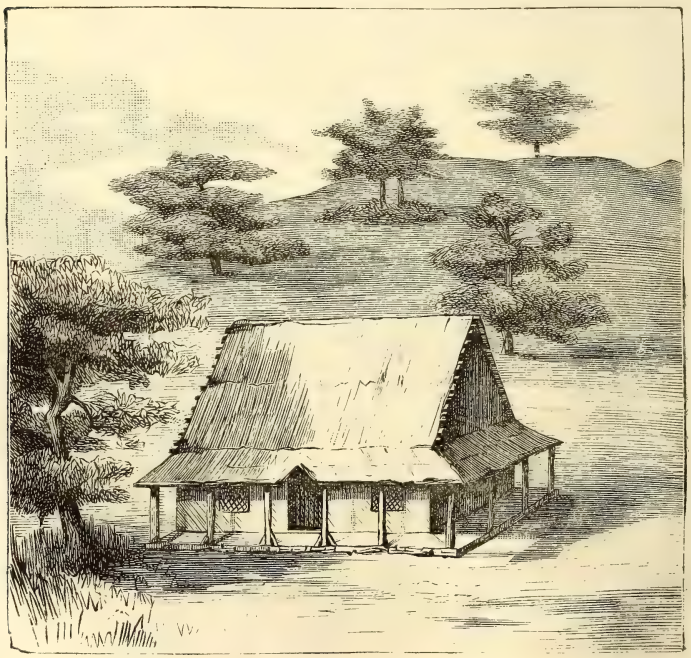
COMMENCE BUILDING.

April 5th.—Began clearing the ground, my object being to put my cottage up before Cinyama goes to the coast. Though Msidi promises me every help from his people, they are not so accustomed to build as the Ovimbundu. While some of the men who have come with me return to Nana Kandundu, with extra porters provided by Msidi, others will remain here to help in building.

After measuring out a piece of ground 30 feet by 15 I began to dig a deep trench for the foundation. The lads found nothing but rock under the surface, so that it was laborious work picking and digging a trench deep enough to well imbed the poles which

ANIMALS ON THE LUFIRA FLATS.

were to form the walls of the house. Whilst a few of us busied ourselves in digging out this trench others went to the bush to cut the poles, and for each one brought in I paid them 20 beads. The poles were then cut into equal lengths, and set up in the trench close together, in the same way as the fences of old railway-sleepers we are accustomed to see. Two openings were left for windows, and one large space in the middle for a door. Across the poles the men placed small canes, something like bamboo, which were bound on with cords of bark. These acted as laths in supporting the mud with which the walls were afterwards thickly plastered. The rafters I made of split teak wood, over which transverse slips of cane were bound, and the whole was carefully thatched with grass. A spacious verandah, six feet in width, I found of great service in promoting the circulation of cool air around the walls of the house. The doors were made of hewn planks.



THE COTTAGE.

I may here remark that the Ovimbundu carpenters can make two very good planks out of one tree. Their mode of doing so may be thus described. They first make a V cut along one side of the log, directed towards the heart of the tree. When they have carried this incision as far as they can with their short little axes they roll the log over, and begin at the opposite side, making another similar incision. As the points of these two Vs meet in the centre of the log it falls asunder, with the help of a little wedging. Each side is then levelled by the axes, which are so made that the blade can be turned at a right angle to the handle, and used as an adze. By this means they dress down both sides of each half-log, and make two good planks from one tree.*

April 22nd.—Alarming news reached me to-day about the little company I sent off to Nana Kandundu. One of their number came running into camp in a great state of excitement, saying he had travelled from the Lualaba river in four days, and that the lives of my Bihé men were in danger. News had also come that three Garenganze caravans had been plundered and many men killed—one at Bihé, another in the Lovale country, the third in the Lunda country, but all at the instigation of Bihé chiefs and traders, who thought that they had been unjustly dealt with in certain business transactions they had with Msidi. I went down to confer on the matter with the king, but he had little to say, so there is not much prospect of getting the few loads I left at Nana Kandundu brought on at present.

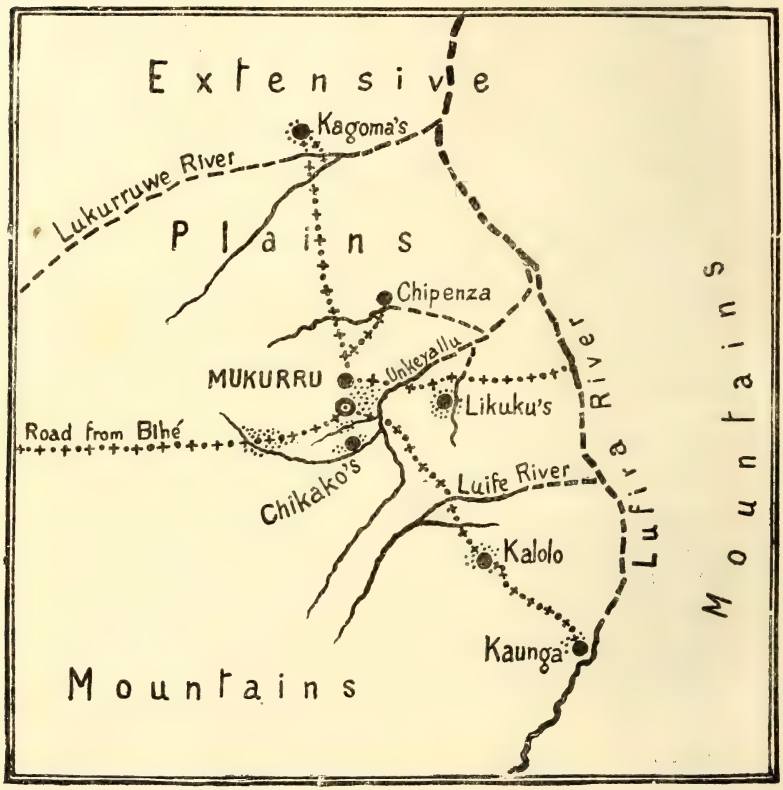
As soon as these troubles are in some way settled I hope to send Cinyama to Bihé.

VISITS IN NEIGHBOURHOOD.

May 7th.—Went to visit Kagoma, a small chief on the Lukuruwe river, two good days' journey from Msidi's capital. Kalasa, the chief's son, went with me. I rode across the great plain, which extends out towards the north. Being the dry season, water was somewhat scarce, and the country we passed through was very arid and barren-looking. Kagoma has been suffering for many years from leprous sores. He was very

* Large saws have since been sent, and will save much labour in making planks.

anxious that I should do what I could for him, and in return he fairly loaded me with presents of food, corn, rice, goats, etc. I remained for some days with him, and quite enjoyed the change and the opportunity thus afforded of learning the language of the people. Returned on the 16th to my camp.



DISTRICT AROUND THE MUKURRU.
(*The dot within a ring shows the position of Mr. Arnot's Cottage.*)

May 23rd.—Have been in bed nearly all this week with fever; am feeling better this morning.

June 7th.—Able to start on a short excursion in a south-easterly direction to-day. After getting beyond the fertile valley of the Unkeya the country became very rough and mountainous.

We had a toilsome journey before we reached the crest of this rugged range. On doing so, however, we were rewarded with an extensive view of the beautiful valley of the Luife, lying to the south, where there are many villages. Descending as quickly as possible, for night was coming upon us, I made for the first village; but we were rather unfortunate in our host. He turned out to be an old aristocrat of the country, now sadly reduced, and was anything but glad to see us, being more inclined to partake of our food than to allow us to share his. Nevertheless, we got a shelter of some kind. I cooked a little rice, which I had brought with me, and made an early start next morning.

On reaching Kalolo the effect of our appearance was quite amusing. The poor people there had evidently never seen a white man before, for they seemed very uncertain about me, and stood a long way off, gazing in groups. The young men who were with me spent their strength in vain efforts to assure them that no danger was to be anticipated from my presence. A large hut was provided for me, and plenty of raw food laid down, and their headman, Monkobe, came in towards evening. He seemed to be much more reasonable than the others, and told his wife to cook me food, which she did, and to their astonishment I partook of it. Few were willing, nevertheless, to sleep in their town that night. It was enough to have seen my footprint on the path. "His feet are not like men's feet; they are like those of the zebra," they said. In the evening I kindled a large fire in front of my hut, knowing something of the attraction this is to these poor naked people, and after sitting some time I saw it had an effect. A little group gathered on the other side of the fire, and through the smoke and flames I with difficulty distinguished their eyes from their mouths, as all were wide open. The numbers gradually increased, until they were no longer able to hide themselves behind the fire; and watching my opportunity, I began a conversation with them through a young man I had with me as interpreter, but a sorry helper he was. His debauchery became so abominable that I had literally to drive him off.

Before returning to my camp I visited a few other villages, and met from time to time with strange receptions. One man, who had heard the night before of the coming of this "son of the

great spirit," appeared with a pot of small beer, hastily prepared, and after politely requesting us to refresh ourselves with his gift, told me that some of his children had gone along the road upon which we were travelling some days before, and as there was a possibility of our meeting them as they returned, he hoped I would not capture or rob them.

Upon getting back to my camp I was laid down with another attack of bilious fever. The swollen state of my spleen probably disposes me to these attacks, but I cannot blame the climate of Garenganze. Msidi sent up a message of sympathy, with a present of four young pigeons, and an urgent request for me on no account to take medicine from native doctors, lest I should be poisoned.

THE TWO WAYS.

July 27th.—Having recovered somewhat, I was able to go in my hammock to visit the village of Chipenza, a few hours' journey north of my camp. Here I spent a couple of days, and suffered severely from headaches. The headman of this town understands Umbundu fairly well, and so do some of the young men of the village. During a long afternoon's talk in the yard the "two ways" of Scripture was the subject I tried to make plain to them. I pointed out the crookedness of their ways—deception, lying, stealing, murdering, etc., with their trust in idols and fetish things to deliver them from the penalty of their deeds; and in contrast I showed the straitness and evenness of God's ways. At the end of each sentence the headman turned to explain all I had said to the villagers. One bright-looking young man, on hearing the description of God's ways, replied, with much animation, "A road to run on!" How often it is that those we seek to teach, teach us!

HEALTHINESS OF LOCALITY.

But I must close, as Cinyama and Kasoma are expecting to get off shortly for Bihé. The fact that my health, during this dry season, has been very uncertain, and has broken down several times, must not give you the impression that this country is unhealthy; on the contrary, I consider it to be as healthy as any part of Central Africa I have been in. There are no malarial swamps anywhere near. During the hot rainy season I enjoyed

the best of health, and that is considered the most unhealthy period for Europeans, but my constitution, already impaired from my stay in the Barotse, seemingly cannot stand the dry and, at times, cold winds of this season. I do not think that a newcomer with healthy blood in his veins would be at all affected by these winds; neither do I think that I shall suffer so much when my house is finished and plastered. In the meantime I am living in a grass hut.

My journal up to this point will at least serve to show that the country is open and the people accessible. My progress in the languages has been, contrary to my expectations, slow and difficult. The people are shy, and do not come readily to me, but I am ever welcome among them; in the meantime, however, poor health prevents me from visiting them as often as I would wish. I much more enjoy visiting among the villages than in the capital, which is almost wholly under the sway of the king's wives, who are given to vicious and dissolute habits. Indeed, I am compelled, from reasons of propriety, to abstain from visiting their compounds, even when invited, unless accompanied by a messenger from Msidi.

MY HOUSEHOLD.

Shortly after my recovery, Dick was taken seriously ill. I was not able to attend to him as I would have wished, but the other children did all they could for him. His illness was, however, the death-blow to my stock of fowls. These are very plentiful in Garenganze, and I bought a large number of them on my arrival, hoping by careful breeding to raise a good stock. During my illness quite a number had been cooked, and now when Dick was laid down, all that remained were used in preparing chicken soup for him.

My other little boy, Johnny, was bought by Kasoma in the Lunda country without my knowledge; I saw he was a bright little fellow, and took him from Kasoma. Though young, he does a wonderful amount of work, and is very intelligent; says he is going to learn to write. Besides being very active, he is about the prettiest black boy I have seen.

The third, Segunda, is a mere infant. When brought to my camp here for sale, no one would have him, so at last they brought him on to my hut which was outside the rest. I turned the man

away as usual, saying I did not buy people, but back he came, beseeching me to relieve him of this little burden; he had been taken in war, and his captor was going off on another errand, and wished to be rid of him. I would not believe that the boy was captured without his mother; he, however, insisted that it was so. I sent Kasoma to find out, and he reported that there was no appearance of the child's mother; so I bought him for four yards of white calico. He has ever since been ailing, can seldom be made to smile, and only looks up half tearfully with his large dark eyes. By his language I judge that he belongs to some far-off tribe, but we have not been able by any amount of compromise to come to an understanding with each other yet.

Chinze, the fourth little one, was bought by a Bihé trader, had been suffering for long from very sore feet, and was quite unable to go with the rest to Bihé. The man asked me to take care of her until his return, a year or so hence, but I would not consent to do so unless he made the child over to me, as I could not think of giving her up again after a year. We finally agreed on the matter, so the little girl Chinze is now mine. Were I to give her up, she would just be sold at the coast; I think I shall manage to cure the feet within a month or two. At this rate, in this centre of the slave traffic, there is no saying what the limits of my family will be. These last two little things, Segunda and Chinze, have been, I may say, forced upon me. I cannot but acknowledge the hand of God in the matter; it will hinder me from going round among the villages as I might otherwise do; still, the training of these is of the utmost importance, and will tell directly on the work in the years to come, if the Lord permit.

SLAVE BUYING.

The Bihé men who are still with me are anxious to be off to their own country, and I shall be glad to see them away. They would have left long ere this, but were afraid of being molested by the Garenganze, because of the treatment the latter have received at Bihé. Keeping them all these months has been a great expense and trial to me. When we arrived here in February, I gave each of my men so many beads, besides cloth, promising them that I would try and procure for each one a small tooth of ivory before they left, provided they did not

spend the beads and cloth in buying slaves, but kept them for food. You can imagine, then, how disappointed I was, when I saw them, without exception, selling all they had—even stripping themselves, and putting on sackcloth—to find the wherewithal to buy slaves. Thus, the number of mouths in my camp has been trebled, while the means to provide for them has been reduced. The camp has ever since been a regular slave-pen; I have put my hut outside of it, and given the people of the country to understand that I have nothing to do with this slave-buying and tying-up business. I have done what I can to keep my men supplied, though it has cost me all that I had, even to my bed-sheets and spare clothing, and my own food has been like theirs all the while.

SOME LEFT LOADS RETURNED.

August 2nd.—Five of the loads I left at Nana Kandundu were brought on to-day. Cinyama's men, who had escaped at the time of the scare that took place six weeks previously at the Lualaba river, had gone on to Nana Kandundu, not thinking to return. But changing their minds, they proposed to the old lady that she should deliver up to them some of my loads, and they would return to Garenganze in search of their relatives.

She not only complied with their request, but sent one or two of her own people with them.

I heard of the robbery of a small bale of cloth which I had left at Nana Kandundu. It appears that a half-caste Portuguese had presented a letter to the chieftainess, purporting to be from me, and upon this false representation he got her to deliver up to him a valuable bale of cloth. Beads are, however, very valuable in this country, and a fair supply of them has just been brought to me. These will enable me to push forward with the building of my house.

CINYAMA DISPATCHED WITH LETTERS.

August 23rd.—Sent off Cinyama and Kasoma with letters for home, and careful instructions to look out for any white man in Bihé or at the coast who might be enquiring for me. I referred him also to Mr. Sanders, of the American Mission, for guidance. Msidi sent by Cinyama a verbal message to bring in, with all speed, any "brother" of mine that he might find. He also

urged upon me to receive a large tooth of ivory, and send it out by Cinyama. After carefully considering the matter, I declined to receive the ivory, feeling assured that it would not have been wise to do so. All Africans naturally expect a large return for any present given by them, and we have enough difficulty in getting from the coast to the interior actually needful things, so great is the cost and labour of transit. When, however, Msidi pressed me for a reply, I said that I was in God's service, and wished to keep free from being under obligation to anyone.

RETURN OF FEVER.

No sooner had Cinyama left, than I had a very severe attack of fever, which laid me quite low for nearly a month. It was during the dry season, and the nearest water was some three miles distant. Turning my book-box into a bath, I managed to keep down the temperature by taking hot baths.

A young man named Susi, who had just come from Bihé, was of great service in helping my lad Dick to carry water for me. In one night these two lads went three times to the watering-place, giving me as many hot baths during the night. Next morning my temperature was much lowered, and though very weak, I was evidently recovering. I proved at this time the value of a simple food made of Indian corn meal, boiled into a thick gruel, to which was added the juice from a root, extracted by pounding. In a few hours the juice had the effect of converting the gruel into a thick, sweet, milk-like fluid, the hard part of the grain being deposited in the form of gritty, unpalatable dregs. Msidi was very kind to me during this time, and repeatedly sent messengers urging me to move my habitation nearer to his, that he might be better able to visit me when sick. Towards the end of October I recovered somewhat.

A peculiar feature of this slow remittent fever is sleeplessness. I spent long sleepless nights, when the mind, wandering incessantly, was almost always at home. If I happened to fall into a dreamy sleep I was at once there, perhaps in a sunny, snow-white bed, with a big fire blazing in the room, and my mother bringing in a tray full of the most delightful jellies, etc. All my sickness would disappear, and I would delight in the miraculous return of health and strength. Opening my eyes I

found nothing but a dark, dreary, confined hut around me, and the wind blowing through piteously, and moaning in the branches of the tree above. My days, however, were not spent unhappily, or my nights, for that matter. I had much quiet peace of mind and pleasure in the study of the Word, which indeed was my chief employment, as I was not able to do much out of doors.

My hope is, that the Lord will give me grace and patience to hold the ground until others come forward to help in the work, and that I may be enabled to remain by them for their help and encouragement. Time, indeed, seems to be nothing so long as He gives the grace and patience to *wait*. Last night, when in prayer, I was greatly refreshed by a realization of the exceeding abundance and sufficiency of His grace in every possible emergency—in "every time of need"—and I was enabled to ask for perfect and enduring contentment under all circumstances.

I and my boys are entirely alone, all the Bihéans having gone off. The Garenganze are exceedingly slow in coming to me; still a few do come. We are longing intensely for rain; the sun is scorching, and the ground gets as hot as coals in a fire. To add to my troubles, Dick has been taken ill, and is quite laid aside.

To-day I have had two men employed in covering my house with grass; it is much better now, and I hope to have it finished within another month.

October 3rd.—This morning Dick came hobbling on a stick to greet me with a smile on his face. This is the first day he has been able to get out.

THE ROUTE TO NYASSA.

In the afternoon I spent a short time with Msidi, who sent to invite an Arab trader to meet me. I found this man quite a pure Arab, rather pleasant-looking. He said he had come from close to Mozambique, and had crossed Lake Nyassa, where he saw two steam-launches and many English people, and had met one English lady. Lake Nyassa is two months' journey from this, he tells me, and describes the route as safe, and says that food is plentiful.*

* Of late the agents of the African Lakes Company and the missionaries, as well as the natives, have grievously suffered from Arab attacks, and all hope of communication with Lake Nyassa is cut off for the present.

HUNTING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

October 21st.—Have just returned from a week's trip to the Lufira. I shot two zebras with which to pay the men who had carried me in my hammock. Not having sufficient strength to go out hunting, the men promised that they would carry me in my hammock to where the game were to be found—a much more arduous task than carrying one along a beaten track. Seeing they persisted, I was willing to give them a chance of having some fresh meat; and we all started early in the morning, the men pushing their way through the colossal grasses. The jagged roots punished the feet of my men severely, because of the heavy weight of my hammock-pole on their shoulders. After travelling some miles in this manner, those who had gone on ahead returned to say that we must go softly, as we were near some game. Soon we came in sight of a large herd of zebra. The men thought that I had better get out and do the rest of the hunting on foot. But this I gravely declined doing, saying they must carry me alongside of the herd. The zebras had not been accustomed to be stalked in such a daring manner, and gazed upon us with astonishment, allowing my hammock to be carried to within fifty yards of them. I then quietly got out, took my gun, sat down on a little anthill, and shot the biggest and fattest of the troop. Whilst some of the men skinned and cut it up, the others carried me safely back to my sleeping quarters.

The heat was excessive, and in returning we were compelled to travel by night, as the men could not endure the sun. At the Lufira I could not go out of doors during mid-day hours. On my delightful little hill, however, there is always a breeze, and the shade is always cool. "Oh, for rain!" is the cry in every one's mouth. All the trees that but a short time ago looked green and fresh are beginning to wither and droop.

I was much struck during my recent trip to the Lufira, while traversing the "Mukurru," by the number of villages, especially in the eastern part. In the course of two hours I counted forty-three, within sight from the road, all of fair size, and all the land between was under cultivation.

A CHANGE IN DICK.

Since recovering from my last fever Dick has shown signs of true conversion. One evening when we were talking together he

seemed to receive a peculiar measure of joy. Our theme was the cross; and though naturally he has a dull, heavy countenance, his face lightened up marvellously, and both mouth and heart were filled with the spirit of praise.

That night I learned that my dictatorial ways had been that which had previously hindered my boy, and had produced only a lifeless confession.

If we would drive sinners to Christ our failure will be complete, and our folly very evident. If we would lead them we must surely go before them; and the sinner's Christ is only to be found at the cross, where *all* flesh is humbled to the depth of death. How *wise* Paul was to win souls when, in announcing himself to be the "chief of sinners," he declared the mercy of God to all. In how small a measure this precious wisdom hath place in me, truly the Lord knoweth. That very night the thought occurred to me that my boy would despise me, and serve me with less respect, seeing I had humbled myself with him. But very much the contrary has been the case, for never has he served me more joyfully and thoroughly than since then. I am reminded of the words of Michal, Saul's daughter, to David, and of David's reply, "I will yet be more vile than this, and will be base in my own eyes; and of the maid-servants which thou hast spoken of, *of them shall I be had in honour.*"

After this Dick became very anxious to learn to read and write, a study for which he was mentally unfitted. I did my best to instruct him, but he was so anxious about it that sometimes when he came before me to read he would so tremble with excitement that I had to send him away to some outside work. Latterly he began to complain very much of headaches; fever symptoms set in, then great wandering of the mind, which increased so that for ten days he was quite insane, though active and vigorous. I had to do all but bind him, watching him night and day, and was the only one who had any power whatever with him. On the 2nd November he had so far recovered as to be able to sleep quietly at night, but during the day he went about in a stupid way, not a smile crossing his face; yet occasionally I could see a tear stealing down his cheek. There was nothing for it but to give him plenty of hard out-door work.

Dick comes from the Zambesi, and has been with me for three years. As you will well understand, many fresh cares and anxieties rise in my mind for him, which I only can cast upon the Lord, who alone is "able" to make any to stand (Romans xiv. 4), to restore (Psalm xxiii. 3), and to uphold those who fall. (Psalm cxlv. 14.)

SUSI.

Another lad, who is with me, somewhat older than Dick, who helps about the house and garden, and who is imbued with a remarkable faculty of being quick to learn and remember, has lately joined with Dick in confessing the name of Jesus, and has thrown off some of his old follies, more, I fear, to please me than the Lord. I would not yet say that he is converted, a child of God, but God *knoweth.* Nevertheless, his confessing the name of Jesus is sweet, at least, to the ears of those who love Him. That word, "He who is not against us is on our part," gives comfort in such a case, while we continue to cast the matter upon the Lord, that He may make manifest. As we are looking for a time of blessing and gathering out from among the tribes in these parts, it seems to me to be not contrary to, but in accordance with the Lord's ways, that blessing should first begin at home and among those of my own household. I might speak of three outsiders at least, of whom I have hopes, but I will forbear. At Dick's own request his baptism has been delayed until the return of one of those who has been sent on an errand, that he may be present at it.

Last night I had a happy time with my two lads. After their supper they both came marching into my hut and squatted down, and we had a long talk—till near ten. Indeed, I am having quite a little revival in my family—not excluding myself. The younger ones understand little of what is read, partly because of different languages, but I seem to have won their hearts more; they approach me with less *awe.* Dick has also managed to interest a young man belonging to the place, and I hope that he will be brought in. I am looking forward with joyful hopes to this summer's work. Oh that my tongue were more free to speak these languages! But "my work is with the Lord, and my judgment with my God." Here is *our* victory.

THE GOD OF JACOB.

In what a hopeless condition Jacob was, expecting his brother Esau with his four hundred men—doubtless bent on wreaking vengeance, and himself with only a few women and children, his cattle, and their herdsmen. A weaker travelling party could not be imagined. His very weakness compelled him to lay hold upon God, who weakened him still more, so that his clinging was intensified, and he said, "I will not let thee go." "Thou hast power with God and *with men*," was God's gracious answer. Jacob was now no longer in Esau's power as a lamb before a wolf, but Esau was in his, so that his heart was turned as the rivers of water. Jacob's life is a favourite study of mine. There is so much in faltering, feeble Jacob (I don't speak of Israel) so like me; so much in God's treatment of me *so like God.* Oh, the magnitude of God's grace and mercy! Who can know it? It would be far from the truth to suppose that the Lord still suffers aught at the hand of God for sin, for He "hath once suffered." Still, our present sins, and the grievous state of Christ's Church, can be no joy or comfort to Him; but very much the opposite. Was there not somewhat of pain in that look that He gave *fallen* Peter, and an intenseness of desire in the thrice-spoken question, "Lovest thou Me?" "I will not drink of the fruit of the vine until the kingdom of God shall come," is full of meaning, and speaks of the day in which His Church shall be presented to Him without spot or wrinkle. There is an unfathomable depth of earnestness in the intercessory prayer of John xvii. that makes one say, Who can know the costliness of that grace, and mercy, and love, showered upon us —daily, hourly? When I remember how my sin afflicted Him, and brought on Him the pressure of the garden, and the *agony* and *curse* of the cross, how unutterably sweet *His*—and not another's—forgiveness is. The thought of His *continual* intercession is the sweetest joy on earth.

THE BLESSINGS OF RAIN.

November 6th.—We have had heavy rains lately, to the joy of everyone. It is in such a place, and at such a time, that one realizes the blessings of rain. Six months of drought under

a tropical sun had blackened and scorched the very stones; the earth, cracked and gaping all over, was at any hour of the day at a higher temperature than my bare foot could endure, and during the heat of the day I could not even hop on it without running the risk of raising blisters on my feet like half-crowns. Now all is cool, green, and refreshing; my hill is covered with a magnificent show of flowers, and the grass is already from two to three inches high. How such baked earth could ever again yield grass, and that at the first sprinkling of rain, is marvellous!

MY PATIENTS AND MY OWN HEALTH.

The rains have, however, put a check on my daily routine; my patients have to be visited now during whatever part of the day is likely to be dry, instead of in the afternoon. Because of rheumatism I am quite nervous about being caught in the rain. To-day I was caught in a shower when out dressing the foot of a wounded man, page to one of Msidi's head-wives; I had to go back to my house, so the queen offered me her blanket to put round me. I gladly accepted it, and marched home in my glory, robed in her coloured blanket. I have sent my tipoia (hammock), however, to bring the suffering man to me; his friends come with him to-morrow to build a hut near me, and two will remain with him here. His foot is in a fearful condition, and will need much attention. This will be my first "hospital hut." The Lord works His own plans in His own way, and this seems to be the sort of auxiliary work that He is leading me into. I have had remarkable success with all sorts of diseases since coming here, fully nine-tenths having been cured within a very short period. I have done little as yet in the way of school-work.

Kagoma, at the Lukuruwe river, sent word a few days ago that he intended sending men to carry me in my hammock to pay him another visit, so you see I am busy, and, I can add, happy; indeed, most happy.

Since the hot weather has set in, my health has improved wonderfully. My appetite knows no bounds, and is satisfied with the coarsest of foods. One could not imagine a more repulsive dish—'t is so to many, and was so to me until lately—than Kaffir corn porridge mixed with red palm oil—of which soap

is made—yet I can *enjoy* it right heartily. My eyes give me little trouble now.

November 15th.—I had just begun to find joy in Dick's companionship, when it seems—for the time, at least—to be snatched from me by his renewed illness and suffering in mind; yet I can say from my heart, that God's perfect way, though hard to the flesh, is not hard to *love;* for with Him alone is companionship, and all else is desolation and darkness. Those words, "Who *calleth* you" (1 Thess. ii. 12, R.V.), have been ringing sweetly in my ears these last few days; the present, "calleth;" not the past, "called." Knowing this, we approach Him with confidence. Then follows "unto *His own* kingdom and glory." Surely blessed is the people whose God is Jehovah; a *calling* God, a *coming* Christ, now at this moment *ours.*

The chief sent for me early this morning, asking me to visit his brother, some distance off, who is ill, and whose wife had gone out of her mind. I trudged off with the *kalama* (king's page) sent to conduct me, returning late in the afternoon, throbbing all over with the excessive heat of the sun. This heat, however, I must confess, suits me; I have grown stronger during these last six weeks.

In going about from place to place, I better understand the size of this Mukurru, or inhabited plain. It takes a good day's journey to traverse it, being between eight to ten miles in width. The ground is chiefly covered with fields, in the midst of which the river Unkeya (or Ongeya) runs, but the clusters of huts are many, and scattered all over. Here and there are centres, in which the king has his own houses, where, to the extent of half a mile or so each way, the houses of the people are built together.

MSIDI'S RULE.

In the midst of all these people the amount of quietness and peace that reigns is remarkable. The fear of Msidi is great. He is sharp and severe in his government, though I see or hear of nothing in the way of torture or cruelty inflicted by his orders as a means of punishment; yet executions are common, but death is inflicted at once, and in the most expeditious manner. All the cases of which I have heard particulars have been those of actual crime, and not of witchcraft or any other mere super-

stition. The king has a long iron chain, which he uses for punishing minor offenders. To this they are bound by the neck, perhaps ten or twelve at a time, and are sent out to his fields to work—a very sensible arrangement, I think, and much better than the cruel flogging so common in Africa.

October is the hoeing time, and it is a pleasure to see everyone turning out to the fields. The men indeed, so far as I can judge, do a large share of the work; and the husbands tell me that after all their hard day's work, it is dangerous to return home in the evening without a heavy log of wood to keep up the night fire.

WASTE OF CORN BY BREWING.

One would suppose that there is an abundance of food all the year round, but it is not so. The prodigal waste of corn in the dry season in brewing beer passes description. They make beer of the strongest kind, filling large bark vessels, holding as much as twenty or thirty gallons. It is free to all comers, and drinking is kept up night and day in the yard until the vessels are emptied; and thus in two or three days the fruit of weeks of toil in hoeing, and months of weeding and watching, has vanished like smoke.

A dull, sleepy state, rather than levity and quarrelling, seems to be the effect of over-drinking this heavy beer. I have only seen one man who had any appearance of being a sotted drunkard, in spite of the amount of drink consumed. I suppose this is because it is always taken fresh.

POLYGAMY.

The cruel raiding on other tribes which is kept up, in which many of the men are killed and the women captured, has brought into the Garenganze an immense number of women, so that the proportion of women to men is very unequal; consequently polygamy is carried on to a shameful extent.

Marriages are made, not by purchase exactly, as in Zululand; neither do the wife and her children continue to be the property of her brothers, as among the Ovimbundu tribes, but a present is made to the father of the bride, who forthwith disposes of his daughter; she, however, may leave her husband at any time, if she cares to do so. The case may then be brought to the chief,

and if the wife be at fault the present must be returned; if the husband has ill-treated his wife, then he has driven her from him, so there is no one to blame but himself. In disputes among themselves, the people undoubtedly receive fair justice at the hands of Msidi, and he is ready to listen to all who come.

NEW YEAR'S REFLECTIONS.

January, 1887.—A New Year has come round again; the past one has been a blank to me, so far as home and the outer world are concerned, the last letters I have received being dated November, 1885.

What all the four seasons brought round with them to all at home I cannot possibly surmise, but doubtless all is well. "He led them by a right way."

While at the Lukuruwe I was a good deal occupied in studying the life of David, and his early wanderings. On New Year's-day these words of Amasai came very forcibly to me, and my prayer is that they may indeed be my motto for this year. "Thine are we, David, and on thy side, thou son of Jesse." (1 Chron. xii. 18.) *Thine*—to be with Thee; *thine*—to be where Thou, Lord, dost lead me; in hold or in war.

How sincerely David prepared his heart always to wait the Lord's time! This was most honouring to God, most convincing to his friends of his divine appointment to the throne of Israel, and most disastrous to his enemies. What a contrast to Saul, who "forced himself" to sacrifice at Gilgal, and who enquired of a familiar spirit, because Samuel and God seemed to him in those two cases to be behindhand!

In regard to humility also the contrast is beautiful. Saul was willing to confess that he had sinned, and to humble himself before the Lord and Samuel, but he said at the same time, "Honour me now, I pray thee, before the elders of my people, and before Israel." But David in his sorrow and humility "lay all night upon the earth," and on another occasion could stay the hands of his followers by saying that the Lord had said to Shimei, "Curse David." Surely this must ever be the test of the reality of our confession and humility before God, even our willingness to acknowledge our sin and humble ourselves before men. So also love to our brethren is the touchstone of

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS AT HOME.

our love to God. For divine love and humility are not mere sentiments, but rather possessions, so that the world does not judge wrongly of one who loves his enemy, or willingly humbles himself.

David's life had clouds, but his eyes saw onward to the coming day, the clear morning, the morning without a cloud.

NEED OF CHANGE OF DIET.

On the whole, the country is rocky and arid, though along the rivers the ground is very fertile and productive. Maize-corn is ripe the third month after sowing, and during the rains the grass or other rank vegetation grows so rapidly that footpaths are obliterated, and a guide is needed, where at another time there is a broad, well-beaten track.

January 2nd.—Last month, after finishing the planting of my garden, I found myself in rather a bad way for food, especially meat. Porridge, without milk or sugar, night and morning, day after day, is apt to pall on one's stomach, in spite of every brave resolution. So I started with my gun and a few men for the Lukuruwe river, and by the way I shot a wild boar, with tusks a foot long; the meat of this animal I sent back to keep the "family" going. At the Lukuruwe I managed to kill, after a good deal of hunting, eight antelopes, three zebras, and two immense hippopotami.

I found on my return that my grass hut had been broken into in my absence, probably by some hungry Bihé porter, and that I had been robbed of a large double blanket, sack of corn, towel, shirt, pillow, etc. The blanket is my chief loss, as I now have left to me only a threadbare, worn-out affair, which has done service from the east side of the continent.

DELIVERANCES.

While at the Lukuruwe I had a narrow escape. I had been resting during the heat of the day, my bed being on the ground. When about to get up I reached out for my hat, intending to go outside, when whiz came a spear into my hut, cutting through the rim of my hat, which was in my hand, and sticking into the ground not three inches from my side.

At another time a man and I were out alone in the woods, when the call of a honey-bird attracted us. On going but a short way it halted on a tall tree. We were looking into the tree trying to find the honey, when, from the grass which lay between us, out sprang a leopard and bounded off. The wicked bird had led us to his lair.

THE SOMBWE CAVES.

The people I met were nearly all of the Basanga tribe, the original occupants of the country, of whom there are now but few. I scarce understand a word of their language as yet. Going north-west, nearly to the Kalasa mountains, I had a good view of the famous cavern mountain, which is inhabited. The great cave has two entrances, a distance of five miles or more apart, and within is a running stream. There are also many smaller caves and dens in this mountainous country in which the natives hide themselves.* In going amongst their villages I seldom could get more than two or three together at one time. When, however, I succeeded in killing the two hippopotami in the river close by my camp, and had sent round an invitation, I had no less than 100 of these poor people, who gathered together and were willing to remain with me as long as the feast lasted. It was really a *big* Christmas dinner that we had in the heart of Africa, the two hippopotami forming the centre dish, with zebra and antelope as side dishes.

HYENAS TAKE POSSESSION OF CAMP.

Before so many of the people gathered to my camp we had a rather stirring adventure. Two of our men, while out hunting, were benighted on the other side of the river. Night set in very dark indeed, and after waiting a long time for the absent ones the men in camp crossed, and made signals to guide them to our whereabouts; and above the rushing noise of the river we heard their voices replying to us on the other side. I ran down to the river bank in order to guide them, but finding that my voice was

* The entrances to these caves look like rabbit-holes. They form such perfect retreats that Msidi could extort no tribute from these people. Near the mouths of the caves they have millet gardens. They greatly feared my inspecting the caves, and I had to promise that I would not do so, or none would have come near me.

not loud enough to make them hear me, I called to my men in camp to come down that we might all shout together, and so cause them to hear us. All accordingly left the camp and joined me. We had only shouted once or twice when to my horror I heard a great noise in the direction of the camp, which seemed to be alive with howling demons. The truth was that the wild animals of the forest had taken advantage of our absence, rushed in, and were devouring the meat they found there. Some parts of a zebra were lying in the middle of the enclosure, and a family of hyenas, accompanied by two dog-leopards, were fighting and quarrelling over it. We had to act instantly; and having no fire or guns in our hands, it was impossible to remain out of our shelters. So taking the lead, and calling to my men to come on, I rushed at full speed back to the camp. Taking care to avoid the doorway, we sprang over the little brush barricade, so alarming the animals with our shouts and yells that they left the meat and fled.

Msidi took the opportunity of showing his friendship for me by sending some of his young men to compel the people to give corn to "his white man," and of course these young scamps robbed these people—as they always do under such circumstances—right and left. I showed my appreciation of such attention by bundling up and starting off home the next day. Among the dozen men with me I had a profitable time, as all were free at night to listen to all that was said, and they readily joined in conversation. The Seyek language, I find, will not be of much use beyond the capital. I see much work yet before me in acquiring languages; on almost all hands different dialects are spoken.

MSIDI'S RECEPTION-DAY.

February 5th.—A company of Arab traders arrived here a few days ago. Yesterday being the reception-day for them, the king sent for me to come and sit by him; and many of his people came together. Each of the three Arab master-traders brought a handsome shawl with him, with which to deck Msidi. A military review was then held, after which speeches were made by the Arabs and by the king and his chiefs.

Msidi then gave me an opportunity of speaking, which I would most gladly have taken had I been at all equal to it. I was glad, however, to find I was able to understand nearly all that was

spoken in Seyek; but I fear my address would be no more popular here than at Liwanika's court among the Barotse.

The sum and substance of their speeches on such an occasion is flattery; past events are rehearsed and discoursed upon, and all things greatly exaggerated and contorted to suit the occasion.

DANGER FROM WILD BEASTS.

Yesterday morning a woman was caught here by a leopard while in her field. She was a "small wife" of the king's, and through her cries assistance came, and the leopard was chased away, but the woman died shortly after. Msidi at once sent to me for some poison to kill the leopard should it return, and I gave him some strychnine. Instead, however, of killing a goat or dog to be used as bait they preferred the dead woman's body. "She is now dead," said the chief. "What can we do? Let her redeem her fellows!" *i.e.*, from the leopard's paw. A great deal of man-eating by wild animals goes on. The number of people massed together—more given to cultivating than to hunting—and the custom of throwing out the bodies of dead slaves has given these animals a taste for human flesh.

In my small compound, yet unfenced, it is not safe for any one to be out of doors after dusk. Little Johnny was very nearly caught by a hyena one evening.

A little boy, left here sick by one of my Bihé carriers, was in the habit of coming over and eating with my boys of an evening, and sometimes sleeping with them. I missed him for a few days, and on enquiring, found that he had started for my house one evening and had not returned. He doubtless was carried off by one of these beasts of prey.

Old lions, which no longer have teeth strong enough to pull down large game, come round and prey upon the people, and they are very audacious. A woman close by us left her child sitting in front of her hut for a few minutes. On returning she found that the child had been carried off by one of these retired monarchs —his footprints, of course, told the tale.

Out in the bush, where game is abundant, it is quite different, and people sleep freely out in the open country. There they have simple mat doors to their huts; here they require doors of reed strongly barred.

I got a pleasant message from Kalolo, the village which I visited last year, and where many were so afraid of me as to sleep in the fields all night. They wanted to know when I would return. The description they gave was, "Ah! that was the good white man that visited us, that gave us feastings of meat." It is a rough, hilly county that lies between, but I must be off to them again, "if by any means I may win *some*."

From Kagoma's, on the Lukuruwe, I get constant messages, and occasionally presents of food. His invitations have been very urgent. When the dry season sets in I may shut up house and go there for a month or so. These village people are warmer, more "get-at-able," less given to politics, and less disturbed by the many diversions that take up the attention of the people of this African city—such as cases in court, executions, the daily arrival of visitors and bringers of tribute, etc.

BAPTISM OF DICK.

February 13th, Lord's-day.—This morning Dick was baptized. Only two others besides myself were present, though Dick had asked others to come. Before going down to the water we had a solemn time in my house with Dick, Susi (the Bihé lad who is with me), and another man who is deeply interested, though I cannot as yet say under any especial conviction. Susi sticks to the confession of Christ that he made some time ago, and will not be moved from it. May the Lord, with whom alone is the "Urim and Thummim" (Neh. vii. 64, 65), make known to us of a truth whether Susi is His child or not, is my heart's prayer. Dick is confident that Susi's confession is real.

Well, we had a solemn time by the pool out on the flat to which we went. To get down to the water we had to break our way through long rank grass, and close by I noticed the fresh footprints of a leopard that had drunk water there in the morning. After a short prayer in Umbundu, Dick was baptized in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. It was a solemnly glad time, and all seemed to feel it. We then returned to my house and spent a long time in earnest conversation.

When parting, six years ago, with dear Mr. Dyer, he remarked, in his usual solemn way, that "it would be a day never to be forgotten by me when the first one was baptized under the dark

Zambesi waters." To-day a dark Zambesi sinner has been baptized in the Garenganze waters, and it is but the beginning of God's kindness to us and to these people; there are more to follow.

Surely our God's mercy is not as a stream that comes and goes in volume, but as an ocean immeasurable, unfathomable. The joy and astonishment that fill us at every realization of His goodness must ever exceed that which accompanied our faith and expectation, because He always exceeds our asking or thinking. His love is ever richer than our knowledge. When all possible knowledge or expectation is exceeded, surely only astonishment remains!

Until very recently the chief thought that presented itself to me in connection with baptism was that of death and burial; but now it seems to me that the thought of resurrection and new life is by no means to be omitted, but rather to take the leading place. In 1 Peter iii. 21 it is directly connected with the resurrection of Jesus Christ, and baptism, being called the "interrogation" (or inquiry) "of a good conscience towards God" (R.V.), implies *life*. As the new-born babe cries, so new-born souls call upon Him who is the source of their life.

FLATTERY.

My relationship with the people, though very good from the first, is if anything improving. I find that both the king and his people make every effort to please me, and seem desirous to give me every encouragement to remain among them, giving their consent to everything I suggest, and shutting me up with flattery. Augustine, referring to Proverbs xviii. 21, remarked that "our daily furnace was the tongue of men." Paul and Barnabas found grace to resist the flattery of those who cried out that the gods had come down among them; and afterwards grace to resist their slanders and stones was not withheld from them. Still we have much reason to rejoice and give thanks for a quiet and peaceable life in what is generally considered to be the heart of savagedom, and the haunt of every cruelty.

HOW FAR OUGHT WE TO PLEASE MEN?

It is often difficult to know how far one ought to go towards *pleasing men*, especially where ignorance to a certain extent is not

wilful. Paul declares his willingness to become all things to all men that he might win some, and these words of his are constantly with me. When the people pay me a visit, I seek to entertain them with as much frankness and patience as possible; also in my traffickings with them, preferring rather to be robbed than to appear to be taking advantage of them. The propriety of this I clearly see, also the folly of arguing with them about the varieties of their manifold superstitions, and the wisdom of so weaving one's life as to catch them, enclosing them by deeds and words, so that escape may not be possible by ordinary excuse, but only by doing despite to the Spirit of grace.

Paul, however, again remarks, "If I were still pleasing men I should not be a bond-servant of Christ." (Gal. i. 10.) Could one say that upon the principle contained in 1 Cor. ix. 22, Paul circumcised Timothy? and on that contained in Gal. i. 10, he refused to circumcise Titus? In the first case, he did so to please those who were wholly Jews; in the second, to resist those he calls "false brethren." We may stir up much opposition with the drawn sword of a fleshly zeal. Cutting off ears only injures the cause of Christ, as He showed Peter by healing the wounded ear; for it is of the first importance that men *hear.*

Though outwardly things are thus quiet and agreeable, yet there lacks not opposition from certain quarters. The Arab traders who come here have done what they could in spreading evil reports and lying stories about the "designing English," etc.

The rains were exceedingly late this year, and when a regular drought was threatening, some of the "doctors" of the land would fain have laid the blame at my door (this I heard only lately); but the story did not take. The spear, also, that was thrown at me in the bush close by the Lukuruwe river shows that the enemy, though he lurks snake-like in the grass, is present, and will doubtless watch his opportunity for raising more opposition.

Difficulties have arisen because I have not followed the custom of giving presents to bands of drummers in camp. I have refused to do so, and have often had trouble in clearing my camp of these boisterous musicians.

In the first place, I cannot give lawfully the Lord's money to

the support of such folly, and to do so might lead to the annoyance of all servants of the Lord who come after me, by encouraging and perpetuating the practice.

The custom also of giving presents to head-men, minor chiefs, etc., who have no lawful claim to receive tribute, I have opposed, thus raising no little amount of dissatisfaction.

At the Barotse I gave, with little discrimination, all I had; my chief thought was to be acceptable to them, and to be *liked.* I succeeded in this. I fear, however, that it was not a godly success, or one to God's glory. I have but little with me, and with that little I am bound to see to the needs of the men who have patiently come this long way with me, and to speed them well on their return to their homes.

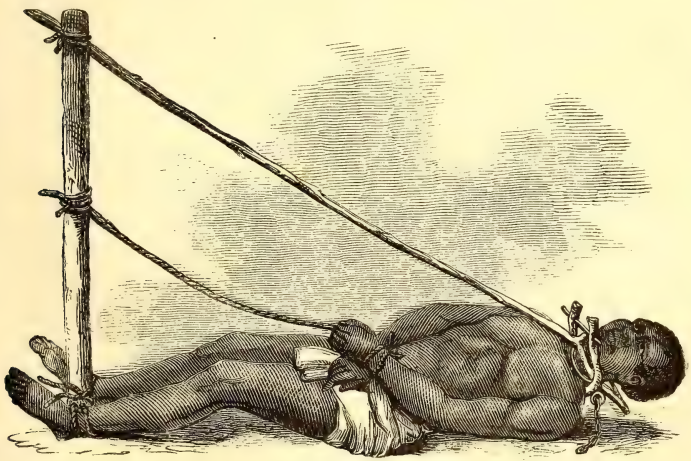
A question often arises in my mind as to how far we ought to go in such a country as this in pushing school-work; *i.e.*, teaching to read and write, etc. It seems to be a sure way of securing, in the future, an increase of "church membership," but of the sort that are brought up to it by the cold process of education, whose spiritual condition is generally very questionable. In other countries, where education is more general and valued by the people from a purely secular point of view, reasons doubtless present themselves to missionaries why they should lay themselves out especially for that work; chiefly, I should think, because of the daily opportunity given of presenting Christ to the scholars. As to the wisdom of urging the knowledge of reading upon those who have professed Christ's name, or who are evidently inquiring after Him, I have no doubt; else how could they take heed to the injunction, "Give attendance to reading?"

COTTAGE IN USE.

I am in my house at last. Plastering the walls has been a slow and tedious process. Indeed, the house stood so long with its heavy thatch covering, and with walls of poles, through which the wind could play at its pleasure, that the roof got somewhat twisted, and the thatch dishevelled. I have tried to make the mud-plaster as perfect as possible, and with a good plank door I shall hope to be able to regulate the atmosphere inside, which I think will help greatly towards a more even condition of health.

ARABS' CAMP.

February 20th.—Paid a visit to a camp of Arab traders, and was quite astonished at the number of slaves they have already bought, chiefly full-grown men and women, all secured by their necks with heavy forked sticks. While there I saw the Arabs buy a man for ten yards of calico. They give, they told me, twelve to sixteen yards for women and young lads. Full-grown men were not so valuable, as they are untameable, and liable to make their escape. After the bargain had been completed three stout Zanzibaris came forward, seized the man they had bought, threw him on his face on the ground, drew his hands behind his back in the most cruel way, and bound them tightly; then, with a blow on the side of the head, they ordered the poor fellow, who never uttered a word all this time, to get up and go before them. He would have to lie bound with this cord until a taming-stick was manufactured to place on his neck. The weight of these sticks is very great, but to my mind the discomfort of their position during the day, when they are allowed to sit up with the end of the stick resting on the ground in front of them, is nothing compared to what they must suffer at night. Then they are made to lie down, the stick being kept fixed, and pinning their neck between its fork to the ground, its upper end fastened to the roof of a hut, shed, or branch of a tree.



THE TAMING STICK.

March 17th.—A young man, who lived about a gunshot from my house, was carried off to-day by a lion while resting in the shade behind his hut.

HUNGRY VISITORS.

18th.—At six o'clock this evening, just in the twilight, a leopard, which seems to have followed my boys, seized and carried off my dog from the very centre of my yard.

25th.—On going outside last night, about eleven o'clock, I encountered a large animal just in front of my door. He seemed to be waiting his opportunity to pounce upon someone, but I tumbled back indoors and disappointed him. A few nights later, while sitting under the verandah of my house, I saw another of these creatures coming straight for my cottage, evidently attracted by the goats. Stepping indoors, and picking up my gun, which stood loaded in a corner, I fired at him, and the ball passed through his heart. I found it was a full-grown hyena, of the man-eating sort. My boys and the neighbours had a dance round it the next day. At this time of the year the grass is so long that these animals are emboldened to go around the villages and prey upon the people.

DEATH OF JOHNNY.

March 26th.—Last night my boy Johnny died. He had been ill for a long time with diarrhœa, brought on by eating green maize-corn. After a short prayer and a few words with the rest of the boys we buried him in the garden. Poor little lad, he was of an exceedingly sweet and tender disposition. Among the rest he was pre-eminently *my boy*. My first acquaintance with him was in the Lunda country. Kasoma bought him there, unknown to me. During the long, tiring march before we reached the Lualaba river, this little lad completely broke down; and as all the men were heavily burdened, only two courses were open to us—either to leave him by the roadside, or allow him to ride my ox. Accordingly he was carried on ox-back for several days, until he recovered somewhat. When Kasoma left for Bihé I was not willing to part with Johnny, so he left him with me. Johnny was always an example to the other children, and now all feel very much the death of their little playmate, and I hope the event will be blessed to them.

SEND OFF MORE LETTERS—MEDITATION.

To-day I had an opportunity of sending letters to the coast. As can well be understood, it is easier to send letters from a place like this than to receive them. All native traders go to the coast, but few from the coast come here; and those who do are often uncertain as to their destination when leaving their homes. My mind naturally follows Cinyama and the little party, and sometimes I ponder the result of his journey with a measure of anxiety.

When I left Natal alone five years ago I never for a moment dreamt that it would be for so long a time as this, yet in looking back it does seem very short indeed; and considering the wonderful goodness of the Lord to me, I have little reason to doubt as to the future. If Cinyama returns alone it will be well. If an English fellow-labourer should come with him I shall be *very* thankful. Meanwhile the Lord wonderfully makes up to me for all I lose in being without the immediate fellowship of brethren in Christ. My days are spent, I may say, in unbroken quietness of mind and peace within. Although I have joy, yet I do not say I am always rejoicing. There is much to depress me in such a field as this. Heathendom in all its nakedness, cruelty, and depravity is far from being exhilarating in its effect; but yet, in comparison, the condition of these people is happy when placed alongside the state of the unsaved in home lands. How dark and hideous is the ignorance around one here! but how guilty the ignorance of British sinners who close and harden their hearts against the light, and strengthen themselves with false hopes! Here also they are never at rest, seeking after vain hopes and refuges of lies.

CHARMS FOR SAFE JOURNEY OF CARAVAN.

On behalf of a caravan about to start for Bihé, Msidi and his fetish priests have been at work a whole month, preparing charms, etc. The process in such a case is first to divine as to the dangers that await them; then to propitiate with the appointed sacrifices to forefathers (in this case two goats were killed); afterwards to prepare the charms necessary, either as antidotes against evil or to secure good. The *noma* or fetish spear to be carried in front of the caravan, with charms secured to it, was

thus prepared: The roots of a sweet herb were tied round the blade; then a few bent splinters of wood were tied on, like the feathers of a shuttle-cock. In the cage thus formed were placed a piece of human skin, little bits of the claws of a lion, leopard, etc., with food, beer, and medical roots, thus securing, respectively, power over their enemies, safety from the paws of fierce animals, food and drink, and, finally, health. A cloth was sewn over all, and finally the king spat on it and blessed it.

After all these performances they will set out with light hearts, each man marked with sacred chalk. Such is the "fool" in all lands; he finds a refuge in his own imaginations. And how many there are of professing Christians among our own countrymen who play the fool! how many who vainly believe that they are rich and increased with goods and have need of nothing! Others vainly say, "Is not the Lord among us?" (Micah iii. 11) and claim His promises while they are living to self.

DOMESTIC MATTERS.

At present the languages are occupying most of my time. My chief interruptions are caused by having to go off occasionally to the bush to procure a supply of meat, which I dry and use, not so much as food, but to flavour my maize or millet-corn porridge, which is my staple article of food; but as this dried meat does not keep very long, I have to exchange large quantities of it with the natives for corn.

Formerly my shooting greatly distressed me, as I wounded many animals without killing them. Now, however—I believe in answer to prayer—I seldom fail to secure the animal I aim at; this searching for game takes up four or five days every three months. I might ere this have taught Dick, my lad, to shoot, and have given him this occupation, but I fear his being carried away with the excitement of hunting, and becoming a regular hunter, an occupation most unsettling and unprofitable.

The field of corn and beans which my boys have cultivated has borne remarkably well, but I fear comparatively little of the crop will be secured, thieves and wild pigs having the larger share. There is no way of checking the thieves but by catching and cruelly beating them. Of course, I will not hear of this being done, but, on the contrary, I have been moved to give a meal of

food at my house to the poor hungry creatures caught stealing. So insensible, however, are they to mere rebuke, or even to kind treatment, that they will go off quietly, and again begin filling their baskets with half-ripe corn as soon as they think they are not observed.

Those whose names "are written in the earth" (Jer. xvii. 13) may hope to subsist on the fruit of the earth; but I fear those who would live godly in such a country as this will have to look higher, even to Him who will yet destroy the belly itself by an everlasting fulness.

My house is a very great comfort to me. We have had a time of very heavy and protracted rains, which have proved the site I have chosen to be an excellent one in regard to drainage, the ground sloping in three directions. A very porous subsoil of a sort of half-formed sandstone in thin strata, and all standing on edge, gives me a dry and comfortable house and yard after the heaviest rains, when all the villages around are actually standing in mud.

May 8th.—This is a delightful, calm Sunday evening. The sun is shining full into my door and windows, making my mud-plastered house look quite cheerful, but not a bit more so than I happen to be at this moment. I have just turned from a happy reading and study of 2 Peter i., and am enjoying the refreshing glow of these holy passages.

Last week I returned from a three weeks' tour on foot, which I enjoyed exceedingly, in spite of the long grass and marsh-wading. The rainy season was just over, so I embraced the opportunity of taking another round. Besides Dick and other lads who accompanied me, I got a professional hunter to join the party, so as to relieve me of the extra fatigue of hunting. The first villages we reached were those of Mirambo, a little way beyond Kagoma's, on the Lukuruwe river. We rested there one day, and then went down the river, making for a company of Ba-na-lunda villages. The long grass tired me out, so we went into camp about mid-day, sending the hunter on.

ADVENTURE WITH A LION.

At this spot we had quite a remarkable adventure with a lion, which but for the protecting care of God would have ended more

seriously. All night we were kept awake more or less by three lions serenading us, and the lads had enough to do to keep their bivouac fires burning. I, however, got a good night's rest. Next morning when passing through a clump of long reedy grass I heard distinctly in front the low angry growl of a lion. The man who was before me stopped, saying it was a buffalo, and asked for my gun that he might shoot it. I urged him to push on, and tried to prevent the three boys from stopping, but it was too late to avoid the brute's charge. He made straight at the hindmost lad, who was carrying my mat and blanket. I ran back and succeeded in intercepting him, so that in his spring he fell short a few feet from his intended victim, and before my very face—too near indeed to allow me time to use my rifle. The man and the three lads dropped their loads, and were off like deer, leaving me and my royal friend alone in the reed thicket face to face.* For a moment it was a question what the next scene would be. He was raging fiercely, and would fain have sprung on me, but seemed to lack the nerve. Holding him hard with my eyes, and slowly cocking my rifle, I lifted it to my shoulder for a steady aim, when he suddenly gave in, his huge tail dropped, and drawing his teeth under his lips he made off. I sprang after him, hoping to get a shot at safer range, but the grass was so dense that I could not sight him again; so I started in search of my companions. I overtook Dick several hundred yards on by the river's brink, and then the others, but not one would return for his load, so complete was their scare, although I assured them that the lion had gone clean away. That, however, was no assurance to them that his wife or some of his relatives might not be hanging about the same lair. Shortly after we met some men returning from their fishing grounds, who were willing for a small consideration to return for the loads with my brave crew.

Daniel's God is still the same to us. What I had mentioned in a previous letter recurred most forcibly—that all God has been to His people in ages past, and all He has promised to be throughout eternity, *He now* IS *to us*—"This God is our God."

The lad whose life I thus saved belongs to Bihé, and I overheard a young Bihean say to his fellows, he would "go anywhere

* A friend has endeavoured to represent this incident. The tent-like structure is one of the ant-hills, which are very large in Africa.

ADVENTURE WITH A LION.

with such a white man, who would throw his own body between a lion and a black lad of no account." The young man who said this, is a nephew of the chief Kapoko, who told the carriers I had engaged at his villages two years ago, "not to go with this white man, as he was an Englishman, and would carry them all off to the other side of the continent and enslave them," the result of which advice was, that most of them left me.

THE BA-NA-LUNDA.

I spent over ten days among the Ba-na-lunda villages. Unfortunately the people were all occupied with their crops, and most were encamped in the fields, driving away the birds by day from the ripe corn, and the game by night. I had a sort of running conversational meeting in my hut and yard while there, as all found time to pay me a visit, and I can converse a little both in the Seyek and Luba languages. The hunter was out all the time, but only shot one buffalo; still, we had enough. We returned by Kagoma's villages, where I rested a day. Last year I was able to relieve him of a disease from which he had long suffered, and on leaving this time he presented me with a bin of rice, equal to two large sacks.

MSIDI'S KINDNESS.

Two weary days' tramp across the flat brought me again to my comfortable house. On reaching the capital I met Msidi. He received me very warmly, and seeing I was very tired sent one of his wives to cook a dish of rice and honey for me. It was dark ere I reached my house. I found that in my absence Susi's father had died. Two months ago I brought him to my village, as he was far from well, and had no one to look after him. He recovered somewhat, but had a relapse, dying while I was away. This is the second death at my place within a month. The other was that of my pet boy Johnny. I felt it much, and do so still; indeed, it was partly the cause of my going off for a few weeks.

Msidi paid me a visit shortly after my return, and was most agreeable; indeed, he is a thorough gentleman. The other day he told one of his courtiers that he had one true friend, and that was Monare, for in his heart he did not find one single suspicion of me, and, strange to say, I feel very much the same towards

Msidi. I have no suspicion of his friendship; he most carefully avoids asking anything of me, and all his family do the same.

Matters have been settled between Bihé and this country, and the "road" is virtually open again. Msidi's two sons have not returned yet, but they were awaiting the arrival of goods from the coast, and will come shortly. Two large caravans have arrived for trade, bringing no letters, nor any news for me, except that the American missionaries are re-established in Bihé. I suppose they did not know of the departure of these two caravans. I am expecting a large budget when it does come. My last home-letter dates are all in 1885.

THE FATE OF SLAVE CHILDREN.

Yesterday I had another child brought to me. The poor thing belonged to a blacksmith here, who some time ago sold its mother for corn to the king's executioner. The corn was not enough to cover the price of the child, so he kept it out of the bargain. The fact was, the "hangman" did not wish a slave with a baby on her back, so would not buy the child, though an extra basket of corn would have sufficed. The blacksmith, who has no wife, found he could do nothing with this baby, and instead of knocking it on the head, as the custom here is—for who would buy so young a thing?—he sent it to me, asking me to give a goat for him. I could not help myself in the matter, so sent a young goat in exchange. Poor little boy (we will call him Willie), he had been deceived, for they said they were taking him to his mother, and he cried long and bitterly, "*N'twala ko māmā*" ("Take me to mother"). In Luba the word for mother is exactly like our "mama," the *a*'s being very broad and emphatic. He is a plump, healthy little chap, with a fine-shaped head, awfully afraid of me as yet. I shan't give him up to his mother where she now is, but I will do so if I can redeem her.

The question of these children harasses me a good deal, and often I don't know what to do. Were I to take all, I might have a second "Miss Anstey's Home"* in a few months. Little children here have really no market value, and a woman burdened with a child is a less desirable article of purchase than one with

* An orphan home in Kolar, India, where Miss Anstey received hundreds of orphans during the famine of 1877, before any Government provision was made for them.

hands and shoulders free. The raiding parties kill off all small children found among their captives. The body of a fine little boy was picked up only a few days ago beside the Arab camp. The owner had doubtless taken him the round of all likely purchasers, probably including me among the number, and then thrust a spear through him as a useless burden on his hands. Another little boy, whom I refused to take last year, was deliberately starved and thrown out to the wolves.

A young man named Cilombo had charge of a field close by my cottage. Being interested in meetings held at my place, he moved his hut from the far to the near side of the field. His wife was a slave woman, and had a little child to whom I had taken quite a fancy; and in passing their hut on my way to the villages I used often to take the child in my arms and spend a few minutes in playing with it. During my absence on one occasion the mistress of Cilombo's wife carried out a threat she had made long before, and sold her with her child. The husband was powerless to interfere on behalf of either. One of a company of traders bought the woman, and started at once for Bihé. Another man, however, hearing that this woman had been sold, wished to exchange for her a younger slave, who was perhaps of more value though less muscular, as he wanted an able-bodied woman to cultivate his fields. The Bihé trader was willing to make the exchange, but reminded the man that he had brought nothing for the child. The latter at once said he did not want the child; but as it was so young, he thought it ought to be included with the mother in his bargain. The men were unable to come to terms; so, to prevent more ado, the child was taken from the mother's arms, its head was dashed against a tree, and it was thrown into the river. Thus the difficulty was got over, and the women were exchanged! The poor mother's grief at the loss of her child may be imagined. Had I known the peril that this little one was in I certainly should have secured it in some way or other.

But to know where and when I ought to draw the line baffles me. I cannot allow myself to be involved in slave-buying; that is clear. What are the points of difference between buying and redeeming? If it is lawful to buy, it must be equally lawful to sell. One can redeem a grown-up person and let him go, but this cannot be done with a child whose parents are enslaved; the owner of the

mother might take him at once and sell him again. Of course, alone, I cannot look after more than a very few, and that settles the question so far. The little girl Chinze, whom I took last year from a Bihean, when unable to travel because of boils on her feet, is again covered with a loathsome disease peculiar to this country, called *monona*, and has to be kept entirely separate. Among the natives this disease generally runs from two to five years. With a free use of sulphur internally and caustic externally I hope to cure her soon.

So much for family matters and perplexities. Dick is in everything my good man "Friday." Susi, the other lad, is useful in taking messages, medicines, etc., but is very handless and of little use about the house. My other little one, Segunda, is getting on well; it took about six months to get him out of the decline he had fallen into through neglect and bad food.

My own health keeps excellent; ever since moving into my "house" I have not had a single day's illness of any kind, and nearly a year has passed since I touched quinine or any other home medicines, although I have occasionally used the herbs and medicinal berries of this country. In fact I am quite a naturalized African. The heat of the sun in no way affects my head as it used to do. I prefer wearing a light grass hat, of native manufacture, to my heavy pith-helmet, which is shaken out of its dust only on state occasions. My joints, however, have been stiffened a good deal with rheumatism this season, which has been an exceptionally wet one; not that my house is at all damp, but after weeks of rain the very atmosphere becomes saturated.

SUNDAY EXCUSES.

Dick and Susi are great helps to me. They thoroughly enter into sympathy with the work; and though neither ventures to talk much to others, they are not slow in going about and inviting the people to come to my house on the Lord's-day morning. I speak chiefly in Umbundu, consequently those who come are for the most part natives of Bihé; many besides understand Umbundu, but do not come so freely to my house. The variety of excuses made, and obstacles that come in the way, are marvellous. If a man is sick, it is sure to be on the Sunday; if a slave runs off, it is certain to be on a Saturday or Sunday; and the most I have

gathered at one time is about a dozen men. To-day I went off to a village where Umbundu is the chief language spoken, the people being mixed. I planned to be there by mid-day, so as to find them resting during the heat of the day, but I was disappointed; they had pressing business of their own on, so I returned. You see I have need of patience here, and of grace also, that "I be not weary, though in weariness oft."

I have been much cheered by a blacksmith who was at one of my Sunday morning meetings, and who responded in a remarkable way to what was said. He declared before all the rest that he had received new light that day. With an honest expression, and in a sincere manner, he repeated afterwards, "Is it so? Is it so? Is that what God is? Is that the nature of God's love?" This was the Sunday before I left for the three weeks' tour. On returning, my feet were so sore and blistered that on nearing the capital I sent on for my hammock, hoping someone about would volunteer to carry me. The blacksmith heard of the opportunity, and did not lose it. He met me with four other volunteers, and taking hold of the pole behind—the heaviest end—he would let no one change with him, and left, when my door was reached, with a hearty "Good-night." It was for no present or pay that he thus gave his cheerful aid. This act was like a fresh, cool breeze to one.

May 23rd.—Yesterday was Sunday, when we had a most profitable day. I had quite a houseful of grown men at the morning service, which was continued until mid-day. Our subject was, "Repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ." I don't think I ever had a meeting at which the people showed less difficulty in understanding, and when in every way I had more liberty in using the Umbundu language. In the evening Susi, Dick, and I had our own meeting, spending the time chiefly in prayer. Susi prayed most earnestly, and seemed to be full of thanksgiving. I cannot now see how his baptism and his being received at the Lord's table can be delayed, for He has answered prayer in making His own work manifest in him.

A LESSON FOR DICK AND SUSI.

This morning Dick got an unmistakable rebuke. Yesterday someone in the village happened to remark, that there was little

chance of Cinyama being here next month; that he had just come from Bihé, and knew how matters stood. Thoughtfully considering our empty corn-bin, and that we had no more beads or cloth to buy with, Dick remarked, "If Cinyama does not come next month we shall die of hunger." I checked him at once, and reminded him that they had not a day's hunger during all the months gone by, when many people of the country had actually perished from starvation. (The past season was a very hard one for the natives.) That day a drinking-cup had been stolen from my boy when on the way to draw water, and the king had sent to kill the thief. I ran down to prevent this, and obtained Msidi's consent to his being put in chains for a few days instead. When I entered the king's house and greeted him he drew out from behind him a roll of eight yards of calico and gave it to me, saying, that perhaps I was in need of it to buy corn, as the crops were ripe. Where now were Dick's doubts? I believe that this calico was given especially for Dick and Susi's sakes; both mentioned the matter of food in prayer last night. I had not mentioned it; indeed, it is seldom in my thoughts, much less in my prayers. And here the answer comes the very next day, at early morning—calico to buy corn! Msidi had never given me anything in that way before, except perhaps a basket of corn or rice.

HOW A SADDLE AND BOOTS WERE PROVIDED.

Not only to the boys, but to myself, this time of waiting upon God for our daily need has been greatly blessed; indeed, it is only then that one can realise how truly this desert country might, in the experience of faith, become as a well-watered plain, and what seems only a way of discomfort and poverty prove a path dropping with fatness. Even to the matter of an ox-saddle and boots the Lord has been pleased to answer my requests in prayer. When at Bihé I had a good riding-ox without a saddle. I never dreamed of there being a saddle in the place, as there were no horses nearer than the coast, and the art of riding was virtually unknown in the country; so I laid out my plans for making one. Finding, however, my time very much occupied in looking after porters, etc., I saw there was little prospect of having my saddle made by the day appointed

to start. I mentioned the matter in prayer to God—that if there was a saddle in the country I might have it. Again I turned to saddle-making, and had just cut up an old sack, with which to make two pads for the back of the ox, finding it was out of the question to think of anything more substantial, when a little boy, about ten years of age, made his appearance at the gateway of the village with a large saddle on his head. A mulatto, who had just come from an expedition some 300 miles to the south of Bihé, had purchased a horse and saddle from a Dutchman there. The horse, however, died, and he brought home the saddle and sent it over to me that morning, wishing to exchange it for a piece of calico cloth. I have no hesitation in saying that I believe it was the only saddle in Bihé.

Again, at the Garenganze I had sadly run out of boots. Indeed, I had been compelled, in going down to the villages, to tie on my feet thick pads, made out of old newspapers, so as to keep them off the hot ground. Not that good leather cannot be prepared by a simple process of tanning or smoking, but my time had been so much occupied with the people, and attacks of fever during my first year in the Garenganze had been so constant, that I had no leisure to give attention to boot-making. Msidi, I thought, might possibly have some boots, and I went down with the intention of asking him for a pair one morning, but changed my mind on the way, and did not mention the matter to anyone. Next morning, however, a young man came along with *a pair of boots* to sell, the first time boots were ever brought to me in this country. They were almost new, of fine leather, and on trying them on they fitted me perfectly—the best-fitting boots I have ever had. "How much for them?" "Four yards." I had just four yards of cloth on hand, which came in one of the loads from Kandundu. I could not have believed five minutes before that such a pair of boots was in the interior, for even at Benguella I could not get boots to fit me. It seems that they were brought by a native trader, some time ago, to Molenga, the chief whose village I passed on my way here. One of Msidi's sons had gone to visit him, when Molenga gave him the boots as a present. He wore them but a few days, and then sent them for sale to me this morning. So I thank God for the boots, and may He give me health to wear them.

AN OPPORTUNITY LOST.

May 27th.—I have heard to-day of the death of Monkobe at Kalolo. I visited his town last year, and was very well received. About two months ago or more he sent a message to me, asking me to repeat my visit. I had intended doing so very soon, and now hear of his death. Alas for the stiffness of my neck and my unwilling feet! It was the rain that prevented me, or I might have gone when his message came. Surely I have not yet learned to endure hardness for the gospel's sake. But there is scarcely a place I have been to that messages have not followed to repeat my visit. May the Lord of the harvest send help here soon, is my heart's prayer.

About this time six years ago I was preparing to make farewell visits. It is not a long time, but it is long to be away from all those whom the affections hold as near and beloved in this life. It is a long time to be a stranger on the earth, without a companion; yet, strange to say, it is only when I sit down and think of it that I feel it at all; as a rule the days go by without a shadow of loneliness. The good Lord has wonderfully made up to me for the lack of Christian fellowship by giving me Dick and Susi, and the other three little black faces keep alive somewhat the dear old home memories of nursery days and of love for love.

Susi may not be very long with me now. I urge him to go. His father left his mother and two young children in Bihé, so now it falls to Susi to be their natural protector. He says that he will stay here, however, for four or five months yet, so that he may travel out with some relatives of his that are here.

SUSI BAPTIZED.

May 28th.—Susi was baptised this morning. He had professed conversion sometime before, but it was not until after the baptism of his companion Dick that any change was manifest in him. Instead of telling me that he believed in Jesus, and that Jesus was his Saviour, he reversed the order, and, as he quaintly put it, he spoke down his throat to his own heart these things. He has, ever since, I am thankful to say, been sincerely trying in the midst of many difficulties and temptations to live a new life in Christ Jesus.

EXECUTIONS.

July 14th.—To-day a son of the great Kasembe, of Lake Moero, an old friend of Dr. Livingstone, was executed. This man, a tall, handsome fellow, came to Msidi's town as a refugee after the break-up of his father's power. Conspiracies against him in his own country compelled him to seek a friend in his father's old enemy. He, however, acted very unwisely when staying with Msidi, who tested his fidelity by employing him in subordinate positions. Young Kasembe would not submit to such tests, seeing he himself was a king's son, and he preferred to remain idle at the capital. It so happened that one of Msidi's daughters cherished animosity against this man, because some of her relatives by marriage had been murdered by him years ago. She consequently did all in her power to bring him into trouble, and at last he gave her an opportunity by speaking unguardedly, in a drunken fit, in the presence of Msidi, and implicating himself in the death of one of Msidi's favourite generals. He was withal so defiant to Msidi, that the king saw the wisdom of handing him over to his daughter, who had been petitioning her father for his head for a long time. So the poor fellow was bound and beheaded to-day, and his head was placed on a pole above the door of this relentless princess.

August 9th.—I had long been planning to revisit the town of Kalolo, where the people were so afraid of me as to go off and sleep in their fields all night. This time I carried nothing but my gun and blanket, intending to give the people the benefit of entertaining me to their hearts' content. I went a different road to the one previously taken, and called at the town of Likoko, a brother of Msidi. In doing so I had to pass the town of Kapapa, Msidi's chief wife. In going along a little path leading up to her town, I was astonished to see close by the gateway what I at first thought was a young man buried in the ground up to his neck—a mode of punishment common in these parts, as prisons and handcuffs are unknown; but to my horror I found it to be the head of a young man freshly decapitated, placed thus on the path as a warning to all evildoers. The headless trunk was lying a few yards away, by the side of the road. At once I suspected that Msidi was at Kapapa's town. I found that he had arrived there very early in the morning, and had caught this

young man skulking. It seems that Msidi had ordered him some days before to join a war party that had already gone out, and as it was his third or fourth offence Msidi ordered his immediate execution. This shows the severity of Msidi's rule.

HOW HEARERS WERE OBTAINED.

After formally saluting the king I went on to Likoko's town, where I slept for the night, and we were entertained with their best. We reached Kalolo in the afternoon of the next day. The people there were very hearty indeed in their greeting, and, instead of bringing me food uncooked as before, they all took to cooking, so delighted were they to observe that, on my last visit, I ate their native food, and had no supernatural ways of existing. About five in the afternoon a woman came with a dish of thick porridge, and small pot of *ombelela*, or relish, which is often made of cooked beans or other things calculated to give the food a taste. In a short time another came laden in the same way, and then another, until for about half an hour there was a constant stream of women bringing to my hut dishes of cooked food. The whole village had brought me their own suppers, and all were assembled in the yard outside, evidently intending to partake of my feast. I at once fell into their little plan, called in my own boys, and told them to carry the food out and lay it before the people, so that I became their entertainer, and all were my guests for the evening. Remaining with them the next day, I had a pleasant and profitable time. There was a general holiday, and about a dozen young men offered to accompany me for the rest of the journey. Remembering the happy time I had at the Lukuruwe with the crowd who gathered to my camp when I killed the two hippopotami, I thought I would adopt the same plan with these young men. We started into the bush, built a camp in the neighbourhood of the Lufira river, where there was plenty of game, and we spent six days together. Others joined our company from the neighbouring villages. Sufficient food was supplied to them, and the young men attended to their own cooking, and everything that was needful. I embraced every opportunity of explaining to them the truths of Scripture, and all appeared intensely interested in our morning and evening readings.

One learns at such times that there are compensations in lonely service in Central Africa. The privilege of being enabled wholly to engross oneself from morning to night in the business of reaching the hearts of these people is very great indeed. In fact I often feel that the present compensations quite outweigh any sacrifice made. All that draws us nearer to God is rich and fertile in reward; yea, it is good at times even to be cast down, for the Lord comforteth them that are so. (2 Cor. vii. 6.)

RUMOUR ABOUT A FELLOW-LABOURER.

On returning to my house I found that a company of Bihé traders had arrived. They reported the death of Chipongi, the chief of that place, and also told me that there was a white man in Bihé, known as "Monare's brother," who was planning to reach the Garenganze. Their not having letters of any kind, however, made me rather suspicious of their statements, and their extravagant accounts of the immense following that this white man had, and the great amount of goods in his possession, and other cock-and-bull stories with which they filled my ears, made me still more doubt their truthfulness.

THREE ANTELOPES SHOT.

September 16th.—One of Msidi's hunters came to my house to say that there was a troop of antelopes out in the plain to the north of the capital, and urged me to go at once with him to the spot. As myself and boys were in need of food of some sort I started for the plain with this man as guide. We found, however, that the herd had gone further away. Following on for some time, we made up to them about ten miles from Msidi's town. I succeeded in stalking the herd, getting within 150 yards of them, and from behind a small tree I opened fire. Although I had only five cartridges in my belt three of these antelopes were brought down. They were about the size of oxen, and are very good eating indeed. Two of them lay together, and the third about a hundred yards off.

A NIGHT ALONE WITH WILD BEASTS.

By this time the sun was just disappearing, and considering the state of my larder at home, I could not think of leaving all this meat in the plain. I therefore sent off my companion to the

village for fire, and to bring more cartridges, and some men to cut up and carry the meat back. I remained by the carcases, armed only with a long hunting-knife, having no ammunition for my rifle.

Night had scarcely set in when I heard in the distance the whoop of a hyena, which was the signal for all night prowlers to gather round; so I determined to march up and down, and if possible hold my own against them. Unfortunately there was no moon. It was a pitch-dark night, and I could only hear the animals as they came walking round in the dry grass. Having no fire with me, I was compelled to keep shouting at them, making as much noise as possible, to keep them from the carcases of the antelopes. They seemed to increase in number, and feeling unable to defend all my spoil, I gave up one animal to my hungry visitors, thinking that would satisfy them, and they would leave me then in peaceful possession of the two.

Feeling the cold intensely, I took out my hunting-knife and skinned one of the antelopes, rolled myself in the borrowed hide, and lay down on the ground. But soon I heard the stealthy tread of some animal coming towards me. Springing instantly to my feet, I rushed to the place where I had left the one carcase, and found that in the course of an hour these hungry brutes had devoured it, and were now preparing to pounce upon either me or the other two. By dint of rushing up and down, and shouting for hours, I managed to keep them off. About three in the morning some men came, bringing fire with them, and I got a little sleep. The daylight revealed, by the footprints, that my companions had been five large hyenas and three cheta or dog-leopards; and not only had they cleared off every atom of the flesh and bones of their antelope, but they had licked the very ground clean of the blood. We carried off the meat of the other two triumphantly to Msidi's town, giving him a quarter of one of the animals as we passed. He was quite astonished when he heard of the night's adventure. Indeed, he professed to be very angry at what appeared to him foolhardiness; and when I explained that necessity had compelled me, he wanted to know why I had not applied to him for food. I told him that I certainly would not do that; but he made me accept of a large bin of corn, which contained more than a six months' supply for me and my boys.

A SURGICAL OPERATION.

October 10th.—Kasule, an old native trader from the Quando district, who has been living here with Msidi for many years, fell into a fire and burned his right hand. He did not come to me to have it dressed at once, and mortification set in. When they brought him to-day I found the hand in such a state that I was compelled to amputate it. Taking him out to the bush close by, I set him down on the ground, and, with the assistance of my boy Dick, held his arm across a huge stone, and with a razor and a little penknife I managed to sever the hand at the wrist-joint.

The poor old man stood the operation wonderfully well, and seemed very grateful for my help; but he was quite overcome when Dick dug a hole in the ground and buried the hand. I kept the old man under my care for some days, and the wound healed completely. He seemed very unwilling to leave my village again, so I told him he had better bring his wife, build his hut close by, and I would take charge of his little boy and bring him up. I thought he might look after the village in my absence, and would be useful for going messages and other light work.

TWO YEARS' LETTERS—BRETHREN CLOSE AT HAND.

December 14th.—Dick had just prepared my usual afternoon meal of corn porridge, and one roasted pigeon to flavour it, when two men came hastily up in front of my house, and without waiting to knock pushed their way in. Before I had time to remonstrate with them for their seeming rudeness, the foremost one thrust into my hand a packet of letters. I handed to him and his companion my porridge and pigeon, and opening the packet I found that during these two long years of silence as to the movements of the outer world I had not only been remembered by many friends at home, but that two brethren were actually close to me in the heart of Africa. Messrs. Swan and Faulknor, after many delays, difficulties, and perplexities, had arrived safely at the Lualaba river, from which they had forwarded my letters, and in a few days they would be with me. What was I to do? Should I remain and make the house as comfortable as possible for their reception, or start at once to meet them? I decided to adopt the first course, as being the most sensible.

MATAYA AND HER SON PARDONED.

Pedro, the bearer of these letters, had also brought for Msidi a piece of handkerchief and a message from the two brethren. To deliver these he at once started for the king's court. At that time Msidi's wife, Mataya, one of the queens of the country, and her eldest son, were being tried for having bewitched her younger son. This younger son was more liked by the chief than the elder, and had gone to Sombwe in a war party (under the command of the chief's nephew, Molenga), where he was shot. The diviners declared that he had been bewitched by someone, that his body had been stripped of its charms, and he had thus become exposed to the enemy's bullets. Suspicion fell on the lad's mother and elder brother, who were consequently brought to trial. The evidence against them was, that on the day of the departure of the war party, the elder son hid the gun of his younger brother, and, when the latter demanded his gun, he refused to give it up, saying, "Neither of us is beloved of the chief, why then should we go and fight his battles?" The mother interfered, and said, "Give the lad his gun; if he be killed, what matter? Certainly the chief won't weep for him." The elder brother was condemned to be shot, but Mataya's sentence was deferred for a final day of deliberation, when all in authority were to be gathered. This court was sitting when the news reached Msidi that Messrs. Swan and Faulknor were at the borders of his country. Mataya was at once pardoned, and the sentence of death passed upon her elder son commuted to one of banishment for life, the chief joyfully declaring that no human blood should be shed upon the arrival of these his white guests, and the piece of coloured handkerchief that the brethren had sent was handed to Mataya by Msidi as a proof of her pardon.

PREPARATIONS TO RECEIVE FELLOW-LABOURERS.

Msidi sent one of his own sons to meet the caravan, bearing with him Msidi's welcome, as well as letters of greeting and hearty welcome from me; and I at once turned my attention to making things as comfortable as possible for their arrival. Some mats that had been made for me out of plaited strips of palm leaves were sewn together to form a ceiling, and racks and

shelves were made to receive what goods these friends might bring, in order to place them above the reach of the white ants. To obtain the wood we had to make excursions to the forest. The legs of a round table I had been making were already in the rough, and these I had to dress down and fit together.

While busy with my preparations, tidings came of the near approach of the white men, so leaving everything in the hands of my boys I started off to meet them, going along the usual caravan road. After proceeding for some distance without hearing from the natives any report of their advance, I became concerned, but thought that possibly they might have taken the by-way over the hills, and therefore returned to my cottage to await their arrival. At such a time it was impossible to do nothing, so I began to rig up a flagstaff. With a long bamboo rod bound to my hammock pole, I made an awkward-looking flagstaff, which I fastened to my pigeon-house, and a tattered Union Jack was got ready for hoisting.

December 16th.—The first signal I had of the arrival of the strangers was the firing of three pistol shots in the distance. Running out of the door, I tried to hoist my Union Jack, but the line had got thick and twisted with the heavy rains, so I only succeeded in getting the flag half way up. Starting down the hill as quickly as possible, I met Mr. Swan some little distance from my house. From letters forwarded from the Lualaba I knew his name, and his object in coming, so we rejoiced to meet as brethren. His companion, Mr. Faulknor, remained with the caravan, expecting to follow in a couple of days, and Dick and Susi at once started with a hammock to help him on. On his arrival with the caravan, we were able to rejoice and thank God together for His mercy to us.

After storing away the goods, we sought to make the fifty sturdy carriers as comfortable as possible. Msidi sent up many presents of food, etc., for them, and after a few days, during which he was much occupied with state matters, he appointed a day for the reception of the two white strangers. It may be well for me to give Mr. Swan's description of this, and the notes he made during the first few weeks of his stay.

MR. SWAN'S NOTES—INTERVIEW WITH MSIDI.

December 20th.—Msidi has sent us many kind messages and scores of loads of food. He is gathering his chiefs together for the time when he will formally receive his white visitors.

24th.—Visited Msidi, and found him surrounded by his headmen and counsellors. He sat under the verandah surrounding one of his wives' houses, and Molenga, his nephew, sat at a little distance from him. They both held out their hands, and as we shook hands they gave us a hearty welcome to their country. Msidi is undoubtedly the most powerful chief in this part of Central Africa, and his name is a terror in all the country through which we have passed. After greeting ceremonies were over, I told him we had come to his country in accordance with his invitation sent through our friend Mr. Arnot, and if he still wished it, we would stay, teach his people to read and write, and to understand the word of God. We thus sought to throw on him the responsibility of our being here. This is safest, and may be useful to refer to in the future. He said he was very glad we had come, and hoped we should like his country.

In interpreting my words to his people, he said we had come as teachers from God, to put them all right, give them all the wisdom of books, and to heal all the sick people in his country. "Yes," he said, "in a short time there will be no more sick people here, for they have brought lots of medicines." He is a short, stout man, with a fine head, and has a very cunning mind. He seems to be much attached to Mr. Arnot, and says he will accompany him when he returns to England; but this is only *talk.*

27th.—Br. Arnot visited Msidi, and asked when it would be convenient for us to have another interview with him, as we had brought him a present of cloth. He said he did not want any present; the white men had come to their own country, and all was settled. "However," said he, "if you like you may give my two head wives a small present." This was only another way of accepting the present; for all that his wives have is his.

28th.—Visited the king again, and found him seated between his two head wives (both mulattoes). We had a pleasant chat together, and amused him by answering all his questions con-

cerning our clothes, relatives, and country. As he sat looking at us, he remarked to his wives, "These are English; fine, brave people. The three of them could put us all to flight."

About mid-day a large tablecloth was spread on the ground, and Msidi's four white men (we three and Augusto, the trader) sat down and partook of his hospitality—boiled and roast goat, mush (of millet corn), and rice. The king declared that his heart was very white (*i.e.*, free from evil thoughts) now that his white children had arrived safely. At his request we sang a few hymns in English and Umbundu; but when he heard our Bailundu boys sing, he said, "Why do white people stay there to teach the people? Why not come out here at once?" Shortly after this we left.

January 4th, 1888.—Mr. Arnot brought word that Msidi had honoured me by calling one of his children after me—*Swaná* (native way of pronouncing my name).

10*th*.—Msidi came to visit us, and we amused him much by showing him photos, pictures, etc.; and after partaking of some food, he went away evidently favourably impressed with his visit.

QUEEN CHITOMPA'S RETURN FROM WAR.

23*rd*.—A few days ago we heard that Chitompa, the king's favourite wife, had returned from war. About eight months ago she and a large following went off to the Luba country; and as they streamed out of the king's enclosure two human victims were sacrificed, and their blood was used in making the necessary fetish arrangements.

We happened to call at the king's on the 30th ultimo, and he asked if we would not go out and greet his wife in the war-camp, as she was anxious to see the newly-arrived white men. We went out with him, and he introduced us to this wife, and we sang a few Umbundu hymns to their great delight. At night the king slept in our tent. A great deal of firing and dancing was kept up during the night, and the warriors with their dark bodies and whitened faces were undoubtedly fierce-looking in the glare of the camp fires. On returning next morning we found a man lying with three spear wounds in his body, and on enquiring were told he had been trespassing. We ordered some men to carry him off, as he had lost a large quantity of blood.

On the day set apart for the formal reception of Chitompa and her party Mr. Arnot was not well, so Mr. Faulknor and I went down to see the proceedings. On reaching the king's we saw him coming out with a head-dress of parrots' tail feathers; his body and arms were covered with cloth of the most gaudy colours, and his face was whitened with clay (the sign of a white heart!). Then came Chitompa, borne on her litter, dressed in a similar manner. The warriors followed, walking very slowly and singing their doleful war-song, while the skulls of their victims were to be seen either in their hands or dangling at their waists; one even had a skull hanging from his teeth. They began their dance amidst the firing of guns, and kept it up in a monotonous way. Then, retiring in an orderly manner, they returned one by one, brandishing their spears, and laid the skulls at the feet of the king. The headman (captain) next gave about an hour's oration, after which he danced, and the women standing round about carried him small presents. Chitompa made her speech, danced, received presents, and retired. After this Molenga came and did likewise, and having declared his intention of going off to war soon, retired. Other headmen also made speeches. The king then came down from his litter, replied to the speeches, and made a lame attempt to dance.

This ended the proceedings. Such scenes are very strange and wild to a new-comer, but their wars are not such bloody affairs as one might suppose.

Msidi's rule is very severe, yet we do not altogether condemn him in this, for in no other way could order be kept among his people, and it must be clearly understood that *he only* is king, and that his authority is absolute. Take the following as an example. A young man whom I often saw, named Kaweya, was shot the other day by order of the chief. He had received more than one warning, but gave little or no heed. Sometime ago he got drunk, and bit off the end of the finger of one of the king's wives. For this offence he was buried in the ground up to the neck for about six hours, and when taken out all his skin came off. For some other offence he received a like punishment, and was told that had he not been a chief's son (one of those conquered by Msidi) he would have been shot for the first offence. Lastly, he was charged with throwing down one of Molenga's wives and

breaking her arm. Molenga immediately made this known to the king, and Msidi's prompt answer was, "Shoot him."

February 24th.—You will be glad to hear that Mr. Arnot has decided to return home with the men who brought us in. We found him much improved in health—in fact, in good health; but as he still suffers at times from the spleen, we think it will be well for him to return for medical advice, etc.

February 26th.—Mr. Arnot expects to leave to-morrow, so I must bring my letter to a close.

DETERMINE TO LEAVE FOR ENGLAND.

With the above extracts from Mr. Swan's notes I conclude this part of my narrative; but before giving brief particulars of my homeward journey, it may be well to add a short chapter on the Garenganze kingdom.

An African Girl.

Her hair is dressed in imitation of buffalo's horns. Cowrie shells cover the head, and a wealth of beads hangs round her neck.

VI.

The Garenganze Kingdom and People.

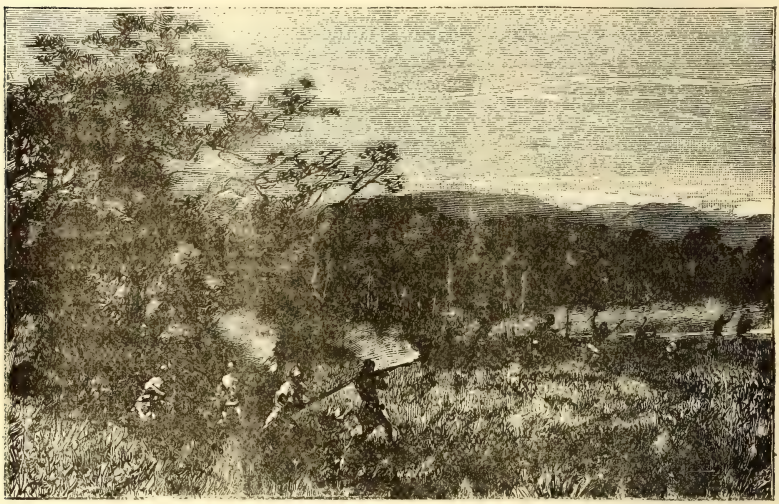
How Msidi Obtained his Kingdom—Trade Opened with the West Coast—Boundaries of the Kingdom—Msidi's Wives and Chiefs—Ivory, Msidi's only Tribute—The Mukurru a Great Trade Centre—Variety of Tribes—Witchcraft Put Down—Men Transformed into Animals—Fetishes in Warfare—Fetishes Against Wild Animals—Trade Castes—Msidi's Salt Pan—Human Sacrifices—Rights in Land—The Position of Women—The Presentation of Twins to the King—How Slaves are made.

HOW MSIDI OBTAINED HIS KINGDOM.

THE portion of Central Africa now known as "Garenganze" is called by the aborigines *Sanga*. It borders on Katanga, the famous copper-producing district, often referred to in Livingstone's travels, which was tributary to the chief of Sanga. Kalasa, the father of Msidi, the present ruler of Garenganze, was a minor chief under Mirambo, the great chief of the Unyamwesi country, to the east of Lake Tanganyika. Kalasa was a trader in copper, and after frequent visits to Sanga a close friendship sprang up between him and the old chief of that country. On one occasion Msidi (who was Kalasa's second son) made a visit to Sanga instead of his father. Guns as a means of warfare were then entirely unknown in the central regions of Africa. Msidi, however, had possessed himself of four guns for his party, and on arriving in the Sanga country he found the old chief at war with a powerful chief to the north of him, who with his people, the Baluba, was invading the Sanga country. Msidi came to the rescue of his father's friend, and after a few shots from his party, the Baluba, alarmed at the new weapons of war, took flight. Naturally the old Sanga chief was pleased with Msidi, who had thus delivered him and his people out of the hands of their enemies, and determined to reward him handsomely. This he

did by handing over to him large presents of ivory, urging him to return to his country as soon as possible.

Msidi, seizing every advantage to be derived from this old chief's friendship, went back to his own town in the Unyamwesi country, then started again for Sanga with wife and children, and such friends as were willing to follow him. Amongst those who thus set out with him was a lad, a nephew of Msidi's, named Molenga, who now occupies an important position in Msidi's kingdom.



GUNS *versus* SPEARS—A SCENE OFTEN ENACTED BY ARABS.

Finding that his friend the chief of the Sanga had grown old and feeble, Msidi promised that he would not again leave, but would remain in the country to receive the chieftainship, of which a promise had been made him. In a short time the old man, perceiving that his end was near, gave up to Msidi the "*omande*" shell, which answers to the European crown, and installed Msidi as chief of the Basanga. In the exercise of his newly-acquired power Msidi put to death every one who opposed him, or any who were likely to do so; and carried on aggressive warfare in all the countries round about, defying the powerful chief Kasembe, on the eastern banks of the Luapula, who had formerly received a measure of tribute from the old Sanga chief. Kasembe deter-

mined to punish Msidi for his rebellious conduct, and to this end invaded his country. Msidi, however, was successful, with the help of the Ovimbundu traders from the Bihé country, in resisting Kasembe, and in declaring his independence. He next added to his kingdom the Luba country to the north, and encouraged the coming of emigrants and refugees from the Lunda country, who were ready to flee from the oppression of the great Muate Yanvo power, now almost extinct. Thus by fair means or foul Msidi gathered round him a large number of followers, inviting also many of his own tribe from the Unyamwesi country to come and occupy prominent positions in the kingdom that he had formed, and which he was pleased to call the Garenganze country.

TRADE OPENED WITH THE WEST COAST.

One circumstance that led to Msidi's wonderful success shows his wisdom. From the east coast guns, powder, and articles of war used to be obtained, and this made him dependent on the tribes to the east of him. He believed, however, in the existence of a *west* coast, and thought it might be possible to procure from thence his war stores. In hope of attaining his object, he sent his nephew Molenga with a number of men westward in search of trade and traders—really on an exploring expedition. In the Lovale country Molenga met with a coloured trader named Domingo, from the Portuguese province of Angola. After hearing Molenga's story about the powerful chief far in the interior, who had much ivory to dispose of, and who was in quest of powder, guns, cloth, etc., Domingo started for Bihé, and informed the Portuguese trader, Silva Porto, who thereupon equipped a trading caravan, and sent it in under the charge of a black *pombero* named Jaõ. This man succeeded in reaching Msidi's country, and supplied him with powder, guns, and cloth in exchange for ivory. After Jaõ had made two or three trips between Garenganze and the west coast (other native Bihé traders also joining in the enterprise), Msidi was enabled to assert his independence, and to proceed with his aggressions upon the surrounding tribes, and thus became established as the paramount chief over an immense tract of country.

BOUNDARIES OF THE KINGDOM.

The actual boundaries of the present Garenganze empire are —on the east the Luapula river; on the west the Lualaba; on the south the hills dividing the Zambesi and the Congo water systems; and to the north the Lupemba and Moero lakes. But in addition a large district of country beyond these limits is tributary to Msidi, though not under his own immediate rule.

MSIDI'S WIVES AND MINOR CHIEFS.

In order to render the government of this vast territory secure, Msidi appointed minor chiefs in the great centres of population. Each of these receives from him an *omande* shell as a sign of office. These minor chiefs appoint their own officials, one of whom wears a shell on his breast, and is called the "mother" of the chief, because of the part he takes on the day of coronation, when the chief, after days of close confinement, is brought forth on the shoulders of his "mother." Another official wears two lion's claws, fitted into one another so as to form a circle, which hangs from a strip of lion's hide worn round the neck. He is called "the man under the bed," as it is his duty to lie there during the time that the chief is confined to his hut. These minor chiefs are each supposed to have some relative married to Msidi, and these wives of the king are really their "friends at court," through whom all communications with Msidi are carried on. Msidi also employs these women as officers of state, and they have often other districts to superintend besides those ruled over by their own relatives.

IVORY, MSIDI'S ONLY TRIBUTE.

The minor chiefs have charge of the government in their own districts, but all serious cases that arise have to be referred to the king, who reserves to himself the right of taking human life. The minor chiefs are supposed to bring all ivory as tribute to the capital; but rubber, slaves, and other articles of trade of less value, are left at their own disposal. To secure this ivory tribute the king has many officers stationed all over the country, whose duties are to watch and report upon the conduct of these sub-rulers, and to take especial care that all ivory is sent to the

capital. These officers employ many spies of their own, so that it is almost impossible for any elephant-hunting to go on without their knowledge; and when an elephant is killed or found dead these officers at once learn all about it—the size of its tusks, etc. Should the chief find out by means of this secret service that one of the minor chiefs has been possessing himself of ivory, or secretly disposing of it to traders, he instantly, without giving any warning, sends a company of his soldiers to kill him; his villages are attacked and reduced to ashes, and all his people are carried off. By this means ivory-stealing or smuggling may be said to be prevented, and it is very seldom attempted. Thus, without books, without archives, or the machinery of civilization, this great man rules the whole country, sitting quietly at his capital, and knowing exactly what is going on in all parts of his empire, and he is everywhere feared.

THE CAPITAL A GREAT TRADE CENTRE.

At Msidi's capital I have met with native traders from Uganda; the Unyamwesi country; the Ungala, to the east of Lake Tanganyika; the Luba country, almost as far down as the Stanley Falls; the basin of the Zambesi; Zumbu, Bihé, and Angola, as well as Arab traders from Lake Nyassa and Zanzibar. Copper, salt, ivory, and slaves are the chief articles of commerce. In exchange for these Msidi purchases flint-lock guns, powder, cloth, and beads, besides many other curious things that these native and Arab traders bring. It is, indeed, quite an entertainment when Msidi opens out his stores and exhibits his treasures, in doing which he seems to take a peculiar pleasure. His collection contains tins of meat unopened, musical boxes, concertinas, guns and pistols, all kinds of opera glasses, scientific instruments (generally out of order), trinkets of every imaginable description, watches and jewellery; also cast-off clothing, varying in quality and colour from the sombre blue of the London policeman's uniform to the gorgeous dress of some Portuguese governor.

The natives cultivate large quantities of Kaffir corn, maize, rice, sweet potatoes, yams, onions, peanuts, cassava, etc. They are a decidedly industrious race of people, and their love of hoeing and other menial occupations shows that they are not

naturally filled with martial desires, as the Matabele and Zulu races appear to be, but seem rather to have been compelled to assume the aggressive in defence of their very existence.

VARIETY OF TRIBES. WITCHCRAFT PUT DOWN.

One remarkable feature of the Garenganze kingdom is the peaceable dwelling together of the remnants of various tribes under one chief. To bring this about Msidi has, of course, to exercise a great deal of tact, and he shows considerable ability in dealing with the many questions that come before him, arising from the tribal jealousies that are continually at work in his dominions. It is frequently found that the men of one tribe are jealous of those of another, dwelling in the next compound, and speaking a different dialect, and are ready to trace to them all their disasters. In the past, charges and trials for witchcraft were very common, and threatened to keep the country in a perpetual state of turmoil and strife. Msidi, however, met the difficulty by declaring himself to be the only wizard in the kingdom—that is, the only person invested with any magic power—and so the tribes have now to cast about for other means of bringing their petty enmities and jealousies to bear upon one another.

The variety of tribes that has just been alluded to, constitutes an element of weakness in the kingdom, and it would probably soon be disintegrated if the ruler were not a man of marked character. A somewhat similar state of things existed in the Barotse valley when the great Makololo chief ruled, and now there is nothing but strife and confusion there, Liwanika being a man destitute of decision and power.

MEN SAID TO BE TRANSFORMED INTO ANIMALS.

I have often tried to chide the Garenganze people for their want of bravery in not hunting down the many wild animals that prey around their towns, carrying off the sick people, and frequently attacking and seizing solitary strangers. They excused themselves by explaining that these wild animals are really "men of other tribes," turned by the magic power they possess, into the form of lions, panthers, or tigers, who prowl about to take vengeance on those against whom they are embittered. In

defending this absurd theory, one man said it was not possible for a Luba and Lamba man to go out into the country together without one stealing a march on his neighbour, getting out of sight, and returning again in the form of a lion or leopard and devouring his travelling companion. Such things, they say, are of daily occurrence amongst them; and this foolish superstition leads them not only to tolerate the wild animals around, but almost to hold them sacred.

FETISH IN WARFARE.

Though naturally brave and fearless of danger, these people have a superstitious horror of anything that appears to them to be sacrilege, and this has brought upon them the reproach of cowardice. For instance, when two chiefs meet in war, victory does not depend merely on strength and courage, as we should suppose, but on fetish medicines. If some men on the side of the more powerful chief fall, they at once retire and acknowledge that their medicines have failed, and they cannot be induced to renew the conflict on any consideration. When brought into actual contact with wild animals, however, they generally conduct themselves very bravely, and with great skill and self-possession. I knew a man who was attacked by a leopard, the animal springing at his head, and dragging him almost to the ground. He succeeded in catching the leopard by its fore legs, threw it down, put his knees on its chest, broke its ribs, and thus killed it.

FETISH AGAINST WILD ANIMALS.

Africans believe largely in preventive measures, and their fetish charms are chiefly of that order. In passing through a country where leopards and lions abound they carefully provide themselves with the claws, teeth, lips, and whiskers of those animals, and hang them round their necks, to secure themselves against being attacked. For the same purpose the point of an elephant's trunk is generally worn by elephant hunters. The bones from the legs of tortoises are much valued as anklets, in order to give the wearers endurance, reminding one of the fable of the tortoise. The lower jaw bone of the tortoise is worn by certain tribes as a preventive against toothache. The spine bones of serpents are strung together with a girdle as a cure for backache.

One morning I shot a hyena in my yard. The chief sent up one of his executioners to cut off its nose and the tip of its tail, and to extract a little bit of brain from the skull. The man informed me that these parts were very serviceable to elephant hunters, as securing for them the cunning, tact, and power to become invisible, which the hyena is supposed to possess. I suppose that the brain would represent the cunning, the nose the tact, and the tip of the tail the vanishing quality. The stomach of the hyena is valued by the Ovimbundu as a cure for apoplexy. Many have a superstious dread of the horned night owl. Its cry is considered an evil omen, which can only be counteracted effectually by possessing a whistle made out of the windpipe of the same bird. Jackals are also very much disliked. The weird cry of one of these animals will arouse the people of a whole village, who will rush out and call upon the spirit-possessed animal to be quiet and leave them, or to come into the village and they will feed and satisfy it. When travelling they are careful to notice the direction this animal may take. Should its cry come from the direction in which they are going they will not venture a step further until certain divinations have been performed, that they may learn the nature of the calamity about to befall them.

TRADE CASTES.

Not many traces of caste are to be found in Africa. There is, of course, an aristocracy of mighty men, and the richer members of society rule over the poorer, but some *trade* castes exist in the Garenganze country. The copper mines are wrought and the copper smelted out of the malachite ore by certain families. This business is handed down from father to son, and the instructions of forefathers are followed with the greatest accuracy. At one place the copper is cast in the form of a capital H, and the angles of this figure are perfect. At other mines it is cast in the form of a Maltese cross, the mould being made in the sand by the workers, with their fingers; and out of twenty casts from such moulds scarcely a fourth or an eighth of an inch difference is discernible.

The malachite from which the copper is extracted is found in large quantities on the tops of certain bare, rugged hills. In their search for it the natives dig little round shafts, seldom

deeper than 15 or 20 feet. They have no lateral workings, but when one shaft becomes too deep for them, they leave it and open another.

Other families are given to the working of iron. The iron ore is smelted in a very simple way. Large trenches are dug in the ground, and having been filled with iron ore and charcoal, are afterwards covered with soft mud, openings being left at both ends. The fire is lit at one end, and boys are employed to blow little bellows night and day, so as to produce a current of air, and keep up the fire. After several days the trench is broken open, and the reduced metal taken out.

They manufacture this iron into hoes, axe-heads, spears, knives, and bullets. Some of the iron workers are most ingenious men; they can repair all the parts of a gun, and can make, besides numerous other things, "correntes"—long heavy chains for tying slaves together. I broke a little camp bedstead close to one of its joints, and upon calling in one of these men to help, he put in an entirely new piece, and of such good metal that it was the strongest part about the bedstead.

The right of fishing in the rivers is also confined to certain families, who, however, are generally looked down upon by others, as fish is by many African tribes considered unclean food.

These fishermen catch large quantities of barbel, which are very good for food when dried in the sun. They are chiefly caught in long baskets with inverted bottoms, or by spearing, at which they are very dexterous. Why fish should be unclean in the sight of certain tribes is a mystery to me, as generally these people are found to be capable of eating almost anything else. When pressed for a reason such men have told me that it is because fish is slippery, and would sicken them. They have often given me the same reason for not eating the flesh of young animals. I doubt not, however, that their antipathies in these matters must be traced to early traditions.

MSIDI'S SALT-PAN. HUMAN SACRIFICES.

The gathering of salt is carried on in the district, and this forms one staple article of trade. Msidi possesses a large salt-pan, from which during the dry season a great quantity of

salt is gathered. The heat of the sun seems to draw the salt out of the ground in the form of an efflorescence, which is so abundant, that from the space of two yards square they will perhaps be able to sweep together 50 lbs. of salt. Msidi's salt-pan is opened once a year with a religious ceremony, and two human victims are sacrificed in order that the process of salt-gathering that year may not be interfered with by the spirits of departed chiefs.

A similar course is pursued in nearly all their occupations. They seek to prevent disaster, and to assure themselves of success by means of human sacrifices. And it is indeed surprising to see how even the poor victims themselves seem to enter into the spirit of the delusion, taking farewell of their friends, and going quietly to be sacrificed, and many of them even delighting in being called to do so at the king's pleasure. No especial selection appears to be made in providing the victims, but the king merely says that one and another are to be taken and slaughtered.

RIGHTS IN LAND.

All persons in the Garenganze seem to have equal rights, so far as land and forest are concerned. They can cultivate wherever they please, and have only to go to the forest for firewood or timber when it is wanted. In some parts of Africa attempts are made to restrict the use of the land, although there is plenty of it, but in the Garenganze this is not so. Perhaps the only rights connected with the land are what may be called hunting rights. Minor chiefs and headmen over certain districts reserve to themselves the right of organising what are called "fire-hunts." All the people are then called out, the grass is set on fire, and the wild animals are chased up the ravines and valleys and killed in great numbers. At one fire-hunt on the Lufira 200 elephants were, to my knowledge, killed in a few days.

CULTIVATION OF THE SOIL.

The cultivation of the ground is considered a purely domestic duty. It really devolves upon the female portion of the community, although the men help in the heavier work of tilling the ground and cutting the corn when ripe. The sowing, and also the watching of the growing corn, is left to the women. When

the corn ripens, large stands have to be erected in the gardens, on the top of which little huts are built, perhaps fifteen feet above the ground, where the watchers sit to keep off birds and fowls by day, and wild animals by night. During the summer the nights are continually disturbed by the shouts of these watchers, mingling strangely with the wilder cries of hyenas and other prowling animals.

THE POSITION OF WOMEN.

The rights and privileges given to women in the Garenganze country form one of the remarkable features of Msidi's government. Women are allowed to attend the courts, and to have a voice equally with the men, and Msidi succeeds pretty well in dispensing equal justice. Should a man beat or habitually ill-treat his wife, Msidi will allow her to return to her father without granting any compensation to the inhuman husband, even though he may have paid the father a heavy dowry.

TWIN CHILDREN.

As a rule, these simple people are fond of their children. Cases of infanticide are very rare, and then only because of some deformity. Twins, strange to say, are not only allowed to live, but the people delight in them.

Mr. Swan thus describes a ceremony he was made to share in: "While visiting Msidi my attention was drawn to a crowd of folk, mostly women, who approached singing, and ringing a kind of bell. They formed in lines opposite to us. In front of the rest were a man and woman, each holding a child, not more than a few days old. I then learned that the little ones were twins, the man and woman holding them being the happy parents, who had come to present their offspring to the king. They wore nothing but a few leaves round their loins—a hint to Msidi, I suppose, that they would like some cloth. After chanting a little, an elderly woman came forward with a dish in her left hand, and an antelope's tail in her right. When she reached Msidi, I was astonished at her dipping the tail into the dish, and dashing the liquid over his face. Msidi's wife had a like dose. But my surprise increased when she came to us and gave us a share. What was in the dish I cannot say, but it struck me as possessing

a very disagreeable odour. This uncourteous creature was the Ocimbanda (fetish doctor). She did not cease her dousing work till she had favoured all sitting around. The king then went into the house, and his wife came out with some cloth, which she tied round the mother's waist; and then a piece of cloth was given to the husband. The friends had brought some native beer, and when Msidi came out he went to one of the pots, filled his mouth, spurting the beer into his wife's face; she did the same to him, after which the spurting became general. I did not think that Msidi would stoop to such undignified ways, but they told me it was their custom to act thus when twins were born."

The dangers children are exposed to, where wild animals are so numerous, compels the parents to take especial care of them. I did not understand this at first, and used often to grieve over the fact that I could not get the children to come freely to my house, till I learned that it was because of the parents' care for them that they were not allowed to leave their own compounds without permission.

Children of slaves are treated as "nobody's" *children*, though they are the *property* of "somebody." The life of a slave can be compensated for by cloth, goats, or other things of like value; but the life of "somebody's" child can only be compensated for by five slaves. If a freeborn child were lost or devoured by wild animals, the father would have to pay its value to his wife's relatives, as, strange to say, freeborn children are in some parts supposed to belong entirely to their mother.

HOW SLAVES ARE MADE.

The actual slaves of the country are either captives newly taken in war, or the children of slaves; but their descendants after the third or fourth generation, are reckoned as free-born. War is, to a great extent, carried on for the sake of making captives; and on account of this the king has often difficulty in restraining his soldiers from extending their raiding expeditions mercilessly, when once he has banded them together to attack any chief. I never saw Msidi to better advantage than when, one day addressing his own nephew, he declared his indignation against him because, having been sent out to attack a rebel chief, he had afterwards raided upon some peaceful Lamba villages to enrich

himself with slaves. Msidi at once ordered this nephew to go and attack a powerful tribe to the north of his territory, who had long defied him, as the only way of redeeming his character for bravery. And he declared that cowardice alone had led his nephew to attack the undefended Lamba people.

Large numbers of slaves are brought into the capital every year by returning war parties, and are sold chiefly to Arab traders from Zanzibar and to Ovimbundu traders from Bihé. Strong young men have been sold for ten or twelve yards of cotton cloth. Children able to walk are perhaps worth a little, but infants are considered a drug in the market, and it is generally to the advantage of the slave dealers to make away with them. They will not often allow a mother to carry her own child, thinking to employ her more profitably by making her carry ivory or food; and so these little ones are generally cast out to the hyenas or thrown into the rivers.

An African Woman.

The careworn appearance that is very common among middle-aged women is here shown.

VII.

Return Journey.

(March, 1888, to September, 1888.)

En Route—A Story of Two Slave Children—Bridge-building—Avoid the Desolated Country—Nana Kandundu at War with Kangombe—Nana Victorious—A Chief's Honesty—A Caravan Plundered—How the Carriers do Business—At Bihé—Leave Africa—Reach England.

EN ROUTE.

Molenga's Town, March 13th, 1888.—Much has transpired since my last letter. I have several sheets by me, all written, but happily they are now out of date, and I find myself *on my way home!* When I heard of my dear brother's death I said, "Oh, to see all at home again, what would I not give!" not dreaming that my way would be opened so soon. I had no knowledge of N.'s long, painful illness, and news of his death came like a thunderbolt; but it was graciously tempered by the coming of Messrs. Swan and Faulknor, or I know not how I should have borne it.

Besides the recommendation of friends to think of a change, and the strong advice of my brethren Swan and Faulknor, other things greatly influenced me. For instance, our affairs at the coast require attention, now that more than one are in the field and things have got beyond the primary stage. I thought to delay until May, for the sake of having more time with my brethren, but they both opposed it. Cinyama and the carriers would not think of waiting longer, so when their time came for leaving I packed up and came off with them.

Msidi's farewell was quite touching in its way. He was anxious that I should wait for his son to go with me. I did not care to encourage this, so declined to wait. At last, after finding

that I sought nothing from him, he gave me from his side his rod of authority, or sceptre, assuring me that it would be, to all who knew him, an assurance of the friendship that exists between us.

A STORY OF TWO SLAVE CHILDREN.

I omitted to note down previously the story of two of my little ones, so add it here. The Luba country stretches north of the Garenganze as far as the Stanley Falls. The people are a noble and unsubdued race. Msidi has great difficulty in bringing those on the borders of his country into even partial subjection, as they live in stockaded towns. One year, when Msidi's warriors were ransacking the district around Katapena, they surprised and carried off a number of children who were playing and bathing in a pool near their town. Among them were two girls, Mwepo and Delunga, who had been fast friends and constant playmates; but the rough hands of Msidi's soldiers now separated them, and they were carried off in different directions. Three years after, I happened to be sitting in Msidi's yard talking with him, when a company of slaves were brought in. They were the belongings of someone who had recently died, and were brought to Msidi to distribute among the relatives of the deceased man. The youngest of the slaves was a little girl about nine years of age; she was suffering from painful ulcers on the soles of her feet. After giving away the healthy ones of the number, Msidi turned and asked if I could do anything with this suffering child; so I took her up to my cottage, dressed her sores, and after a little care and nursing she completely recovered.

A few months later I happened again to be sitting beside Msidi early one morning, when he asked me to take breakfast with him. We had not sat long before a little girl entered the yard and threw herself down at some distance from the chief's feet, and did obeisance by rubbing dust on her forehead and arms. Msidi told her to look up, and asked where she came from, and what she wanted. She said that she had run away from her mistress because she had been beaten severely the day before. It seems that she had travelled all night from the Lunsala district, six or eight miles down the Unkeya. Some of Msidi's breakfast lay by me, which I handed in pity to the poor thing, and in a short time I rose up and left. Upon looking back, I saw the

little girl following me, in charge of one of Msidi's young men, who told me that Msidi had sent the child after me, saying that if she was afraid of being beaten she had better follow the white man. So on she came with me to my cottage. I handed her over to the care of the other little girl, Mwepo, when, to my astonishment, they flew into each other's arms, embracing one another, and weeping. The two Luba free-born children had met again in my cottage after each had passed through her own three years of unmixed sorrow and hardship. It was several days before I was able to do anything with them, so continually did they hang round each other's necks.

BRIDGE-BUILDING.

Kalala, March 18th.—Had much trouble in crossing the Lunda rivers, as our route on this occasion lay further south, where the streams are wider. To-day we were detained six hours at the Luaché. The river was very much swollen, and rushed past with such force that we could not bridge it in the usual way. As a rule, bridges are easily formed. Forked poles are cut, and the lower ends, when well sharpened, are sunk into the bed of the river, and worked into the mud or gravel by a rotary movement. Across two of these natural forks a bearer is laid. Three or four poles are then pushed out from the bank, resting upon the bearer and projecting ten or twelve feet beyond. These horizontal poles are weighted down on the bank end, so as to allow a man to creep out and place a bearer further out in the river, this operation being repeated until the other bank is reached. Thus in a few hours a fair company of men can bridge quite a broad river if the depth is not great. Some men cut the poles in the forest, others carry them to the river's bank, whilst the more skilful give themselves to constructing the bridge. But to-day we found the Luaché so swollen that it was not possible to place piles in the water, so we set to work to fell a large tree growing on the bank of the river. It was not long enough, however, to reach across; but as there were some rocks in the middle, and more large trees on the other side, I proposed that some of the men should cross either above or below, and cut down one of the trees on the other side, and let them meet in the centre. They did so, but at great peril to their lives. One poor fellow

lost his balance, and was carried down some distance by the current, but succeeded in saving himself by laying hold of the overhanging branch of a tree.

A Narrow Escape.

THE DESERTED COUNTRY AVOIDED.

Nana Kandundu, April 12th.—Have had a good journey thus far. Remembering how we suffered from want of food in going to the Garenganze, across the deserted country, I took a different route, coming more south, where food was plentiful. For several days we travelled along the Zambesi—quite a large river, though near its source. Here I found that the powerful chieftainess had gone off to fight with Kangombe, a Lovale chief, who has been raiding down the Zambesi with quite a large army. Her ladyship of this place objected, and has gone to defend her subjects.

NANA KANDUNDU AT WAR WITH KANGOMBE.

April 13th.—The contending forces, we hear, have met twelve miles or so from this place. All are much alarmed by the many conflicting reports and the sound of distant firing; armed

men are pouring in and going on to the fray from all directions. Her ladyship's litter has come back to her town; so she means to fight like the ancient heroes who burned their bridges behind them.

14*th, midnight.*—A messenger from Nana Kandundu calls me and my men to her aid. Five camps of Ovimbundu have gathered round me, mustering in all four or five hundred. I declare neutrality, but promise to protect her ladyship's person, should she be worsted and come to my camp. She has done well in going out to protect the down-trodden Lunda tribes along the Upper Zambesi, upon whom Kangombe has long been preying. She effectually demonstrates the superior humanity of female government, and I hope to welcome her victorious return.

NANA VICTORIOUS.

April 20*th.*—Nana returned safely. It seems that after one sharp fight Kangombe fled under cover of the darkness.

A CHIEF'S HONESTY.

Baho, near Katema, May 1*st.*—We were detained here some days. A gun belonging to one of Cinyama's men was stolen from camp. The chief promised to recover it for us. After some days' delay the thief was tracked, caught, and both thief and gun were presented to Cinyama's man. For this remarkable piece of honesty the chief of Baho demanded a handsome present. I assured him that it would suffice to restore the gun, and that the thief might be allowed to go back to his village with a suitable warning. This proposal did not at all please the chief. He wanted a fancy-coloured blanket, some cast-off clothing, or something else that really would be of more value to him than this old gun, or the man who had stolen it. After four days' delay and trouble we marched off, leaving the gun in the hands of the chief, his court-fees being so exorbitant that we could not possibly accept his decision.

A CARAVAN PLUNDERED.

In travelling along we heard reports of the plundering of a caravan that had gone out some months before, carrying letters from Mr. Swan and myself. Upon reaching the Lumesé

river, on the borders of Kangombe's country, I gathered the following particulars: The man in charge of this caravan, in his haste to get on, ventured to pass one of the regular camping-places, where a small chief was in the habit of receiving some trifling present by way of tribute. He tried to stop the caravan, but it went on; so the Lovale people gathered in larger numbers and opened fire upon the company, which was not a large one. Finally, they were all surrounded and driven into the river Choñgo. Sixteen of their number perished in the water; others were badly wounded, and plundered of all they carried. The box which contained our letters was carried down the stream, picked up some miles off, and taken to the village of another small chief. I went there and asked for my letters. The chief replied, "Oh, yes, I have them all right!" But he wanted a little present for the good care he had taken of them. I was overjoyed to hear that they were all safe, and gladly gave the man a few rings of copper wire from the Garenganze country. In a short time he appeared with my letters, but what a sight they presented! All had been opened and spread out to be examined time after time, by way of entertaining the chief's visitors. I suppose, not knowing how to fold them, they crushed them together, with the result that nothing was left but a handful of shreds, like shavings from a carpenter's workshop. I was too disgusted to think of preserving them as a curiosity, so threw them into the fire.

HOW THE CARRIERS DO BUSINESS.

The natives along the road do not expect to get beads or cloth from outgoing caravans in exchange for the food which they bring to camp for sale, but look for the produce of the interior. Consequently I provided my men with large quantities of salt at the Garenganze, also with copper anklets and finely-drawn wire, which are to be had there, and are much valued by the Lovale and Chibokwe races. In the upper Lovale country my men exchanged the larger part of the salt they carried for dried fish, which is in great demand amongst the Chibokwe. As the Chibokwe cultivate and prepare large quantities of castor-oil, my men exchanged the fish for castor-oil, which is a commodity greatly valued by the Valoimbe along the eastern bank of the

Quanza, and also among the inhabitants of Bihé. The Valoimbe too are great fishermen, and I observed my men again exchanging the castor-oil they had just bought for fish, which is marketable in Bihé. West of Bihé, rubber alone counts, and as my men are well supplied with it, they take a little from their loads to pay their expenses down to the coast, where, arriving with 30 or 40 lbs. of rubber, they make a final exchange for cloth, beads, etc., with which they will set out on their long return journey to the interior, feeling richly rewarded for all their labour and toil by having a good load of their own upon their backs.

AT BIHÉ.

I crossed the Quanza on the 3rd of June, and arrived at Mr. Fay's house in Bihé on the 6th, and there found letters and supplies awaiting me, and was able at once to pay off my men. Finding at Bihé sufficient goods belonging to Messrs. Swan and Faulknor, I decided to do my best, before proceeding to the coast, to get off a caravan with supplies for them. Having heard that Senhor Porto purposed sending some of his native traders in the direction of Garenganze, I called upon him, and found that he was willing to forward a few loads from me to them. Accordingly I deposited with him a few packets of useful supplies, and after some weeks' delay he procured carriers and sent them on to Garenganze.

LEAVE AFRICA—REACH ENGLAND.

The 240 miles from Bihé to Benguella were soon accomplished, and after resting there a short time with my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Sanders, I took passage on board the s.s. *Portugal*, and arrived in England September 18th, 1888.

APPENDIX.

A.

Mr. Arnot's Fellow-labourers.

A FEW remarks are called for regarding the fellow-labourers mentioned in Mr. Arnot's narrative, to whom he was able to entrust the small beginning of work that he had made in Garenganze. In the comparatively limited circle of Christians who knew of Mr. Arnot's stedfast effort to help Africans much prayerful sympathy was drawn out, and one and another thought of joining him in his lonely service. The first to set forth was Mr. Swan, of Sunderland, who proceeded to Lisbon for a few months to learn Portuguese, which is almost a necessity in the Benguella district of West Africa. As he was leaving Lisbon he was joined by a volunteer from Liverpool, Mr. P. Scott. They proceeded together, reaching Benguella in June, 1886. Their letters to friends at home were interesting, but we do not wish to swell this volume by inserting them. First impressions of Benguella were not favourable. Although the Portuguese have had possessions on the west coast of Africa for some centuries, the appearance of the natives made it apparent how little had been done for them. Though some were well clothed, many had but little covering. Most seemed as dark and degraded as those unreached in the interior; and the employment of women in the ordinary labour of building and making roads, accompanied by men with long rods as overseers, did not tell of much advance in civilization. At the one Roman Catholic chapel very few people attended; and the ringing of large bells, firing of guns, and letting off fireworks on saints' days seemed to be the chief religious observances. It was, however, refreshing to them to see a few children under the care of the American Mission agent and his wife, and to hear them sing in their own language some gospel hymns. When shown a Scripture scrap-book they were delighted, and were able to recognize many of the persons and scenes in the pictures.

A sort of plundering warfare was then going on between the Bihé and Bailundu tribes, because the chief of Bihé had taken from a caravan

which was passing through his district three tusks of ivory belonging to the Bailundu chief. But with the aid of the American missionaries, Messrs. Scott and Swan reached Bailundu.

Of the climb up to the high land one writes: "The task does not at first seem difficult; but after a while you soon find the path is very narrow and very rough, in many places only a few inches wide, and there are hills and valleys to be crossed which you had not seen; and long before you reach the wished-for spot you are weary and tired out. So the Christian finds there are many difficulties and trials to be overcome which he had never thought of, and long ere he reaches the heavenly goal he is often weary and ready to faint."

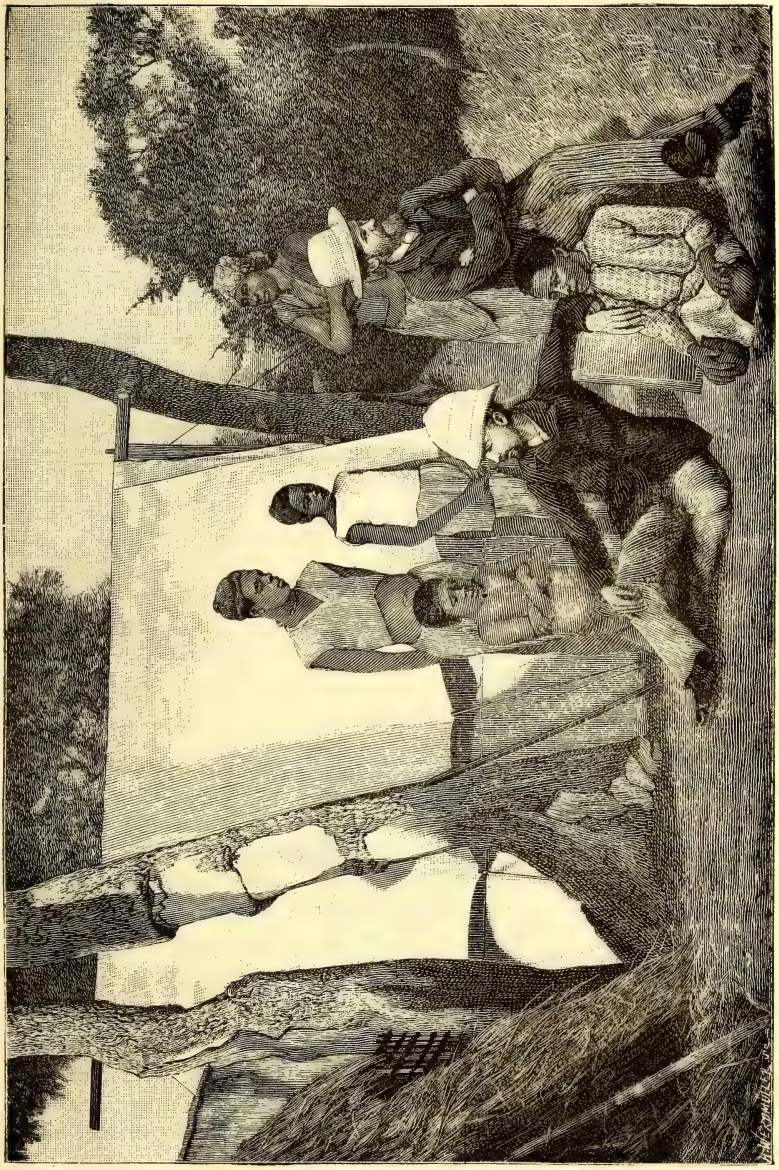
These two friends established themselves near to the American missionaries at Bailundu, and sought to get a knowledge of the natives and their language while awaiting tidings from Mr. Arnot. The accompanying illustration shows their tent with group of natives. The boy upon whom Mr. Swan's hand is resting was trained at the American Mission, and also the other standing in front of the tent. The boy with folded arms had come in from the country, and the two men were carriers. On the left is part of a rough native house.

After a time Mr. Scott's health failed, and the American missionaries quite thought he would not be able to proceed to the centre of Africa. He therefore reluctantly returned to England, but still retains an interest in Africa, and seeks in many ways to help on the work to which he had thought to devote himself without charge to others. His companion saw him safely to the coast and then returned to Bailundu, and prepared for setting out for Garenganze with Cinyama, who had been sent back by Mr. Arnot with the hope that he might find someone desiring to be guided into the interior.

Before Mr. Swan made a start, however, he heard that Mr. W. L. Faulknor, of Canada, had reached Benguella, so he went to meet him, and they proceeded to Bailundu, and then to Bihé.

A fire occurred at the mission premises at Bihé, in which some of Mr. Swan's things were destroyed, but the kindness of the American friends (Mr. and Mrs. Sanders, and Mr. and Mrs. Fay) was shown in seeking to make up what had thus been lost, and also in many other ways. The Bihé king had suddenly died some time before, after one of his heavy drinking bouts, and the anarchy which always follows on the death of a chief rather hindered the setting out of Messrs. Swan and Faulknor. They experienced the usual difficulties in getting *sekulos* and carriers, and in meeting the demands of chiefs.

The reply given by a native boy about this time to a question by Mr. Swan is worth mentioning. "On the 3rd of August we had one of the finest moonlight nights I have seen in Africa. As the moon appeared in all her glory, I thought, No wonder the heathen, in



TENT SCENE AT BAILUNDU.

the absence of any knowledge of God, have been led to worship these beautiful heavenly bodies. I put a few questions about them to our boy, and in reply to one, 'Who made them?' he said, 'Suku. The moon is His candle, and the sun is His fire.'"

A Sekulo.

"The journey from Bihé to the Garenganze occupied three months and nine days," Mr. Swan writes. "Our carriers did their best to make the journey uncomfortable, but we were able at all times to encourage ourselves in God." The men threatened to leave time after time, but eventually went on to Nana Kandundu, where fresh carriers were obtained. The exorbitant demands of the chiefs as they passed through their country, dangers from thieves, fire, shortness of provisions, and wild beasts, gave them experiences such as are common to travellers in Africa. From Nana Kandundu, Mr. Arnot's goods, carefully stored by the chieftainess, were brought on. Up to the Lualaba river the country was for the most part flat, but beyond that it was mountainous and very beautiful. Their meeting Mr. Arnot is mentioned in his diary.

LATEST TIDINGS.

In bringing the narrative down to the latest moment, we may mention that letters have been received from Mr. Swan, dated Garenganze, September 3rd, 1888. During the six months after Mr. Arnot left, no difficulties had occurred with the king. Mr. Faulknor's health had suffered; the troublesome insects known as chegoes, which lay their eggs in the sole of the foot and cause

abscesses, had much disquieted him.* Among the natives, raiding on neighbouring tribes still continued. On one occasion a war party brought in forty human heads and a number of slaves. The king's nephew and heir, Molenga, died in July, and on the morning of his death five persons were slain, five more in the evening, and four at his burial, "to attend upon him in the spirit world." This was doubtless done by the king's orders, but he sought to keep the white men in ignorance of it. His conscience is probably not at ease, but he may not have courage to break through African customs. There is, of course, a fear that he may not like the moral restraint which the presence of our two friends causes, and may some day turn against them.

The process of acquiring the Luba language was a slow one, there being no competent interpreter. Day by day words were noted down, and the number had been increased to 500.

The young man Dick, whom Mr. Arnot had brought from the Barotse, and who was much attached to him, had gone off to the coast to await the arrival of his master; and the other one, Susi, was also there.

It is Mr. Arnot's purpose to leave London for Benguella March 23rd, with four more fellow-labourers. His stay in England will thus have been only a few days over six months.

B.

M. Coillard's Labours in the Barotse Valley.

Mr. Arnot's account of his two trying years among the Barotse cannot fail to enlist interest on their behalf, and also sympathy with M. Coillard in his patient and devoted effort to help them. A more sorrowful history of civil war than that he gives is not often met with, and it makes one long for the time when, through the spread of the gospel, a more peaceful state of matters may prevail. M. Coillard's labours have long been known to many, but the following letters may convey an idea of his more recent work to some who have not heard much of him. They will also, we trust, draw out hearts towards labourers in Africa generally, and especially towards isolated ones. These letters do not give the latest information regarding M. Coillard. We fear that he and his wife are now struggling on alone, one after another of their few helpers having left, and the young medical missionary, M. Dardier, to whom he refers, having succumbed to fever.—Ed.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS TO MR. F. S. ARNOT.

"*Lealui, 15th January*, 1885.

"It was only yesterday that your kind letter of April, 1884, was handed to me. It was a disappointment not to have met you. When

* Sufficient attention was probably not given at the first. Carbolic acid and other remedies were at hand.

we arrived at Leshoma we hoped to be able to come on without loss of time. It was difficult to understand the endless delays of the Shesheke chiefs, the more so because they were kind to us in their way. Afterwards it became all clear. The revolution broke out, Liwanika was overthrown and expelled, and the country thrown into confusion. I soon perceived that to come and settle here this season was an utter impossibility. We therefore established ourselves as well as we could at Leshoma, putting up temporary buildings that would afford better shelter than tents against heat or rain. We paid a good many visits to Shesheke, and stayed there a good while preaching the gospel and teaching.

"The first time the Shesheke chiefs sent for me, thinking on the strength of Liwanika's messages that I should go at once to the valley, I took the few goods I wanted for the journey and presents, with some seven packages for you, which I found at Mr. Blockley's. When I was obliged to return to Leshoma I left your goods in charge of Ratau, and when I came back again found them all safe, but my own had been plundered. I afterwards learned that you had gone to the west coast. Ratau has now charge of your goods, and I have many letters for you that I brought from the Mangwato.

"Some time ago the new king, or rather those in power, sent to bring me here. They have received us far better than I had reason to expect from men like Mataka. We have still to settle about the site of the proposed station, and see where the new capital is to be. All this is to be attended to to-morrow, but they are slow in their dealings, far more so than any tribe I know. When all is arranged we shall go back, to return at the beginning of winter (D.V.) for good. Such are our plans; we submit them prayerfully to the Master. He has led us hitherto so graciously and wonderfully that it is not difficult to commit our way to Him. Let the Lord give us an entrance, a mighty one, is all we desire. I am sorry to hear a bad account of your health. I trust, through the Lord's goodness, your journey to the coast will have proved beneficial, and that you may come back with renewed vigour, and refreshed in your soul through your intercourse with our American brethren."

"*Shesheke, 26th November*, 1885.

"I trust that ere long we shall be able to open communication with our American brethren at Bihé. It would be indeed a great advantage if we could find a waggon road, were it only as far as Bihé. I am afraid marshes and rivers will be the great obstacles.

"I do regret that you should have left the Barotse, and I can truly say that I make always mention of you in my prayers. Whatever you do, be sure you have our heartfelt sympathy; and if you come

here, remember you will come as one of the Master's own servants whom we esteem and love. We are engaged in the same work, and have the same Master. I have still here your boxes, which I brought last year. A thief lately stole one of them—an iron one—along with a small tent of mine. He broke the lock of the box, and when he found nothing but books and papers he left it in the field, and we picked it up next morning.

"The country is in a state of revolution again. Liwanika has come back and seized the power, and Akúfuna has fled with Mataka and a great number of Mambundas. Shesheke is deserted; all the chiefs have taken sides — Ratau and Tahalima for Liwanika; Morantsima and Kalishna, etc., for Akúfuna. These have fled to the country, and prepare, it is whispered, to cross the river; those have taken refuge on an island. All our efforts to make peace have been fruitless. I do not know what is in store for these poor tribes. The horizon is dark, and the sky very stormy; it seems as if we were witnessing the last days of the Barotse nation.

"We are quite alone at Shesheke. The chiefs visit us occasionally, and I go to them; but the place has become the haunt of hyenas and game. We crossed the river in August. For want of oxen we were not able to pass on. Then the revolution took place. The rains came on, and we were compelled to decide to stay here till next winter. Miss Coillard, my niece, was married on the 4th instant to Mons. Jeanmairit, my colleague, who is to stay here at Shesheke. We give him some help in rearing up his establishment. Mr. Blockley, at Leshuma, has taken possession of our 'camp.' We have reserved the best of our buildings for a depôt, but it is being eaten at a fearful rate by boring beetles, they say. The Jesuits have at last left Panda-ma-tenka for the south. We have been able to buy many things from them. They have been a providence to us. Khama and his country have passed under the protectorate of England. The political news of the Transvaal I know little of, but war has evidently been averted. From Basutoland I understand that the work is reviving, and the brethren are cheered.

"When I was at the valley at the beginning of the year I found one box belonging to you well cared for by a certain Molupe. It had been respected in the midst of the pillage. Now, my dear brother, may our gracious Father have you in His safe keeping, and make His presence more and more real and precious. We all unite in affectionate salutations."

"*Lealui, 7th April*, 1886.

"It was a surprise and a great pleasure to receive your letter from Bihé on your way to the interior.

"I was glad and sad at the same time to see that you were bound

for Garenganze—sad, because we hopelessly lose you here (and I do believe we could have worked on side by side without treading on each other's toes) ; glad, because your advanced post is a further step towards the interior. I sincerely trust that some day we may have the opportunity of making your acquaintance, and heartily congratulate you on your having soon a worthy brother to help you in the work. Judging from what you say, you mean to settle down and work at Garenganze. It is a great relief to my mind to know that you have regular communication with Bihé, though not frequent.

"Thieves have had grand times and grand doings at Shesheke with us. It is dreadful, and I confess it is no easy matter to accept the spoiling of our goods gladly when done in this way. We have passed through very perilous times, and no wonder that there should be an increase of demoralisation. We therefore gird ourselves with patience, and pray for grace."

"*Shesheke*, 21*st June*, 1886.

"I wish I could see your face and spend a few moments with you. That may come some day, though you seem to settle definitely at Garenganze, and I at Lealui. I send you some papers and a few letters that I have had for you for more than a year. I hope you will receive them safely. We are still at Shesheke. The return of Liwanika, then the usual inundation, not to speak of the dreadful crisis through which the country has passed—these and other things have delayed us. We hope to start next month for Lealui, and settle down somewhere definitely. Liwanika has exterminated his enemies, even those whom he feared might one day become his enemies. I never saw such bloodthirsty people, nor such an unquenchable spirit of revenge. Our hearts bleed for these poor Zambezians.

"This year we have enjoyed comparatively good health ; but as Shesheke has been deserted, we have not been able to do much more than to sit and wait, and talk to people who come to sell corn. We feel that the work before us is an uncommonly hard one. You know it]; pray for us. Give us news of you when you can. I long to know if the brother you were expecting has come. The Lord bless you in your health and in your work. Have you heard of the young Christians being murdered at Uganda, and Bishop Hannington also murdered? Satan's rage shows that his kingdom is in danger."

"*Sefula*, 23*rd March*, 1888.

"It is sometimes difficult for me to realize that I have not the privilege of personally knowing you. I have lived so much with you in thought and prayer that it seems almost as if I had known you in the flesh. You have my heartfelt sympathy in your determination to carry the gospel further into the interior ; I was glad to hear of the

arrival of two brethren to help you in the work. May you be a united band, and, though as yet a small one, you shall be strong. Give your brethren the salutations of an unknown brother, and assure them of his prayerful remembrance.

"I have not been able to discover on any map Garenganze, but from information given by some Bihean I place it not far from the Lake Bangweolo, a little north-west of Ilala. Am I wrong?

"You have had great difficulties with carriers. Such are to be expected in starting work so far inland. I can heartily sympathize with you, and all the more because we are very much in the same position. We are short of supplies, and yet some precious boxes have been waiting at Shesheke and Mangwato these last two years for want of means of transport. We can travel with the waggons only once a year—in winter, when the country is dry; but even then we have to cross for three days, or rather three nights, a region infested with the tsetse fly. Our losses in cattle have been so very great that it makes our annual communications next to impossible. My thoughts turn more and more towards Bihé and Benguella. I wish I saw my way clear to undertake that journey next year, but it is not possible yet to say.

"Liwanika has gone with a motley multitude, called soldiers, to make a raid in Mashukulumbe land. It was a great grief to us. I think he would have yielded to better advice, but he was pushed to it by a large majority led by his own Likomboa. He has taken with him Libica and all the boys of the school. We try to begin anew, and, if possible, on a better foundation, but it is most difficult, as the school is considered Libica's own, and all the children who may attend it his slaves.

"The king sent messengers with very sad news from Shesheke. Morantsiane, with Latira (the would-be king created by Mataka), who have been wandering and fleeing from place to place for these two years, fell unexpectedly upon the village of Shesheke, and killed Tahalima and Ratau. We do not know how many more were killed; but this is sad enough. The nation, and Shesheke especially, could ill spare such men as these two, Barotse and murderers though they were. The king has turned aside to pursue the rebels; but they are reported to have crossed the river. Will the king, with these difficulties, and the rumours afloat of another revolution, still persist in his iniquitous errand? I do not know. For Liwanika personally I have a very great affection; but as a ruler he is sadly wanting in decision, wisdom, and firmness.

"We are settled, as you are already aware, I think, on a sandy hill near the Sefula river, about seventeen miles from Lealui. The distance is great, and I deplore it; but then this place was the only

one at the time where we could settle. We are nearer Nalolo, and perhaps we are also a little more independent. The people begin to know the Lord's-day, and we have generally from 100 to 150 persons attending the preaching of the gospel. We have put up some temporary buildings, made of poles and reeds, wattle and daub. We have a cottage of two rooms, a workshop, and we are about to begin the school-house.

"On the whole our health has been better than we expected; mine always good. However, in that respect too we have had trials. Of the three brethren who came last August to help us, a young doctor has gone back to Shesheke, probably as a first step homewards. A sunstroke had serious consequences with him. Another young brother is engaged in agriculture, and struggling manfully with repeated attacks of fever. The third is with his wife at Shesheke *pro tem.*, and may occupy Mambova near Kazungula. Mr. M—— has left the mission to return to England. You will be sorry to hear that poor Mr. Blockley died in August last.

"I hope, my dear brother, you will drop us some lines, and tell us of your work, the people, and your prospects. I need not repeat how deeply we are interested in your labours. I pray for you, and as a little community we always make mention of you at our Saturday evening prayer-meeting. There is a bond between us, strong and sacred. The Lord bless you and your brethren; the Lord give you peace and ever-increased joy in His service. Mrs. Coillard is one with me in prayerful affection.

"Yours in the Lord,

"F. COILLARD."

C.

Lake Bangweolo and Surrounding Country.

The only Europeans who have visited Garenganze are a German traveller, Herr Reichard, and a Portuguese, Senhor Ivens. Their visits were very brief, and took place not long before Mr. Arnot's arrival there. The Portuguese traveller came from the south, and the German from the east, but the latter did not reach the capital, only meeting Msidi in the north of his kingdom. As few persons possess any knowledge of the surrounding country we seek to furnish some information regarding Lake Bangweolo and its neighbourhood from the accounts of Livingstone and a French traveller named Giraud. We do so in the hope that interest will be drawn out on behalf of the tribes around Lake Bangweolo, and that they may be reached with the gospel from Garenganze. Those who are familiar with Livingstone's travels and sorrowful death will bear in mind that many younger ones know little about him. M. Giraud's travels are still less known. The summaries which follow are taken from a small monthly periodical entitled *Echoes of Service.*

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S ACCOUNT.

Of Livingstone's very arduous and prolonged explorations in Africa from 1849 to 1873, but a small part, contained in his *Last Journals* (2 vols.), will come under our notice. In April, 1866, he set out on his final journeys into the interior from Mikindany Bay on the east coast, and following the River Rovuma reached Lake Nyassa. Turning round the south end of that lake he proceeded northward, and crossed the Chambeze River, but without seeing Lake Bangweolo, and passed on to Lake Tanganyika. Thence he went westward to Lake Moero, and in 1868 discovered Lake Bangweolo, but very soon returned northwards, and during the years he was not heard of, when many gave him up as dead, he was busily occupied in exploring on either side of Tanganyika, till Stanley found him at Ujiji in 1871.

After a few months Stanley returned to England, and Livingstone resumed his search into the heart of Africa. Four years later he reached Bangweolo a second time, but in great weakness, and passing round the east border of the lake ended his life's labours for Africa at Chitambo's on the south, May 4th, 1873.

From his *Journals* we purpose gathering details as to (1) the journey across the Chambeze; (2) his first visit to Bangweolo; (3) his last journey round part of the lake.

The small map, given on page 269, copied from M. Giraud's, does not show Livingstone's route, but it can be followed without difficulty. In the district represented by the map, the relative position of *four* of the lakes of Central Africa is shown, and from the height of these lakes we can form some idea of the region. In round numbers, Nyassa is 1600 feet above the sea; Tanganyika, 2600 feet; Bangweolo, 3600 feet; Moero, 3000 feet. The two lakes on the east, Nyassa and Tanganyika, are very long and narrow and very deep, with high mountains around; they are connected by a high range, 5000 feet above sea-level, and some of the adjoining mountains are 8000 feet high. From this connecting range spring the streams that form the Chambeze river (which must not be confounded with the Zambesi). The Chambeze flows slowly into Lake Bangweolo, and leaves it as the Luapula river. Similarly this flows into Lake Moero, and leaves it as the Lualaba, which further on is called the Congo. Though on a very high tract of land, Lake Bangweolo is shallow, with flat country around, and in the wet season it greatly extends its limits, perhaps thirty miles or more, to the south and east. West of the Luapula river, and separated by a range of mountains, is Garenganze, and Msidi's town is on a branch of the Lufira, which is one of the many sources of the Congo, and joins the Lualaba above Lake Moero.

As we have mentioned, Livingstone came up northward from the end of Nyassa towards the close of 1866, and his route lay from figure 32 (east longitude), at the foot of the map, to Mkewe. The people in this part were called Babisa (people of Bisa), an inferior-looking race, scattered and hunted by the Mazitu, their more warlike neighbours, who live on the high plateau west of Nyassa. Livingstone and his little company had a weary journey, for the poor Babisa were, like Israel in the time of Gideon, hiding away, with scarcely any food for themselves, and nothing to spare for the travellers, who had often to pass on wet and hungry. The Babisa seek to make up by craft and falsehood for their lack of valour. Occasionally they kill an elephant when it gets into boggy ground, but keep its flesh so long that Livingstone found great difficulty at times in partaking of it. In parts of the country the peculiar African bogs which Livingstone calls *sponges* are frequent; but at one spot he thus writes: "We are uncertain when we shall come to a village, as the Babisa will not tell us where they are situated. In the evening we encamped beside a little rill, and made our shelters, but we had so little to eat that I dreamed the night long of dinners. . . . I shall make this beautiful land known, which is an essential part of the process by which it will become the 'pleasant haunts of men.' It is impossible to describe its rich luxuriance, but most of it is running to waste through the slave trade and internal wars."

At length, January 24th, 1867, he reached the spot marked Mkewe on Giraud's map; but it appears then to have been called Moaba. An African town is almost always named after the ruling chief, and geography is rendered still more difficult by the fact that at his death his successor moves the town at least some distance. But we gather from the narratives of Livingstone and Giraud that both crossed the Chambeze about the same point. Livingstone found the river forty yards wide, but overflowing its banks for two miles, and several streams which ran into it made it appear still wider. After a few days he reached a town with a triple stockade around it, called Chitapangwa, but by Giraud Ketimkuru, and as the latter chief died in 1883, it doubtless goes now by another name. It is, however, the position of one of the great chiefs of the Bemba country, and his rule extends to Bangweolo over both sides of the Chambeze, the Bisa people on the south being tributaries to the Babemba.

This nation being a conquering people (like the Garenganze), Livingstone found food abundant among them, and trade was carried on from the east coast by Arabs, who said it only took them two months to reach the coast near Zanzibar. Livingstone sent thence some letters, promising an Arab about £1 for taking them, and they reached England. The situation of this town is 4700 feet above the sea—an important point as to temperature and health. Livingstone tried to explain to Chitapangwa something of the Book of books, and

the chief made intelligent remarks. After three weeks' stay, and a difficulty with him about a blanket which could not be spared, Livingstone moved on towards Lake Tanganyika.

(2) As it is not our purpose to follow out Livingstone's travels, except in the vicinity of Bangweolo, we pass on till, in November of the same year, 1867, we find him at Kasembe, near Lake Moero. This is one of the few places with a constant name, which means "General," and the chiefs claiming that title used to possess wide authority. Owing, however, to the excessive carrying out of what is rather a common and very cruel custom—cutting off the ears and hands of high and low among his followers—this Kasembe was forsaken by many of his people, and was thus poor, and his power diminished. Here Livingstone met a native named Pérémbé, whose age he calculated to be 102, from the account he could give of the Portuguese traveller Pereira, who visited Kasembe in 1796. Pérémbé gave a list of ten successive Kasembes. Several times Livingstone mentions the country, which is familiar to us as Msidi's, though the spelling is a little different. "The *Garaganze* people at Katanga killed a near relative of Kasembe's;" "A Banyamwezi or *Garaganze* man is settled here on the strong rivulet called Mato."

After having been foiled in a journey in another direction and obliged to return to Kasembe, Livingstone determined to proceed to Bangweolo, and left for this purpose in June, 1868. He often refers to the slave trade, and mentions his surprise at meeting six slaves *singing*, as if they did not feel the weight and degradation of the heavy forked slave-sticks in which their necks were enclosed; and, on enquiry, their words told of some idea of a future state and of a retribution—"Oh, you sent me off to Manga (sea coast), but the yoke is off when I die, and back I shall come to haunt and kill you!"

On the way to Bangweolo a good deal of warfare was going on, but Livingstone safely reached the north-west shore on the 18th July, 1868; and here he again speaks of showing his Bible and telling the people a little of its contents. He found a good many Babisa there, and one of them was walking on stilts. The headman, Masantu, said he had "never prayed to the Great Father of all;" that the footsteps of "Mungu" or "Molungu" (God) could be seen on Lifungé Island (on the lake); that a large footstep, about 15 inches long, was also to be seen on the rock at the Chambeze.

The country around the lake is all flat, as are the islands, which are four in number. The people are called Mboghwa; they had many canoes, and were expert fishermen. The islands had many inhabitants, and children were numerous. On account of the strong south-east winds he could not visit the islands till the 25th July, when he went in a canoe 45 feet long, 4 feet deep, and 4 feet broad, propelled by five men. Though paid for four days, the canoe men would only stay two, and took him to two islands (Lifungé and Mpabala), whence he could

see two others (Kisi and Chiribe); and from the men's descriptions of the time occupied in crossing the lake, he considered it to be at least 150 miles long by 80 broad. South of the lake, at some distance, is a range of mountains, the Lokinga, which are said to run to the west below Garenganze, and from which the river Lufira rises. The islanders were peaceable, and were busy weaving nets, spinning cotton, etc. Reports of the extreme unhealthiness of the lake district Livingstone found to be untrue.

On the 30th July, 1868, that is, a fortnight after his arrival, he left the lake, intending to go over to the Luapula and Lufira rivers (that is, to the Garenganze district), but the disturbed state of the natives on the Garenganze side of the Luapula made him give up the thought, and he again went north, only, however, to find himself amidst much fighting between the Garaganze people and Kasembe's Balunda, Arabs and Mazitus.

Fresh discoveries on and around Tanganyika occupied him between 1868 and 1873, but it only remains for us to take up the thread of his narrative as he once more comes back from Tanganyika, on his last journey round the east of Lake Bangweolo.

With fresh supplies and men obtained from Stanley, he turned southward from Tanganyika, his purpose being to go round the east and south of Bangweolo (in 1868 he had only seen its north-west shore and visited some of its islands), then on to the sources of the Lufira, and up through Katanga (or Garenganze) to the caves west of Lake Moero, of which the natives gave marvellous reports.*

The journey from Tanganyika was on new ground, and his course was not at all direct. The usual difficulties which make African travel so trying were experienced, arising from lack of guides, or, worse still, false ones, the distrust of chiefs and people, endless delays, and scarcity of provisions. This time he did not go near Kasembe's, but heard that he had been attacked by Arabs, who killed him and put his head on a pole, doing to him as he had done to many others.

Livingstone's sorest experiences, however, arose from the fact that his old complaint, chronic dysentery, returned, and that the flooded country he had to pass through not only made this worse, but greatly impeded his progress.

From May to October is the dry season in these parts, during which travelling is comparatively easy, if the grass be not too high; during the other six months rain is very constant. In the hilly districts, where the rain runs off, progress is not difficult, as usually during some hours of each day the rain does not fall; but in the flat country the land first gets soaked, and then heavily flooded. Around Bangweolo, especially on the east, numberless swollen streams, which could be easily stepped over in the dry season,

* The Sombwe caves visited by Mr. Arnot.

have to be waded through, perhaps neck deep, and not a few rivers have to be crossed in canoes. Add to this the absence of high ground for cooking and camping on, the fear on the part of the natives, their hiding of canoes, their unwillingness to barter poor provisions for cloth or beads, and we may conceive what Livingstone and his party had to endure.

Nowadays a traveller in distress might strike for some friendly mission station, but then Livingstone was the solitary European in Central Africa, and his health and strength were gradually failing, so that he had first to ride on a donkey, then to be carried by his men, and at last was borne in a kind of litter; and the entries in his journal became fewer and fewer. We need not attempt to give many details, as the foregoing general remarks may suffice to convey some idea of how matters stood with him.

Livingstone doubtless hoped to reach Bangweolo at a better season, but in journeying over any ground in Africa for the first time, it is almost impossible to allow duly for obstacles and delays. As 1873 was entered on, he began descending towards the lake, and the rains had already fallen heavily for some weeks. "*Jan. 6th*," he writes, "Cold, cloudy, and drizzling. . . . The *sponges* are now full and overflowing; crops are growing freely." "*Jan. 7th.*—A cold rainy day keeps us in a poor village very unwillingly." "*Jan. 8th.*—Detained by heavy, continuous rains; got off in the afternoon in a drizzle, crossed a rill six feet wide, but now very deep, with large running sponges on each side." Next day he crossed two rivulets, two rills, four wide sponges, besides many hundred yards of flooded ground. "*Jan. 11th.*—Cold and rainy weather; never saw the like."

Thus the journal goes on. On *March 26th* the Chambeze was crossed; about 400 yards wide and 18 feet deep. This would be at a point near Lake Bangweolo, but it was impossible to say where the lake ended and the flooded plains, extending for thirty or forty miles, began. On the north side of the river, Matipa was the ruling chief; on the south side, his brother Kabinga, who was in great grief because his son had been killed by an elephant.

Those who have read Mr. Arnot's *First Year among the Barotse* will understand the mode of life of the natives here. In the wet season they remove with their cattle to some islets, and move about in their small canoes over the flooded ground; in the dry season the waters subside, and the plains become covered with the richest pastures, on which the cattle fatten.

Livingstone's story would have been a very different one had he but arrived at Lake Bangweolo six months earlier. The canoes of the natives were very small ones, used for punting. If large ones had been available, such as the one in which, in 1868, Livingstone was taken to some of the islands, he and his men might have crossed the lake. Rushes abound, rising one to two feet above the water, and

the lotus and papyrus are common. The latter grows about eight feet high, and has a crown about three feet across. In some parts they extend for miles on the borders of the lake. Several considerable rivers were crossed besides the Chambeze, and the number of fish caught by the natives in weirs, baskets, or nets was prodigious.

For some days in April Livingstone could only enter the date in his journal, and his last entry, evidently made with great effort, was "*April 27th.*—Knocked up quite, and remain . . . recover . . . sent to buy milch goats. We are on the banks of the Moliamo." He could not write what he wished to do. At length Chitambo's village was reached on the south of the lake, but Livingstone was in a most feeble state. Many of the natives were away looking after their crops, and their empty huts afforded shelter for the party.

At length the end came. With great difficulty Livingstone selected some medicine from his chest, took it, and said to his man Susi, about midnight, "All right; you can go out now." At four o'clock, on going into the hut on the morning of May 4th, 1873, his men found him kneeling by the side of his rude bed, but lifeless. His toilsome labours for so many years on Africa's behalf were ended, and alone with God he committed his spirit to Him.

With one entry from his journal, made about seven months before, we close our account—"*The spirit of missions is the spirit of our Master; the very genius of His religion. . . . It requires perpetual propagation to attest its genuineness.*"

The story of the bold and faithful determination of his men to preserve their master's body,* and to bear it to the sea coast is well known. Taking up their burden, but disguising what it was, lest alarm should be created in the superstitious minds of the natives, the men journeyed round the west shore, crossed the great river Luapula, and turning eastward they at length hit on the route by which they had come from Tanganyika, and made their way to Ujiji, and in course of time the body, thus conveyed from the centre of Africa, reached Zanzibar, was thence sent by steamer to England, and found a resting-place in Westminster Abbey.

One other remark of Livingstone's we may add, with reference to the idea some entertain that the best way of getting power over the natives is by jugglery or sleight-of-hand—"*Goodness or unselfishness impresses their minds more than any kind of skill or power. . . .* The prayer to Jesus for a new heart and right spirit at once commends itself as appropriate."

* The heart and other parts were buried by a large *mvula* tree, on which his name and the date of death were cut. While at Garenganze, Mr. Arnot heard from a native that Chitambo was dissatisfied, because he had never received any reward for permitting the body to be taken away. The Royal Geographical Society, learning this, has sent Mr. Arnot £50, with a request that he will, if possible, purchase and convey to Chitambo, if yet living, some suitable present.

In Africa Livingstone has left a good name. His restraint over himself and his men in not allowing the natives to be injured was very marked. Around Bangweolo firearms were then scarcely known, and were greatly feared; and once, when much tried by Matipa, Livingstone fired a pistol through the roof of the hut, and it had the desired effect of alarming the chief and expediting the progress of the party. We refer to this Baoussi because his men, when carrying the body of their master along the north shore of Bangweolo, could not patiently bear and wait as he would have done. By the people there, the Baoussi, the resting of a gun against a hut by one of the men was made into an offence; strife arose, and Livingstone's men stormed the place, and then some neighbouring villages, taking several lives, and getting an easy victory by means of their firearms. This act is to be regretted, but probably the natives would understand the difference between Livingstone and his men.

Of the different races referred to by Livingstone we cannot give particulars. They varied much in outward appearance, some of the people between Tanganyika and Moero being of a very fine type, like those figured on the ancient Egyptian obelisks; others were like the ordinary negro, with whose appearance we are familiar; and there were some still lower in the human scale. It is well known that the migrations of natives in Africa from one part to another have been considerable, and this partly accounts for the great admixture of languages. But what chiefly concerns us is that all of them are equally destitute of the knowledge of the true God, which through grace is committed to us. It is nearly fifteen years since Livingstone died, and yet how very few of the people in the region we have been considering have been reached! We may say, only those bordering on Lakes Nyassa and Tanganyika, and in Garenganze, have been *touched.* Shall we who so fully know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ leave these poor people still to go on, year after year, with their miserable notion that a footprint somewhere, fifteen inches long, is all that is known of God's ways upon earth? Let us thank God for all the efforts put forth on the Congo, Lake Nyanza, and other parts of Africa; but let us not forget the Babisa, the Babemba, the Balunda, the Baoussi, and many other needy nations, of whom we are thus put in mind, and who need to be told of God's salvation.

M. GIRAUD'S DESCRIPTION.

M. Giraud, a French naval officer, twenty-three years of age, formed the plan of taking a boat in sections to Central Africa, with the intention of traversing its great lakes. Had he been aware of the efforts that the *African Lakes' Company* had previously made he might have saved himself much toil by following the route they adopted; viz., ascending the Zambesi and Shiré rivers to Lake

Nyassa. His plan was to start from the African coast near Zanzibar, and proceed overland to the head of Nyassa. Towards the end of 1882 he set out with a party of one hundred and twenty-one men, negroes and a few Arabs, with an abundance of firearms and ammunition. His boat was made of soft steel, in five water-tight compartments, and in shape like a whale-boat. It was nearly twenty-five feet long, and five feet broad, and took twenty bearers to carry it.

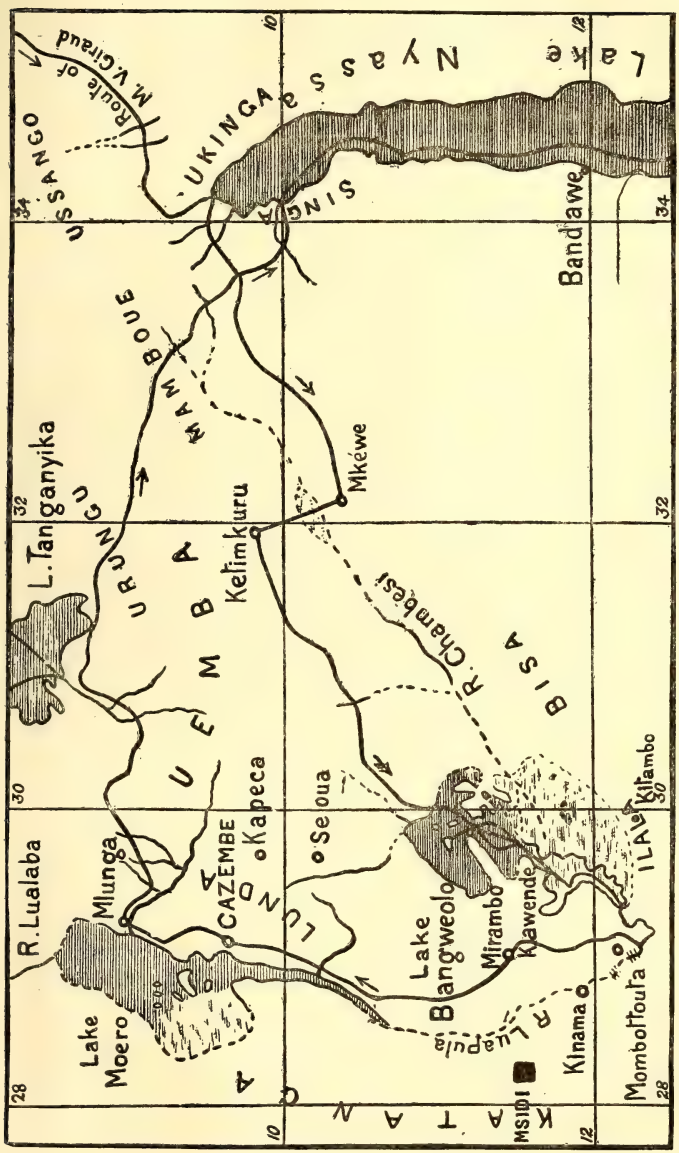
As may be supposed, the difficulties he met with were often very formidable, his boat having to be taken at times over high mountains. In four months the head of Lake Nyassa was reached, but M. Giraud sought to press on to Lake Bangweolo. He does not seem to have entertained the idea of reaching it by the Chambeze river,* but sought to carry his boat at some distance from that river, though in a course parallel with it. Proceeding first on the south side of the Chambeze, he reached the town of Mkéwé (see map opposite), a chief who was then about forty years old. Stockades and ditches around the town, one after another, told of the warlike character of this chief, and M. Giraud noticed among his people some men whose noses or ears had been cut off. Mkéwé's six drummers had a thumb on each hand, but no fingers, and his three singing-men had been deprived of their eyes.

A European travelling with so large a party, and so well stocked with arms and goods, was expected to pay heavy tribute, and this seems to have been a constant cause of difficulty. The accounts given him of two chiefs further down, on the south side of the river, Marukutu and Moincoirémfumu, were so bad that he determined to cross the Chambeze, and to proceed on the north side. He describes at great length the difficulties of passing this flooded river, about three days being chiefly occupied in wading through the marshes extending for miles on either side. The river itself was soon crossed, apparently at about the same point that Livingstone crossed it in 1867, when coming up from the south of Nyassa.

On the north side another chief, Ketimkuru, lived in a stockaded town, but was not so extortionate as Mkéwé. Human heads on the tops of the stockades, and a pair of ears and eyes fresh with blood, told, however, that the same cruelties were carried out north of the river as south of it. Indeed, M. Giraud says that everywhere the Bemba people practise these barbarous customs.

Ketimkuru remembered Livingstone, and contrasted his age with Giraud's youth. He called Livingstone the "Ingreso" (Englishman), and considered that M. Giraud must have come from England. Addressing him as "Msungu" (god), by which title this French

* Mr. J. W. Moir quite thought to have been able to communicate with Mr. Arnot from Lake Nyassa by descending this river, and had a boat in readiness for the purpose; but the Arab wars hindered this project as well as most of the useful operations of the *African Lakes' Company*.



MAP OF BANGWEOLO DISTRICT, SHOWING M. GIRAUD'S TRAVELS.

traveller generally passed, Ketimkuru said that Moamba was then chief—*i.e.* about fifteen years previously—and that Livingstone spoke much of God, whom they (the black people) did not know. Ketimkuru assured Giraud that Kasembe was a vassal of his, so he determined to send his party overland to that chief by the north of Bangweolo, while he with eight men would cross the lake in his boat, and follow the Luapula river down to Lake Moero, where Kasembe resided.

Leaving Ketimkuru on the 16th June, 1883, he found himself on the open waters of Lake Bangweolo on the 8th July.

We cannot attempt to give in full his description of his voyage across the lake. He gives a very different outline of the lake itself from that by Livingstone, who supposed the shape of it to be something like a flattened orange. As will be seen from the map, Giraud makes it very irregular. Neither of these travellers went round the lake, and as it is far wider than the English Channel, its actual form and extent have yet to be discovered. The absence of high land, and the miles of reeds (eight or nine feet high) on the east and south sides, increased M. Giraud's difficulty in delineating its shores. He and Livingstone also differ much as to the position and extent of the islands, but we can understand this when we remember that land submerged in the wet season would appear high and dry when the waters had returned to their natural limit. The greatest discrepancy, however, between the two accounts is as regards the course of the great river Luapula, to the west of which is the Garenganze or Katanga country. Livingstone supposed that this river, which carries off the waters of Bangweolo to Lake Moero, commenced at the north-west point of Bangweolo and flowed northwards; and probably this led Giraud to anticipate that a short journey would take him to Kasembe's. He found, however, that the river started from the south-west of the lake and then ran south a long distance before it turned northward.

As to the inhabitants, M. Giraud agrees with Livingstone that the number is very great—more in proportion than he had seen elsewhere. Livingstone did not land on the largest island, which he calls Chiribi, and Giraud, Kirui. Its shore, Giraud says, rises about 16 feet above the lake, and it is green and well-wooded. About 400 men came down towards his boat, and the chief said that Livingstone, whom he called Giraud's brother, had fought with Matipa. Giraud replied that Matipa behaved badly towards his brother, and refused him canoes; and that Livingstone did fire a gun, but not with the intention of injuring anyone. Giraud's knowledge of these particulars greatly surprised the chief. The natives seemed friendly, although rather fearful, and they brought provisions. M. Giraud stayed until the next day. Then the numbers increased; and as he supposed they were meditating an attack in order to plunder him, he embarked with his men before daylight, and the natives vainly tried to pursue them.

When Livingstone, in his last days, passed round the east of Bangweolo, the chief Matipa lived upon an island, but Giraud calls it a peninsula—a difference easily explained by the different depths of water at different seasons. Matipa, however, had died before this. At this period the south-east breeze was constant, like the trade winds, and Giraud's boat rapidly proceeded westward under the shelter of the land on the south coast, which he describes as covered with verdure. But he could not discern the mountains of Bisa, which Livingstone places to the south of the lake.* The white sail of the boat attracted attention everywhere, and called forth yellings from the natives on the south coast; but Giraud could not affirm that they were hostile. Some villages were enclosed by stockades, which ran down into the lake, and the population was very dense. The natives informed him that the Luapula ran to the south of the lake, but would give him no information about the mouth of the Chambeze. On his map he puts the two rivers—Chambeze and Luapula—as almost meeting in the lake, instead of being at opposite sides, as represented by Livingstone; but that one river should run into the lake and another out of it almost at the same spot seems geographically very improbable.

Continuing to sail towards the south-west, Giraud reached a point of land called *Kawendé*, to the east of which water and reeds abounded; but there was an open stretch of water about one hundred yards in width, and as it had an unmistakable current, Giraud was assured that he had found the mouth of the Luapula. Returning towards the centre of the lake, he reached the end of a long tongue of land, which he called *Bawara*, and which in position might correspond with a small island called *Mpbala*, on which Livingstone slept in his first visit to the lake fifteen years previously. Here again it is very difficult to reconcile the statements of the two travellers, for both visited this part in the month of July. We can only conjecture that in different years the height of the water varies much at the same season, and the small island might thus become a tongue of land when the rainfall was less than usual.

Giraud next sailed to the island of *Kisi*, where Livingstone's men were afraid to go, saying they had stolen their canoe from that island. Giraud found many more people there than at Bawara; they were clothed with skins, and carried bows and elephant spears. The women dyed their hair red, and dressed it very elaborately by means of combs and copper pins. The men shaved the head, leaving only two or three tufts of hair. From a piece of rising ground Giraud's guide showed him the whole island of Kisi, Bawara, and Kirui; to the west the country of the Baoussi; to the north the states of Miombo,

* As Livingstone in his first journey northward passed these mountains to the east of Bangweolo, they doubtless run to the south of the lake, though they were too far off to be seen by Giraud. As to climate, they might form a suitable place from which to reach the people of the lake.

and beyond these the country of the Bakissinga. He also described the Luapula as running south and then turning north, but told Giraud that if he went by that river he would soon meet his death in the cataracts; or if he went by land, through the country of the Baoussi, east of the Luapula, he would be massacred. This did not give him much encouragement as to reaching Kasembe and meeting his men again. Thinking that the natives of Kisi were meditating mischief, he embarked in his boat, saying he would proceed to another part of the island to see the chief, and left one of his men as a hostage. This, however, was only a device, and the man soon escaped and joined the boat.

Encamping for the night on the point of Bawara, he again sailed back to Kawendé. The natives advised him not to follow the Luapula, and offered to guide him through the surrounding marshes. The villages he met with were very small; the first one, called *Kapata*, consisted of ten huts and thirty people. The next, *Kisamba*, still smaller, stood on a dry rock. Beyond these he could not get a guide; but set out for *Singa*, a place notable for having a very large tree, the only one in the district. He only reached this place after seven days struggling through reeds and rushes. Game and fish, however, were most abundant, and he and his men were well supplied with food. This village also was very small; the natives had many dogs, which they employed in hunting. Still keeping near the Luapula, he reached *Rosako*. The chief there told him that in three days he would arrive at the cataracts of Mombottouta, where his boat would be smashed. He added that the chiefs of Ilala and Bisa, to the south, were not evil men, but warned him against the Baoussi and the chief Mirambo, also called Méré-méré. Rosako informed him that two days' march to the south-east was Chitambo's; and that after the great man (Livingstone) died there, his body was borne this way, but Rosako did not happen to be in the place at the time.

Giraud describes the Luapula as from 140 to 330 yards wide here, with a swift and majestic current, winding between wooded hills. On the banks were large trees, and occasionally grassy stretches with herds of antelopes. On the 31st July he came upon an island in the middle of the river covered with giant trees. Some fishermen had encamped there, but fled on his appearing. One of them was brought back, and, in return for a quantity of beads, informed him that Mombottouta was but an hour distant, and that the Baoussi were waiting for him there. Going on in his boat he began to enter the rapids, and soon heard in the distance the dull roar of cataracts. On the right bank were numbers of armed Baoussi, and he was obliged to approach them to avoid death in the cataracts. They charged him with killing the inhabitants of Kisi, and said that he was going to their enemy Msidi, who dwelt on the other side of the Luapula. One of the natives levelled a musket at him, but it was

soon evident that the man had no powder. Giraud's men fired off their guns, and showed that theirs were more effectual. One of the natives then said that the chief Mirambo demanded his boat (which they supposed could be made into bullets), his guns, and baggage, and that if he gave all up they would exchange blood with him, and take him safely to the chief. Compelled by hunger, Giraud yielded to these demands, but said he would not give up his guns. His baggage was then taken possession of and carried to the village of the minor chief who had spoken to him, named Kalambo; and next day the boat was carried there bodily by 200 men; but he threw away the screws which held the sections together, and thus prevented the natives from ever making use of it. He was kept in the village ten days, Kalambo seeking to strip him of as much as possible before letting him go to Mirambo. At length, on the 11th of August, 1883, tired of living upon dried meat only, he and his eight men escaped from the *boma* (stockade), and Kalambo soon followed with his small army, carrying their old muskets (with no powder) and other weapons; but as these warriors disdained to carry anything else, the poor women, who were obliged to accompany them, were heavily laden. The journey northward, on the east of the Luapula, was a most wearisome one, and the party were dependent for food upon the animals Giraud shot, and upon which the natives fell like hyenas, making it difficult for him to get any portion for himself or his men. His trials were increased by his shoes going to pieces, and he suffered greatly from sore and bleeding feet.

After fifteen days, under Kalambo's escort, Giraud reached Mirambo's, August 19th, and the frequent firing of guns on their arrival showed how well armed his people were. Mirambo was then about twenty-seven years old, and proudly received him. Giraud was struck with his unusual intelligence and ambition, and considered that one day he would become a great monarch in Africa if he did not meet with an untimely end. Mirambo explained to him that he used to live by the Luapula, but that ravages of small-pox compelled him to cross the desert country to the part where he now is. Mirambo proposed that Giraud should send one of his men to Kasembe's to guide the caravan to his own town, and Giraud was obliged to consent. After a while the natives had scarcely any food, and with difficulty sustained themselves on anything they could find. The women gathered a kind of parsley, the men sought for roots and small crabs from the rivers, and the children caught grasshoppers. Now and again Giraud was obliged to resort to hunting, although the pain of walking with his sore feet was excruciating; but he thus succeeded in getting some food for his party, the natives, however, claiming a large share, and giving him very little meal in return.

On the 26th September Giraud's caravan arrived, bringing a supply of goods. He tried to part friends with Mirambo, and gave him a

large present, but failed to satisfy him. He therefore made his escape at midnight on the 2nd October, and reached Kasembe's on the 15th without much difficulty.

On their journey northward they came out, on the sixth day, upon the Luapula, which was more than six hundred yards wide, with a current that would make navigation difficult, and there were several islands at that part. As they went along, the river scenery was very beautiful. The first Lunda village, called Mlundu, was reached after a week. Here again the Luapula was a succession of rapids, and there was one considerable fall, but from this point to Lake Moero it was navigable. Giraud thought to have descended the river in canoes, but the Mlundu people were expecting an attack from Msidi's warriors across the river, and could not spare their canoes. The Luapula becomes very wide as it approaches Lake Moero, and reeds abound as in Lake Bangweolo. The tsetsé flies began to appear here. At night hyenas were very numerous and ferocious.

Giraud and his party received a great welcome from the men of his caravan on reaching Kasembe's, and the chief gave him a formal reception in the evening. After a while he demanded the French traveller's arms and ammunition, but once more he made an escape with his caravan, and had to find his way without guides to Lake Tanganyika. There he was received by missionaries, and, returning by Lake Nyassa, left Africa at Quilimane, November 14th, 1884.

His account enables us to form a fair idea of the condition of the natives on the islands of Lake Bangweolo and around it. The relative position of the tribes can also be easily comprehended. The Bisa people are on the south of the lake and occupy the islands; on the east are the Bemba; on the west (opposite the Garenganze, and separated by the Luapula) are the Baoussi; north of them the Kissinga, and above them Kasembe's Lunda people.

The scourge of war seems constantly going on, and the chiefs desire to encourage trade, chiefly that they may get guns and powder. The men taken captive are killed, and the women are made slaves, though called wives. Through the constant fear of war the fields are not cultivated, and famine is one of the great difficulties of travellers. Altogether, there seems to be a need of the gospel of peace greater perhaps than elsewhere in the world, and we hope that some hearts will be stirred to go amongst these people, after the example of our dear brethren among the Garenganze. We ought also to remember the many nations lying between Bihé and Garenganze, mentioned by our brethren as they passed by them, who have as yet not a single voice to tell them of God's love. Now is a golden opportunity. God has opened a door, and the time is short. It does not seem too much to say that scores of true servants of the Lord are needed in this part of Africa. May He send them forth!

INDEX.

In making up this brief Index, at the last moment, we have not had Mr. Arnot's help, and in the perplexities caused by African names we may not have always assigned to them their right places.—Ed.

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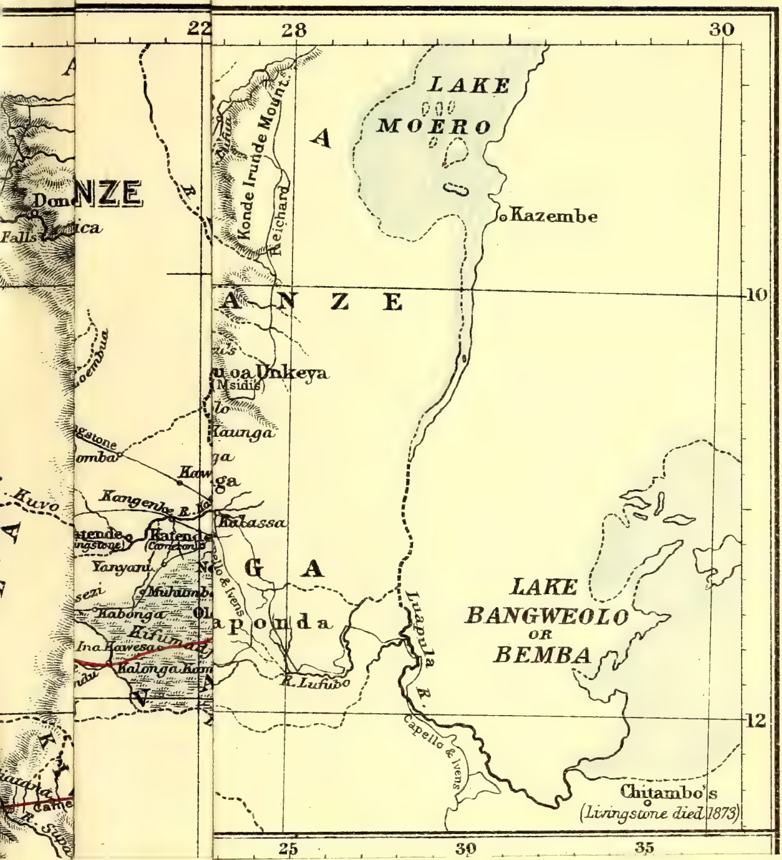
17, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.; AND 36, BAKER STREET, W.



LAKE MOERO
Kazembe
Konde Irunde Mount.
Reichard
NZE
A N Z E
Unkeya
(Msidis)
Kaunga
Kangenke R.
Kabassa
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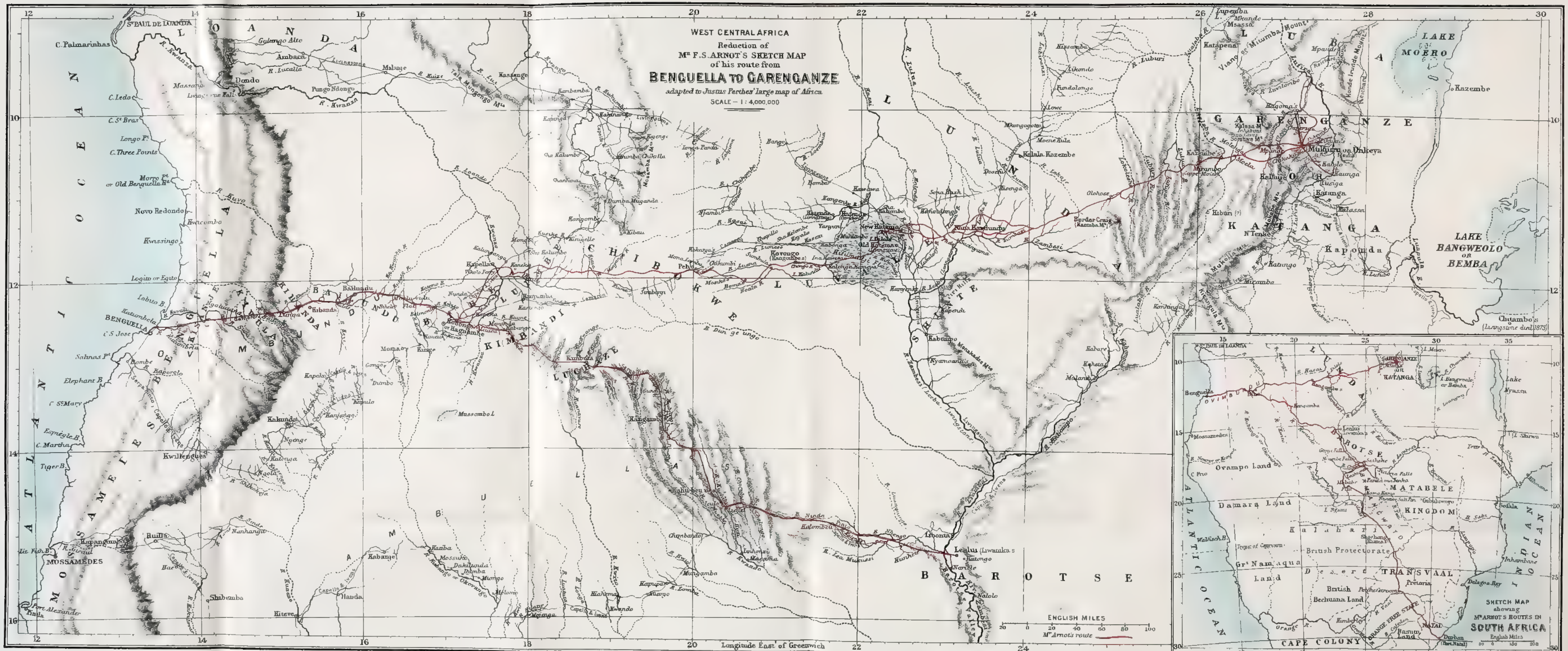
WEST CENTRAL AFRICA
Reduction of
Mr F. S. ARNOT'S SKETCH MAP
of his route from
BENGUELLA TO GARENGANZE
adapted to Justus Perthes' large map of Africa
SCALE – 1 : 4,000,000
ATLANTIC OCEAN
LOANDA
St PAUL DE LOANDA
BENGUELLA
MOSSAMEDES
GARENGANZE
KATANGA
LAKE MOERO
LAKE BANGWEOLO OR BEMBA
BAROTSE
CHIBOKWE
LUCHAZE
KIMBANDI
Kazembe
Mukurru or Dukeya
Lealui
Longitude East of Greenwich
ENGLISH MILES
Mr Arnot's route
SKETCH MAP showing Mr ARNOT'S ROUTES IN SOUTH AFRICA
English Miles
Damara Land
Ovampo Land
MATABELE KINGDOM
TRANSVAAL
British Bechuana Land
CAPE COLONY
INDIAN OCEAN

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